HENRY DARGER -

"THE VIVIAN GIRLS IN CHICAGO"

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VOLUME

ONE

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Chapter One. 1

On a Monday morning in the middle of the third week of September 1911, the chief priest in charge of St Patricks Church, was sitting at his desk in the priest house office steeling himself to deal as much as possible with those little girls of St Patricks school who had not been present at the Sunday mass.

Twenty five of them had been questioned and seventeen of them had said that their parents would not permit them to get up early on any day under any conditions and that was nothing to them [illegible] and the sun seemed to be too [illegible] time of [illegible]

year. It was very hot indeed, sizzling. It had been an awfully hot summer and the heat was staying very humid even with the coming of early Fall.

Outside many people especially women and young girls were using umbrellas and colored parasols to keep off the hot sun.

Also outside, street motor sewer pumpers were busy cleaning sewers, recently clogged by water and filth brought into them, and which failed to carry away all the water of the heavy lightning and rainstorm of the previous Saturday night.

Presently, there was a timid knock at the door.

"Come in"

Enters a little girl of seven, in sore distress, dress-

more too modestly for going to school. Though she wore shoes, through which her toes were seen, she was bare-legged, dress too short showing full length of bare legs, also bare arms, and neck and shoulders.

Her black hair was in pig tail braids and she was more too pretty.

"Well Jane what is the matter?"

"Father, please, I didn't go to mass yesterday"

"I know that. Why?"

Please Father my mother was sick, and I couldn't leave her, at least she wouldn't let me".

The priest knew that Jane was one of eight children, that the poor father worked like a slave where he was employed, and earned

only six dollars a week and that the poor mother had more than she could do to make ends meet, and because of undernourishment and bad food was ill have the time!

"Very good Jane" the priest said. "You seldom miss a mass."

"Father, please, please," she interrupted "It is the first time since last December."

During the summer months be it known Jane had gone to mass just in the same half rude appearance as she was standing before the priest now, but always went in a back pew.

In common with her brothers and sisters she went like this during

the hot summer months — a saving in the family in the matter of clothing of fourteen and fifteen dollars out of twenty four.

"Well Jane" the priest resumed "your second is only half good, but excusable I suppose. I'm sure mamma couldn't help it. Do your best. Next"

Next was a little girl of nine, a pretty but gypsy like waif but also half naked, and a thing of shreds and patches of what she did have on.

"What again?" the priest said.

"Father we didn't get up."

"Who didn't get up?"

"None of us."

"But you seem to be up young lady."

I mean Father we didnt get up Sunday morning."
"But why didnt you?"
Please Father we had a big party at our house Saturday night."
"Who had a party?"
"My mama it was her birthday. We had a birthday party, and none of them left till even so late, and we were all so tired we just didnt wake up, in the morning - till after twelve oclock."
"But did you have to do with the party young lady? It was for grown ups was it not?"
"Father if I didnt stay up to run errands they'd beat me black and blue."
"Oh".

Being forced to run errands under pain of severe punishment, (had been) or had but one meaning on the matter under discussion.
Little Annie Rooney had spent the night in frequently bringing an empty picher or pitcher to the corner saloon and returning with it filled.
The "party" meant much brandy mixed beer, a "little drunkedness" and some very villianous singing to the accompaniment of a still more villianous piano.
The priest had seen and heard that piano. It ought to be in the junk shop.
Such are the simple and unholy pleasures on such Saturday nights

of a certain class of our Chicago population. On Monday morning they are precisely where they were on the previous Saturday before the payment of the weekly or monthly wages.

Most if not all, the saloon got.

The Saturday party makes for conservation those who continue it, regularly, never go forward or to going backwards that is impossible.

"Annie Rooney, you're growing up a little half naked pagan. I dont believe you've been to mass in seven months."

"Please Father I was oncet."

Now Annie I want you positively to bring a written note from your mother to morrow morning stating why you missed mass."

This was a terrible punishment; for the mother. Married women whose cult is beer and whiskey have an intense repugnace to the use of paper and pen.

In answer to "next" there came from the outer office into the one occupied by the priest an "apparition which caused the priest to straighten up and to fairly gasp.

The little girl who now appeared came tripping in so lightly, trotting all the way to the priests side with such Heavenly grace of motion and looking out of deep

blue eyes so fearlessly and smilingly into those of the priest, that coupled, with the circumstance of her being attired more in the clothes like those of a most beautiful fairy in tiny summer low shoes, but bare legged, and right length dress, and amazing golden hair and unusual beauty in all ways - he felt as though a visitant either from Heaven or Fairyland had somehow slipped into Saint Patricks school.

Her features were as regular as a lovely creature far more fair than the fairest angel, her face a delicate oval and her expression a sort of Heavenly candor itself.

and there in the least possible fracture of a moment in the face of a sultry hot early Fall day,

and the noise of city traffic outside there flashed through the priests mind Francis Thompsons exquisite verse,

"The hills look over on the south.
And southward dreamed the sea.
And with the sea breeze hand in hand,
Came innocence and she."

The little girl summer slippered, and all in white but in clothes more like a princess wears, bare necked, and also bare-armed but otherwise modestly dressed, brought sunshine with her, and the smile upon her face with the light of confidence in her blue eyes a hint of spring. Heavenly flowers were seemingly to bloom all about the priest.

"Who are you little girl? It seems I cant remember seeing you before? Or are you an angel just stepped into my office?"

"Why Father dont you remember me? I'm Angeline Rose Vivian, over here from Abbeannia to learn anthe mutch a what you call it in your language over here, for the benefit of my country. You gave me a picture last December for being first in the sixth grade young as I am. I've got it yet. It's a picture of the dear Sacred Heart and its got all the promises on the back. I know them all by heart, my sisters and Mother does too and I'm teaching them, to Majorie Masters. I've got it yet, no matter

where our wicked enemies sent us, and I keep it in our bedroom, so we can see it when we wake up."

I regret to say that the good priest in the complicated work of attending to the needs of of over thirteen hundred boy and girls, had completely lost sight of Angeline Rose Vivian aged nine, and as he knew from records, not only the leader of the sixth grade despite her age, but an unusually holy little girl besides and angelic in everything she does. The priest felt a strange sad mess steal over him for a moment. which he fought off.

"Oh so its you dear little angeline? I'm glad to meet you again, but you come around so seldom that you can hardly blame me for forgetting you"

"Oh I dont blame you Father. "You've got such a lot to remember. I know I cant remember things sometimes myself. Sister Dorothy gave me this note to give you".

She had been holding an envelope in her hand The priest took it and while he tore open the envelope and read the letter, Angeline fluttered about the room like a little bird on the

branches of a tree singing to herself. The letter read,

Dear Father kindly take a look at this little girl, Angeline Vivian, the youngest, the brightest and the sunshinest child in our sixth grade. An angel in form & looks, and every way She attended Mass yesterday with her family most devotedly. She has with her sisters been helping poor families within her reach, and she asked me to get you to obtain a job for a boy to support his parents. He is ragged, toes show out of his shoes and he is very undernourished.

Sister Mary Jane.
S.N.D.

The priest took another look at Angeline who happened to be examining with evident pleasure the picture of the Madonna and Child,

the most beautiful and artistic painting photograph like though it was, in his office. The fine form of angelines face, the madonna like oval, the exquisite beauty and holy innocence, the luxuriant unnatural golden hair shining in the sunshine, as he observed at once with tint of golden red which was only a trick of the light (as he observed later) was the first thing that would strike one but there was one detail in which her beauty left something to be desired.

It is hard to rob tender years of the real natural complexion, yet looking closely one's thinks could but suspect that the child had

been somewhere where she had been suffering from a very evil climate and had been very poorly nourished, had been seriously ill a long time, and suffered from terrific heat.

The roses of her cheeks had not yet returned and she did not look a bit healthy.

And the continued out of season hot weather in the city too was not helping her any either. She did surely miss the cool ocean breezes during the trip from the country of France.

"Come here angeline"

She came trotting towards him at the word, as though she intended surprising the good priest down, nor did

she slacken her pace untill she was quite upon him when she came to a sudden halt in a manner quite beyond any creature he had known or seen before. She was like that because of her military career in the Abbeannian army.

Angeline my child were you with your sister in French Guiana?"

"Yes Father we were"""

"Angeline did the keepers serve meals to you and your sisters down there?"

"Oh yes Father. mud like coffee and one half a potatoe for breakfast"

"What else?"

"That's all Father."

"Didnt you drink anything else besides coffee!"

"Yes Father. We had water from the Maroni River."

"Didnt you have any

bread?"

"We did not even see a sight of bread. We only got a small cup of rice for dinner and supper with a small piece of ill smelling meat.

"Good gracious" the priest exclaimed "And what did you have for supper"

"Well we usually went to bed early and you see we'd forget our hunger. They were hard plank beds. The keepers treated us better when our innocence was discovered. and Father all the convicts down there are half starved like we were. We hardly ever saw potatoes It was a part of the punishment Father. That is part of the conviction"

Potatoes as a regular

diet outside of Ireland where this popular vegetable has a power of nourishment unknown in the United States had never before occured to the priest.

It was only later he learned that when everything in the way of provender fails, and there is no credit even for keepers down in French Guiana the simplest manner in recruiting the larder is to get it off an inbound prison ship any no account eatable provision that was brought there for the convicts.

The priest knew about the prison colony in French Guiana like a book. The priest felt sure that this little girl and her sisters must have went

through a life of horror and dire misery down there. Nevertheless although the priest did not realize that little Angeline Vivian had with her sisters spent the greater part of summer in that country with starvation, hellish climate and awful fever horrors, he felt there was sure symptoms on the face of the little girl and form of her really and truly being there.

"Did your innocence get proved there?"

"Oh yes, but that is not so important. The convicts didnt get enough, at least it didnt seem so, but Jennie say she saw more people die from

from eating too much than from eating too little. And then Father when we got tired of eating a plain cup of oversalted rice every day we foolishly put more salt on them, and I myself shut my eyes and imagined I'm eating salt herrings. Do you like salt herrings?"

Not feeling quite equal in answering this question to the little angels satisfaction the priest went on:"

"Did your brother buy you those you wearing?"

"Father how could you guess that? Pernod bought me these only this morning. And these shoes are good too."

"Where do you live?"

At 201 Halsted Street. Here's the way you get there. When you come to the

right number you walk up a flight of steps. Our bedroom is on the third floor. There's a wicked woman who lives near us who uses language that's just awful and she's got a boy who steals all kind of bicycles and two girls whom she makes run around the house naked all day. I believe she would be a murderous woman if she dared, for when the little girls' dont want a bath where everybody can see it she pulls their hair and jerks the ribbons out and once when the youngest stole a glass of beer from her beer pitcher she picked the child up, held her in her lap, and gripped her

by the neck so tightly that her little tongue stuck away out. Chocked her for half a minute, threw her down, and then scolded so loud you could hear her a block mama and Penrod says they're common people. Now you go back through the house when you get to the second floor, and you come to another stair case leading up from a porch on the other side and you go up that and you get to our place on the floor away back to the rear. If you come down today you will find my good mama, and my good papa in, or all of us in. Papa's a great King in our country you know and as he gets lots of money from abroad he needn't not to work you."

How many are there in the family?"

"There's Violet, Joy, Jennie, Catherine, Hettie, Daisy and Penrod. Catherine is seven, Daisy also. Hettie is 8, I am nine, Violet nine and five months, Jennie and Joice ten. Penrod is the size of Violet but is eleven. They go to Skinner school but are only learning figures. In our own country we know as much as the average teacher. and we can play any good musical instrument. so can Penrod. The Skinner is the best school they ever went to, but they would go here if there was room for them."

"Have you been to so many?"

"Five schools in our own country. There's nothing we dont know about the good Catholic Religion. In our own country there are only Catholic Churches and Schools. Because of the war our family has traveled a lot. We know more about Military life than our generals do."

"Sit down please Angeline dear."

She did so.

"Here's pen and ink. Write me the address of that poor family."

She did so swiftly, but with such a clear perfect penmanship as astonished the priest greatly. He had never seen such good handwriting from any body.

Michael D and" the priest called to his office

boy without, "Come in here and see if you cant get this little girl a drink of lemonade. She must be thirsty."

Michael Mc Guire D and, nicknamed Mickey, a tall stout rough looking boy for his age of fifteen, and long accustomed to such orders and who knew Angeline well, and was a great true trust-ful friend of her, and crazy about his sister and more so D errod, entered, went out, and soon returned with a big glass full and while he attended to Angeline who kindly gave him unasked, a friendly kiss, that made him blush red, the priest

called up by telephone one of his friends and co-workers in charity a Mrs Margaret Jennie Dalton. "That you Margaret? This is Father Casey of St Patricks school, and priest house. Yes Casey. A little angel by the name of Angeline brought me news and the address of a poverty stricken family. Have you time to make a visit in a case of extreme necessity

As I said before there a little angel in my office by the name of Angeline Vinan, of 201 Halsted street third floor - and - eh what? You know her and her sisters? What? That's good. I'm Glad to hear it. Well she and her family occupy and own the place. She hops and skips like a fairy out of pantomimes as is dressed as if she was

an angel of Heaven. I dont know whether Fairies or Angels live on one cup of rice a day or not, but that is what this particular fairy and her sisters were doing down in French Guiana and - oh you know all about it, well that's queer. They're all right now thank God.

She tells about some poor family and from what she told me there is not enough food to go around for supper.

She wanted me to give their elder boy a job but as I have an office boy, I have no opening. The father has been out of work for three months and cant get a job. It looks like a deserving

(are) they got two little girls too, Angeline says, who goes to school here and Angeline herself always is as clean and neat and pretty and cute as a primrose of Heaven and talks more with the refinement of an educated grown up, than a little girl. She does a lot of charity work and will help you in your work if you are hard pressed. Do you understand?"

"And tell her my brother is the best and most good and wonderful boy in the world" said Angeline. He'll help Miss Margret in everything"

Father told that

"Yes I understand Father and I thank you for calling me up. How many

are there in the family?"

"Three little girls one boy and the parents. Elsie is the eldest Alice is youngest and Margaret a mere babe. The boy is eighteen."

"Very good Father you say Angelines brother is a very good boy and will help me?"

"Yes?"

"I'll go at once and let you know later."

During this interview Angeline praised Penrod to Michael highly, and thus entered into this priest, life with results purpose faithfully setting down the "Fairies Fairies of Heaven."

As we shall see he was so good to them that in the end when they wanted to take him to Abbeiannia

they made him go with them. Never once did they regret knowing him. But Angeline will regret knowing one bad boy in school more to his sorrow however not hers.

Period coming for her had stood outside the door waiting for her and heard every thing she said about him.

"Wait untill she comes out and what I'll do to her" he said to himself "The coast is clear and nobody to see us".

He didnt have long to wait for after bidding the good priest good by she came out to be confronted by her brother.

She knew he was waiting but did not know he overheard.

"Where are our sisters?" she asked.

"Never you mind" he answered "I heard everything you said to Father Casey and caused it to be repeated over the telephone. That Charity woman will soon broadcast it all over the city what kind of a boy I am. Well I'll be a wonderful boy just like this" and he caught her in his arms, and held her tight to him kissing her on the cheek.

What ever the cause was we do not say but it was a very happy little Angeline that came home with her good loving kind brother who had held her so long in his arms that she had

felt for a time as if she was in the arms of an angel in Heaven.

On the following morning Miss Margaret Dalton called at the priest's office to make her report.

"I first went to see that good princely boy and his sisters" she said "to like heaven to be with them. Their father and mother are saints. I never could imagine that little girls could be so lovely They made me stay to breakfast, and during the meal told me all about that poor family I lost the slip of paper with the address you phoned me but the little girl called Violet and she surely is a dear little angel, took me to the place and went in

with me. I think it is really a deserving case. They live in two rooms in the most ramshackle house I have ever been in."

"What? Those lovely little Vivian Girls?"

"No, No" Margaret said with a laugh. "The place Violet took me to."

"Which is saying a great deal" the priest interposed. For several decades of years, Margaret and her sisters had been visiting in season and out the sick and the poor.

"But every thing is neat and clean. The living room is kit kitchen dining room and living room in one. The pans are shining the stove is

polished, everything has its place, and Mrs Jennie Gordon, a little bit of a body, is as clean and neat as her children. The little ones are well cared for, their clothes are not held together by safety pins, there's a button wherever a button should be, and each of them is quite familar with the saving virtue of cold water and a bath.

The boy Frank Gordon nicknamed Flash Gordon is a friend of the Vivian family and likes the little girls as if they were his sisters."

"But what about the head of the house?" the priest put in.

"I was coming to him. He is a rather fine

looking man, pleasant in his manner. He looks to be about 38 years or so. He looks fairly strong and healthy and is nearly six feet tall. When I came in with Violet he was seated with a child on each knee, and the others grouped around them. He was telling them a fairy tale or some sort of a story.

I believe whatever it was they were listening breathlessly. The mother was sitting on the other side of the kitchen stove mending a little dress. I could see at a glance what you couldn't see Father in half an

hours inspection - that dress had been mended, and re-mended, almost beyond count. Of one thing I'm positively certain, Mrs Gordon is all thrift and industry."

"And what about the man?"

As far as I could judge he seems to be a most devoted father. One can see that he loves the children and no less clearly that his children love him."

"That's precisely the account my office boy Michael gives too. When that sweet little Vivian Girl Angeline left my office yesterday Michael David was good enough to tell me, that on two different occasions when the Gordon children were absent from school he had gone to their home to look them up and that on one of these

he had found the father home, nursing Elsie down with the measles with the tenderness of a woman. One of the Vivians was there too, doing what she could to help.

I believe it was Jennie Ider beauty cuts to the heart. He also gave it as his opinion that Mr Gordon was a pious man and that Jennie was prettier than any angel he ever heard about. And yet I don't quite understand. How is it he is out of work?"

"I tried to get some information on that point. He gave me a long explanation. First he had been sick for four weeks

that the weather had been bad and much too warm and to stormy, and then he made some remarks about the union, and the union cards which I could make head nor tail of.

Also he represented that being a stranger in the city he found it very hard to get work unless it were plentiful.

At one place he applied for a job they refused him because he is a Catholic. In the winter there is little plastering."

"Did he look like a drinking man Margaret?"

"No indeed. His eyes were clear and there was no puff ness of face and no discoloration.

He looked like a total abstainer although he admitted that he did often take a bottle of root beer or gingerale. Thereupon the wife with a friendly smile remarked that the last four weeks he had not even drank a cup of coffee."

"Well Margaret, I must say that all this is very unusal. Tell me was there anything in the house for supper."

"There was what you might call the supply of "potatoe" and there was a twinkle in Margarets eye "had come to an end with the Monday meal. There was not a thing in the way of food in

the place. I must say this case strikes me as the most serious and the most deserving I have ever come across in all these years."

"And you might add the most extraordinary. Since keeping in charge of this school, I have hobnobbed with poverty, indeed with all sorts of poverty, from poverty that comes of a been income, and brandy, a champagne taste to the poverty that visits a large family of little ones, where the husband and bread winner is taken away untimely but I've never in all my experience known of a case where there was nothing to eat in the house, but that there had also been previously too much to drink."

"That's a fact Father "excessive drink and abject poverty would appear to go hand in hand."

"If by abject poverty you mean nothing to eat in the house- yes especially if it is a sort of case where the poverty stricken family is not to blame. It does happen in time of calamity to deserving people, but if they be not intemperate they need only to be put on their feet Well what have you done?"

"I sent them several baskets of provisions at once. It ought to last them at least- six days several large soup bones, flour, eggs sugar

sugar coffee a long string of Frankfurthers and so on. Then my sister Mildred is now scouting her friends of St Patricks parish for childrens clothes. They will all be provided for by night.

As for Mrs Gordon we have plenty for her out of our own stock also there a matter of 25 dollars on rent due."

"Allow me to take care of that" the priest broke in. "Just a few minutes ago Pernod Vivian with little Catherine holding his hand came to see me, and after a ten minutes visit gave me this two hundred and fifty dollar check as they were leaving saying: "Father use that for the poor and pray

for us all." Catherine bid me good bye in her sweetest manner and she and Pernod were away before I could thank them, Indeed I never saw such pretty little girls like those Vivians before."

"Thank you Father. I'll attend to the rent at once. One thing I forgot to tell you. Mr Gordon says he has a job. One of these little girls got it for him. He refuses to tell her name as she asked him not to. He starts to work to morrow morning I'll send them another couple of baskets on Thursday and by that time pay day will have come and the Gordons will be on their

feet again."
For all of which thanks be to God."
A knock on the door cut short what further reflections the priest was minded to make, and in answer to his: "Come in" the door opened, and there in the doorway curtsying elaborately and smiling expansively and with her strange golden hair done in long beautiful curls to day instead of the long bob of yesterday, stood little Angeline, with little Elsie Gordon looking now by reason of the new shoes rather better than before.
"Oh miss magaret is that you. Good morning Father, I didnt know you had company. I just brought Elsie

from her home to have her thank you for these shoes you gave her they fit her so nicely. Her mamma says that lots of little girls will be jealous of her. now Elsie say to the good priest what I told you, mind."
"Mama — mama - says for me to thank you from her heart"
"You and mama are quite welcome my dear. But you should thank your Fairy friend too"
"I did Father and we had such a supper last night. Before it was over I had to get up and loosen nellie's waist band and our youngest sister margaret would have shocked if we hadnt

beaten her on the back. When we said our prayers mama made us put in "God bless Father Casey, the good little Vivians and Miss Margaret. I'm going to say that prayer every night as long as I live. Oh Miss Margaret did you take a look at my new shoes?"

Then all at once to the surprise of the three others the left foot went up with a suddenness which made it appear as though little Elsie was intent upon kicking her benefactor. Up it went straight sudden till it was quite possible for Margaret without bending to see the sole from head to toe - and so remained in the face of all the known laws of equilibrium. The

priest could see Angeline fighting desperately hard to suppress a giggle. He himself felt the same way.

"Excellent. the shoes are strong and look well," said Angeline herself finally "for goodness sake Elsie put your foot down or you'll fall back-wards and break your neck."

"no I wont Angeline. I can do real good stunts if I'm asked to" replied Elsie recovering the moral gravity. At that moment came from outside a manly voice "Angeline dear, are you coming? We are waiting."

"I'm sorry but I guess we'll have to go

now" said Angeline somewhat reluctantly "Good bye miss margaret. Good bye Father dear. come Elsie come?"

"She made for the door pushing Elsie (ahead) ahead gently,- going Fairy like in her glide and then once more astonished the priest and miss margaret.

Turning on the threshold she faced them, and with that suddenness of movement, to which the priest had not yet become accustomed, in less than a second, made a profound curtsey - more profound than that which had prefaced her entrance. She "sank and rose" like the crest of of a wave. She made Elsie do it too but the latter was very

imperfect at it and almost fell in performing it.

"Angeline" the priest called as she was turning to go "where on earth did you learn that curtsey!"

"My mother learned me and my sisters to do it when we were very young Father. In that curtsey of ours there, a meaning In our country every one curtseys to us. But we girls only do it before a priest or Bishop or other high officer of the priesthood. We are not allowed to do it to any one else."

"That is a regular true Abbreannian curtsey" commented Margaret

as Angeline slowly disappeard with Elsie and Penrod. Then the priest recalled Miss Riepplier. Oh the hours of bitter practice to limber his stiff knees for curtsies.

(Ease in motion does does not come easily to all of us. But Angeline Vivian could never supposeing her to have the power of expression have permitted" Miss Riepplier comment"

"Father do you know that Angeline Vivian has every thing that goes in the making of an angel?"

"Indeed an angele could nt come a compare to her" the priest answered and presently forgot her (mind) observation. But it was to be recalled

in the light of later events.

"I say please Father" said Father Casey faithful office boy about another day later.

"Well what is it?"

"Do you know that the little girl Angeline Vivian who goes to school here is very fond of reading?"

"Indeed you dont say."

"yes Father."

"Indeed."

I asked her once and she said she likes Fairy stories especially."

"That is quite natural" the priest made answer. "Every little girl or boy ought to like fairy tales. Though I'm grown up I'm still very fond of them myself."

"Yes Father."
Yes but what?"
"But you see she has gone to one book store after another, and no one has any for sale, and so she has no chance. They can find books but not fairy tails."
"What Fairy Tails?"
"Fairy Tails?"
"You mean Fairy Tales dont you"?
"Yes Father."
Well Michael Dared what are you driving at"?
"The fact is Angeline has hinted to me, several times that she would like you to loan her some Fairy story books to read."
"Oh that's it isn't it?"
"Yes. And she paid you an awful compliment."
"She did? Set have it."
"She said that any book you recommended or picked

out for her would be just three times as interesting, because you picked it out."
"What an imagination that beautiful child must have indeed."
"She considers you a very saintly man Father, and also a tin God."
"She surely didnt use that expression young man."?
"no but that's what it came to She wants to know if you'll ever want to visit her country."
"Did you undeceive her?"
"Sure I did. I told her that any one going to her country would have to have a big pull and be as religious and holy as all.

the Abbeamians themselves."

A very nice true way of putting it" the priest commented.

Michael David be it remarked was just turned fifteen and in his youthful simplicity surely thought that a quick easy trip to Abbeamnia might be for the good priest for the asking He is older now and knows better.

"I told her you was a—"

"Whats that?" the priest interrupted

I beg pardon. I told her you were—"

I thank you Michael"

"a Jesuit priest and that you wouldnt accept any what-you-may-call-it"

Quite quite clear Michael"

"Well I did make it clear. I said you couldnt go to Abbeamnia or anything of the kind, and she

said you ought to try it any how, they'd write and sign you a pass through to the country. "You'd have a pull with her and her sisters, she said."

"Michael are you and Angeline trying to tempt me into making such a trip."

"Not at all Father. I would not want you to go away on any account. Who'd run this school then"?

Children whether good or bad are hero worshippers. If they dont find heroes in their daily round they create them out of their own imagination.

"Well to return to Angeline Michael I'm glad you told me that she wanted books to read That saintly

child seems to have a fine imagination. she walks in Heaven and Fairyland together. What a pity so many boys and girls, with their imagination hungering for the wonderful are starved, because to them Fairyland is an unknown country. See that Angeline comes to my office at the morning recess."

At recess accordingly, Angeline duly tripped in. She had her hair in curls wore a red dress this time. She was all smiles and gladness. About her tiny person radiated surely the angel holiness innocence and Heavenly spring.

"Good morning Father. I'm awfully glad you sent for me I have not had a chance to talk to you

for three weeks. I've counted the days ever cept the day I was here. You know I dont come to your office unless you sent for me. Sister Mary Jane says you are a very busy man, and you would have no time for yourself at all, if everybody came running in on you every time they felt like doing it."

I suppose Angeline you'd like me to send for you occassionally?"

"Oh yes Father I should like it dearly."

How often about?"

"Twice a day" was the prompt answer.

"Do you like to read book Angeline?"

"Oh" cried Angeline rising gracefully on her toes, twirling her eyes

upward and remaining thus happily while she spoke "I should say I do. I just love any good book, and I dearly love Fairy Tales".

Saying which Angelines feet settled once more upon the floor. In avowing that she dearly loved Fairy tales, she had thrown out her hands in such wise that she gave one the impression that she was about to fly away.

Michael all this time was staring and staring at Angeline as if he saw a strange vision from another world. He was seated at his desk with his face turned towards her. He had been so uncommonly silent all this time that Father Casey turned and looked hard at Michael, who did not notice but kept staring.

"I say Michall".

Michael did not seem to hear.

"Michael" the priest then bellowed loud enough to be heard a block away, "Michael."

Michael almost jumped from his chair. Angeline found it impossible to supress a giggle.

"Whats wrong Father?"

"Have you come back to earth?"

"I never was off of it, Father."

"You seemed to have been, You looked so long at Angeline I thought you had become a stone statue. Have you finished addressing those envelopes Michael."

"No Father. I'll be through soon"

"You would be now if you had not stared

at Angeline so long you know I'm waiting for them." the priest said dryly this extinguishing Michael. "Now Angeline I'm going to loan you a book of Fairy Tales - Grimms Fairy Tales and you have my permission to come to the office when you are ready to bring the book back. Then you'll get another book with the same permission' Michael"

But Michael was staring at her again.

"Michael" he bellowed. again the boy jumped.

"It seems to me Michael that Angeline must be something very unusual to you. Didnt you ever see her before"?

"Very seldom Father."

"Well I hate to interrupt

you my boy and pull you from your trance, (sarcastically) but would you kindly step into the inner office and get Grimms Fairy tales out of my book case I'll ady it will take you only a minute or so you know".

This again sounded like sarcasm but Michal Michael called it "rubbing it in" and on the whole enjoyed it.

"Don't you like Michael Father?" inquired Angeline when that young gentleman had gone into the further room."

"I certainly do".

"Why do you talk to him that way then? If you talked to me like that I'd feel just terrible and Offended

would be wild and dangerous. I do wont have us even scolded."

"Wouldnt he like it if you were scolded?"

"It would be dangerous to do it"

"I hope then I'll never need to ever talk to you in that way Angeline. As for Michael we have our own little ways of exchanging thoughts."

"oh I see. Say aint boys funny?"

Michael saved the priest the trouble of persueing this rather vast subject by returning with the desired book.

"Oh, thank you Father ever so much. But Father pon Janer Father is not working."

"What's that I snt her papa working you say?"

"He just lost his

job. The place where worked had a bad fire. I and my sisters saw the fire It was awful"

Father Casey looked very closely at Angeline's face. The roses of her cheeks were again in full bloom. Her complexion, always fine was evidently much clearer than on the occasion of her first apparition.

During all that time all had gone well with the Vivians. All also had gone well with the Gordons. The man had had steady employment the children thanks to miss Margaret and her sisters had been supplied with warm clothes and good shoes.

In a word as the boy Michael had observed "We have put

them on their feet, and they have stayed put." There is little of romance in dealing with the very poor--- outside the story book of course, little romance, and still less gratitude. If one were working for earthly appreciation it would be nineteen cases out of twenty be time wasted. But one is working for Christ, and besides the saving grace of it all humanly speaking is that there is always hope for the children. The fathers and mothers are too often idle and given either to drink or to bank gambling.

They cumber the very ground. However as regards the Gordon family the priest were dealing with the 20th case. They were grateful, they were on their

feet and they gave promise of being able to keep without outside help the wolf from the door.

Angeline favoured the priest as she departed with her famous curtsey. Chancing to go out into the vestibule on his way to the music room, across from the office, Father Casey glanced down the cloister like hall way between the class rooms.

Angeline Vivian holding the book on high as though it were a tambourine was really exercising a "pas seul" body whirling hands and feet flying as if she was a famous dancer, or dancerelse.

Little as the priest

knew of the poetry of real dance motion, it was clear to his astonished eyes that this little Vivian girl was one of the few with the natural gift of translating feeling of joy at least into motion.

While he was still standing there staring almost spell bound, the Fairy suddenly disappeared. The book came down into a human hand, the flying arms, and the flying feet shot into position most demure, and Angeline Vivian no longer the dancing fairy, was walking along with a sedateness which was plainly more than natural, the head sister had just come out of a classroom. And she was a very severe Sister too even to being almost

unreasonable with the school children. They feared and hated her. Angeline had illustrated to the priest the saying of the prestidigitalatd:

"We move so quickly that we deceive the eye."

The sister saw nothing, and the priest certainly did not tell her. During the time she had the chance Angeline often told Father Casey of what she and her sisters went through in French Guiana. She told how she and her sisters had purposly missed many a supper at any cost because the food served to them and the prisoners were so pollutted.

Michael he and everything she told, for

for he could not fail to do so. The priest even had a book on French Guiana and after she had read it she told him that everything that was printed in the book was true.

And it was not uncommon for her to get a book one day and return it the next.

She not only read each volume but she retained for good what she read miraculously. Her memory was unusual (so was the memory of her sister) On one occasion on coming down to the school the priest heard as he reached the vestibule a treble silvery voice. It was the voice of Angeline in the outer office. He paused and for nearly twenty minutes

listened. It was not his intention of course to play the eavesdropper and he knew positively that he must not let her catch him at it either, priest though he was.

But Angeline was not engaged in conversation she was telling the story of Christ as a child this fact he caught at once and then like the wedding guest of the ancient mariner he could not choose but hear.

The flow of language was so easy the words were so well chosen the sentences so well satisfying that the priest at first believed she

must be reading. But on second thought he rejected the inference, no child of her age could surely read with intonation so easy so natural, he thought. (oh no).

The little girl he surmised must have committed the entire story to memory.

After a time the priest peered in through the open door.

Michael seated at his desk was gazing spellbound at Angeline Vivian, his spellbinder.

His jaw had dropped, and his eyes were wide with the wonder of the life of the Christ child. Here it seemed was romance in its primitive innocence for he had an arm

around her shoulder and she his. The priest was hesitating to enter when Angeline in a mad gesture intended to signify what she was saying, turning partly round, and caught his eye.

She was unusually fascinating to day. Though her arms and part of her shoulders were bare, her dress was long below the knees and of a bright purple color. To all whom she knew to be right she was unnaturally affectionate.

"Oh Good morning Father. I was just telling Michael about the Holy Christ Child. Did you hear me just now?"

"Indeed I did. Tell me Angeline did you

learn the story by heart?"

"I read it twice Father, and I know it. You see, I read all the best stories twice and then I tell them to our family. I several times went to the gordons and told them stories. Oh we have an awfully good time, we can put out the lamp at the Gordons, thats the best way for a story — in the dark, and those children are not afraid of the dark, like others generally are. Then you can see everything just as it is happening. Did you ever listen to a story in the dark Father? Michal says he never did."

"I'll try it angeline on your recommendation".

"It saves light too" persued Angeline "and if you have not had any supper you dont know the difference. I brought a big basket of provision over to them last night and a big can of Kerosene for their lamp. I also brought Elsie and Jane and their big brother to a lunch counter and bought them something to eat"

"Isnt their papa working now?"

"Ide going to start next week. I got him one and its a good one unless —

"Unless what?" asked the priest"

"Unless it burns down like the other one did."

Come inside Angeline"
She respectfully followed Father Casey and he closed the door.
"Angeline if you've been there, tell me what did the Gordons have for breakfast?"
"Beans Father. But only a cupfull for each one."
"Beans?"
"Yes Father?"
"Anything else?"
"No Father. And their mama says beans are very healthy. I dont think so. They're too starchy."
"I think they're too starchy too," said Father Casey "How long has their Father been out of work."
"Just since that factory fire. and he burned his hand,

trying to save others. Burned out of a job, and injured through some ones carelessness. I got him a new job but he will have to wait a week or two before he gets it Mr Gordon says he was just born for hard luck. I told him he should not feel that way.
I wish you knew him. He's just the nicest man you ever saw. He continually tells me and my sisters what he is going to do for his family when his ship comes in. I dont know what he means by his ship coming in, but the name

of the ship is the "Hardly Ever" he says. When the "Hardly Ever" comes in he is going to buy his eldest daughter a library full of all the Fairy Tales ever written and her going to get Elsie an automobile, and her little brother Francis a Dublin Express, and roller skates and a sled and their littlest sister Imagnat a collection of all the finest dolls in the city and his wife a house in the suburbs with a cook to do all the cooking and a maid to do all the sewing and a little nigger girl with black face and shiny eyes to nurse the baby, and pocket book a big one full of ten

dollar gold pieces."

"When does their Father expect the ship to come in?"

"He wont tell. He says its a secret. The Captain of the ship is Captain Romance and the First-mate is Mr Maybe. But Father, I and my sister even think that a good many things will happen before the good ship Hardly Ever-Captain Romance comes in. Are we right?"

"I'm afraid Angeline you are, but its some thing nice for him to think of."

"It certainly is. He talks about it every night. We could make it come true ourselves Father if we find out he

is worthy of it. But we know he cant make it come himself."

"Are you hungry Angeline?"

"no Father. I and my sisters had a good big breakfast this morning. I sent Violet with some provisions to the Gordons this morning. Why Father."

I just wondered. And how about your friend Elsie and Alice."

"Oh poor Elsie and Alice are alway hungry. You ought to see them eat. I mean when they get a chance. I my self cooked some pancakes for them this morning."

"You are sure an angel Angeline Go

and get Elsie and Alice and come back here."

Presently with Elsie clinging to one hand Angeline to the other and Alice going on before the priest was walking down Adams to Halsted and down Halsted towards Jackson making a vain effort at dignity.

With one little girl hoppo hopping like a swallow and clattering like a wren, and Angeline walking now sideways, now backwards and now not at all and the other one clinging to her hands locomotion while possible was anything but dignified.

Angeline did this

way of walking, not from habit, but she was passing through a district where most of the city bums hang around and there were so many sober ones, that thinking of the spies not captured (somewhere in the Guianas) was all eyes and ears for the slightest danger.

There is on Jackson Boulvard an eating house, near Halsted or at least there was at that time. The owner of it was charitable.

Into this they entered and seated themselves at a table. Angeline did the ordering

"For these two little girls two small beef steaks, rolls and coffee," she said to the neat handed phyllis of the establishment.

"Father you order what you want. No Father, I'll pay for it."

"I'll take the same with coffee, and a piece of apple-pie. But are you not going to eat anything Angeline?"

She explained that she had had a good breakfast that morning and to eat anything now, would be ill advised, as it would spoil her dinner, and so the other three were presently enjoying the meal excellently.

Elsie serious and solemn eyed went to work with a will while Alice seemed to play with her food, seemed I say for in the long run her execution quite equaled Elsies.

Within a quarter of an hour there was a pair of clean plates such as Jack Sprat and his wife might well be proud of.

"I'd like to come here again" said little Elsie- "That's the sort of a meal I'd like"

"Would that be all Father?" asked the pyliss of the priest.

The priest pointed to Angeline saying-

"She's the host"

The woman looked at Angeline as if she had seen a ghost. Then she said:

"Would that be all little angel girl?"

"Thank you- yes- unless- unless-" she looked at her friends. "Unless (they) they want more".

But they shook their heads.

"I hope you enjoyed your meal children" continued Phyliss inspired by or to this kindly wish by the shining eyes and more than placid content of the three innocents.

"We did very much miss" answered Alice.

"and I hope miss that you are feeling quite well this morning" put in Angeline.

"You bet" answered Phyllis not saying as Angeline or the priest could see by her wistful glance at Angeline exactly as she wanted to.

The poor woman who had lost her own little girl

by death under the wheels of an auto truck, like so many of her class, said not what she wished to say but what she could.

"You've a very sweet dimple on your chin" declared Angeline serenely "and I dearly love dimples, especially on the chin."

"I should say" answered Phyllis with tears in her eyes and now seeming anxious to get away.

"It is very kind of you to take such nice care of us - isn't it Elsie?"

"It is" returned Elsie very decidedly.

Phyllis was dumb. Red signals of distress were spreading over her features. It wasn't that the children were confusing her but Angeline somehow put her in

of her own golden haired little girl and she still felt her loss very badly.

Considering it time to bring this delightful interchange of civilities to an end, the priest arose. Elsie made a dash for his hand, Alice doing the same.

"Elsie and Alice what manners you show" said Angeline chidingly shaking her finger at them "you forget how often har your mama told you. Come back to your places at once"

Both Elsie and Alice looking a trifle disconcerted turned and stood behind their chairs fastened their eyes meekly on Angeline and

waited for further orders. Then Angelina as though she and the two little girls were all alone made a big sign of the cross, the two other little girls following her example.

"We return Thee thanks O God, for the benefits received of Thy bounty, through Christ our Lord."

As Angelina pronounced these words in tones which reached the cook at one end of the place and the cashier at the other, three heads were bowed, six little eyes closed and three pair of hands were clasped in the same fashion the Blessed Virgin clasped hers.

"Amen." cried Elsie and Alice with vibrant earnestness and solemnity

Then they crossed themselves again. Then each of the two got a hand, and the procession a little more difficult in the way of actual progress than before made towards the cashiers desk.

The cashier as it happened on this occasion was no less a person than the owner of the restaurant, a tall slight bright eyed trim affable woman. A widow who taking the business apparently at its least gasp, had by her attention to its details her assiduity and her execution ability raised it to life within a week and

within three weeks or three
months after I left
paying errand boy left
from her employ
found the card register
taken up with pleasing
interest the children left
her room one night
and left the sad sister
at with delight to the
conversation between little
Angeline and Ray as to
what Grace was said by
the children the tears
came into their own blue
eyes.

Angeline herself knew
why Ray was under
cloud. Just a few weeks
before the little lad
of four who might after
would had locked it from
sister "now" Ray came
it was to sleep and
said that sweet prayer
for the last time

said it with just as
faith and trustfulness as
the little boy before him
and then with a sleepy shiver
drew up the clothing
close to the watching.

As she took the money
with a smiling nod of
thanks she was eyeing
the [illegible] very
especially Angeline.

"How do you do my un-
said [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[

you must come again - come
anytime."

"We'd be very glad to"
answered Elsie "wouldn't we
Alice?"

Oh yes" asserted Alice earn-
estly.

"Poor?" queried the proprietor
in Father's ears.

"Very. Those two" indicating
Alice and Elsie "The beautiful
one is an angel of charity."

Then she slipped some-
thing into the priest's hand.

"For them" she whispered
It was a ten dollar gold
piece.

"Good bye you little dears"
she continued coming from
behind the counter and
kissing each.

Afterwards the four
proceeded in silence along
Jackson Boul. a silence
of several minutes
broken by Angeline.

"That lady is a friend" she
said. And so she proved
to be. On reaching the
office the priest telephoned
Miss Margaret asking
her to take up the Gordon
case again.

Then Mrs Snyder
the good woman in her
charity took charge of the
lunch room for the
two children devoting
three hours a day to
the task.

Chancing to enter the
a his office the priest
told her what he
knew of the Gordon
case.

"For the present" said
the priest "I'm going
to send those two little
girls with Angeline
as their escort up
to you at lunch
time each day, give

them everything they want and charge it to me."

"All right Father." said Mrs Snyder with a sly grin The sly mess of that grin was observed early no bill ever came to the priest. Mrs Snyder paid it out of her own pocket.

Chapter 2.

Mrs Teresa Dalton takes to Angeline and her sister to see Uncle Tom Cabin. And Elsie surprises Father Casey and Father Casey surprises Miss Dalton. The wonderful adventure of the office boy and the janitor.

Mrs Margaret was prompt in visiting the Gordon family and to her astonishment and dismay matters, she discovered were very much worse and in a more distressful condition than on her first visit

She reported to the priest at once. "The Father had his hand in the fire" she said. "Its an extraordinary case"

"I should say it is" the priest observed "What are the worse thing? That gets me"

It certainly puzzles me. The man looks fairly strong, his eyes and complexion are clear and still then again the ranks of the unemployed because of the fire. and cant get a job.

But ever supposing there, a good reason for his being out of work how comes it he. has'nt one red cent to tide over such times. Here after I'm going to visit them regularly and so are the little Vivians. They brought the Gordons provisions to day."

"I think" said the priest "I would be very advisable"

"The children are lovely, well cared for, and Angelina is a sort of Heavenly infant angelic phenomenon. Her younger sisters have given Alice and Elsie a bunch of their only slightly worn clothes, but still good as new, their cast off but still good shoes several hats and some splendid hair ribbons.

And I found Angelina telling the Gordon children the story of Uncle Toms. Cabin.

She said it was their favorite. Then she told me that she intends to be an Author and write books of their her and her sisters and brothers.

Who knows? She might be one. Is it not an awful thing to meet these little children every day

not knowing what beautiful thoughts, what good heavenly music what lofty inspirations may be already working in their little heads"

"She certainly has very beautiful thoughts" father! Her first book is going to be dedicated to you and if she gets a thousand dollars for it she is going to give you half. With the rest of the money she intends bringing the entire family to see the biggest circus and then use the other for good purposes"

"Talking of a circus" the priest cried "that reminds me of something even better for Angeline. I noticed that the famous play "Uncle Toms Cabin is to be given

Friday evening at McVickers Theatre on State and Madison. It will be a long show but Angeline and even her brother and sisters would certainly enjoy it. Yes I dont know of any child in this big city who would enjoy it more, as I dont believe those little Vivians ever saw it. It is her favorite story and I fancy too that the music would easily appeal to her as I know she and her sisters love music. Its a pity she and her sisters cant go to see it.

I think we can can arrange for that night and take Angeline and her

her sisters and brother with me."

On Saturday afternoon the following letter reached the reached the priest:-+

"Dear Father.

Your little friend Angelina was with me last night at the play "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and I must write to tell you about it.

Her sisters wanted her to see it alone, and she and I had to do a good deal of coaxing to get them to come along. You see Father they wanted her to enjoy herself only saying she was entitled to it. But when she refused to go alone, they and their brother finally yeilded.

We took the street car to state. Whether on the street car or entering the show house the little girls were all eyes of every one. Their beauty and grace of manner dazed every-

body who saw them, but it did seem all were apprehensive of their brother. When some of the audience eyed his sisters too much his eyes became like that of a phanter and they desisted.

You ought to see his face when he's sore. It'd give you the creeps. He shouted at them as loudly as he could right there in the shows interior "My sisters are not curiosities."

But to come to the show. The little girls saw the grand play but I did not. They missed nothing from the rise of the curtain to its fall. As for myself I spent most of my time in watching them. They sat motionless their forms were at least motionless gazing at everything going on upon the stage.

But their faces. You ought to have seen the changes, movement at the confusion of Haley during Eliza's escape.

laughter over it, pity for poor Uncle Tom, awe, enthusiasm, true hearted sorrow over little Evas death and enmity for Simon Legree. I could not begin to describe the emotions that were chasing one another upon their faces. Then following the close of the Uncle Tom Cabin play came the Opera "Hansel and Gretel. During the dance between Hansel and Gretel, those little girls seemed to be dancing too, and still nothing moved but their eyes and faces.

That it their faces and eyes were dancing and when the angels came up on the stage in a most beautiful and stately procession the little girls looked as I imagine little girls ought to look, when they are safe in Heaven.

They were in ~~not~~ ecstasy Men and women around them as in the rear too turned their eyes from the stage to watch them Even a number sitting in front of us turned around but the little girls took no notice of their glances. They were

wrapped up in some seventh Heaven of childhood a place few children reach.

When the angels disappeared the little girls came to themselves with a little sigh a sort of Peri at the gate of Heaven getting one little glimpse of the splendid beauties only to have the gates closed and locked in their faces. I sometimes think that all children are artists embryo and they do not grow up with the aesthetic nerve developed because we grown folks dont give them a chance to see all the beauty around us.

Anyhow I'm so glad you suggested Angeline and her sisters seeing both Uncle Toms Cabin, and the Opera, and though I did not pay much attention to the performance the three hours and a half I spent at Mc Vickers were the most pleasant in the way of good pleasure I have ever spent.

Your little fairy and her

sisters are quite at home in Fairy land
Next month if Mr Beerbohm Greets woodland
Players come to the city I intend please
God to take Angelina and her sisters
to see Midnight or Midsummer Night
Dream. I escorted Violet and her sisters
home and all the way their conversation
was a succession of "ohs" and "ahs" and
exclamation points.

There is one little circumstance
on our arriving at her home — God help
us — which caused me a little wonder.
We had not quite started on
the staircase landing, leading to
the third story when their mother
came hurrying down to meet us.
She seemed ill at ease, thanked
me warmly for my kindness
to Angelina and her sisters say-
ing "I can't ask you up as
my husband and the others
are all sleeping and are so easily
awakened" and then bade me
good night. She spoke in a
low voice and was evidently
very nervous. She seemed to

be afraid of something and I heard
"Mr Mack" being mentioned.
This is a long letter but I
thought you would be interested
on the first two plays Angelina and
her sisters did see. Come and see
us real soon. Joined by all the
family in best wishes and begging
your prayers for a special intention
I am

Yours sincerely,
Teresa"""

But this letter was by
no means the last
echo of the Fairy opera.
Two weeks evening the
priest was called to
the telephone and
there ensued the
following conversat-
ion I will give all
the preliminaries
because it illustrates
what a busy priest

must endure with
sodalities, numbering
hundreds of members,
a boy and girls school
of 1,200 and an acquaint-
ance among young wom-
en of 7 myself dont
know how many.
"Halloa?"
"St Patricks school" the
priest declared.
"Halloa"?
"Yes"
"Is this St Patricks
school?"
"Yes this is St Pat-
ricks school."
"I said is this St
Patricks school?"
"That, what I said.
What do you think
it is. A childrens
nut house."
"Is this St Patricks
School."
"Yes" the priest roared.

"Oh is it. Is this Father
Casey?"
"Yes this is Father
Casey."
"Is that you Father
Casey"?
"Yes that is what I
said.
"Who is it please that
is talking."
"I said "I'm Father
Casey"
"What?"
"Yes" the priest began
to bellow "This is
Father Casey"
"Oh good morning
Father, dont you know
me?"
"Who is it?"
"Margaret"
"Margaret? Margaret
who?"
"Why Margaret Saun-
ders Sullivan"
"Which Margaret

Sullivan?"
"Oh dont you remember me?"
Then Father Casey became heroic.
"Probably I do. I know of eighteen Margaret Sullivans in the young Ladies Sodalities, five Margaret Sullivans in the Children of Mary, five, Margaret Sullivans now at St Xaviers School six at St Patrick's four who have attended it in the last six years and about 8 Margarets Sullivans who belong neither to school na sodality."
"Well I'm the one of the young Ladies Sodality who works at Lyon and Healeys."

"Oh now we can go on."
(no wonder" the priest reflected that some men will use profane language) "Glad to hear from you Margaret. What is it?"
"There was a little girl here about an hour ago, about nine years old with a smaller sister who looked pretty enough to make the most beautiful angels of Heaven jealous. She said her name was Angeline Vivian. Do you know her?"
"I certainly do. Did she want to buy the whole place?"
"Irony is a most dangerous thing on the phone."
Miss Sullivan at considerable length pointed out to the

priest at considerable length pointed out the improbality all things considered of Angeline Vivian investing in a big store building like that even if she has the money to do so.

"Well what on earth do they or did she want?" the priest broke in.

"She asked me if I knew you Father, then if I liked you, and when I told her yes she asked me to shake hands. I obeyed feeling that I was shaking the hand of some unusually dainty creatures who had just stepped out of the Seventh Heaven to visit me. I hear "she said to me that you have a graphone or phonograph record with the "Hansel and

Gretel" music on it. If you have I'll try it, if it's like I heard it in a theatre." Then I said "yes" we've got a very nice selection from Hansel and Gretel." "Would you she said please play it for me?" I took the two kiddies into a large music room Father and got the Hansel and Gretel record on for them. At the first strain Angeline took quick notice and whispered to her sister in a language that sounded like Spanish. Can she speak Spanish Father?'

Most certainly not. It is an entirely

different language."

"Well then" She listened standing perfectly still, holding fast to her sisters hand. "There was someone I thought was to be a woman custima passing our music room and I turned to see whether I was right. Are you listening Father?"

"Most intently."

"Well as soon as I turned my back your young angel friend began to move to the music. I could indeed see her every motion reflected in the glass. You know Father our music room, have glass walls, I kept my face turned from her, and the little girl

thinking that her little sister was the only witness began to whirl and turn to the music in a way that was most graceful and simply amazing? Is she a professional at her age?"

"Not to my knowledge I cant say yes or no."

"Well I never saw the like she danced to that music as though she had been trained to it. You know or rather I should have said it is the dance song of Hansel and Gretel in the play The way Angeline Vivian did it was simply astonishing. How could she have learned it?"

"So far as I know Miss Sullivan that little girl never took a dancing lesson in her life."

"Well can you beat it. When the music finished she asked me to play it again. She did not dance the second time but stood and listened. Then she bought that record and seventeen others with songs and bands. Then she asked me whether she could pay me another visit next Saturday. I told her that she and her sister would be welcome. You say she never had a dancing lesson."?

"Not to my knowledge."

"Then she must be a fairy."

"You have guessed it

Miss Sullivan Angeline Vivian is one of the Princesses of a country called Abbreannia."

"The what?" Miss Sullivans voice expressed all manner of question marks and exclamination points.

"Angeline Vivian the priest repeated firmly "is one of the princesses of the far off Abbreannian country."

"Oh" cried Miss Sullivan and hung up the receiver.

The next day was warmer but beautiful. About the afternoon of that day Angeline and her sister Violet presented themselves in the school office with a certain amount

of formality.
"Is Father Casey in, Michael?" the priest could hear Angeline inquiring.
"Ide is little angeline."
"Why do you always call me that?"
"Because you are the little angel of the school."
"Who said so?"
"I said so and you are"
"Thanks for the compliment. Well I'd like to see Father Casey on very particular business."
"Perhaps you are thinking of buying the school" suggested Michael pleasantly.
The priest heard violet giggle as Angeline answered.
"not at all. It's private. Do tell him."
"I will"

Duly announced the two little angels entered the priests office.
"Good afternoon my angel children"
Angeline with a small package under her arm was evidently despite her customary smile in a state of intense excitement. Violet was as usual solemn eyed and burdened too with something she was bursting to tell the priest. Violet an extremly pretty girl with long golden curls, with purple ribbons and bright yellow dress reminded the priest of a heavenly creature he had seen in a beautiful picture.

"I see my beautiful children there's some-thing on your mind"

For the first time in his dealings with Angeline, she seemed to be at a loss for speech. She looked at Violet, Violet solemnly looked at her, then smiled. She whispered in Violets ear who in reply shook her head "yes" and smiled again.

"It isnt strange news I hope" said the priest in an attempt to break the silence.

"Father" said Angeline, its - its a surprise"

"Oh you want to surprise me do you? I thanks very much. I love to be surprised. Go on and surprise me"

"Have you a victrola

across in the music room?"

"We have?"

Then Father would you please come over and put on this record. I bought it at Lyon and Healey." Angeline held up the package." and then sit down and Violet and I will done the rest."

They repaired at once to the music room. The priest noticed as they stepped across that the two Abbe annuian children were beautifully and daintly dressed.

Of course the priest had a fairly good idea of what was to come.

Miss Margaret Sullivan the miss Sullivan, who worked at Lyon and Healey had

given him the key to what otherwise would have been a mysterious proceeding. He was prepared then to guess that the record was the real Hansel and Gretel duet and having put it on the machine, the priest seated himself according to direction.

But he was not expecting the splendid dance that was to come. The two little girls in the meantime had taken a station in the middle of the room poised for the movement.

"I'm Hansel" announced Angeline.

"And I'm Gretel" said Violet.

"With the first strain off they went in movements which at first quiet and graceful

gradually became more and more lively. It was a very modest and beautiful dance, and the priest had seen this dance performed before by great professionals, and done as such professionals do them.

But the priest had not seen in those artists of the stage, the abandon, the grace the perfect expression of the real angelic and child spirit which Angeline and to an equal degree Violet put into the famous duet. It was a remarkable performance.

"Capital my angel children" Father Casey exclaimed at the end "Who in the world taught you?"

"We learned it ourselves" answered Violet.

"But who taught you, Angeline?"

"I saw the play" answered Angeline "and I watched Hansel and Gretel, when they danced and then I and Catherine went to a friend of yours at Lyon and Healey's - she's an awfue nice lady and first got her to play it for me, before I forgot the steps I saw, and then after I danced to the music I bought the record though she think I did not see that she saw me dance I know she did be - cause the music room has glass room. Seeing the surprised look on her face I danced the better. When he saw it a bad

boy in our class room taunted me. Ide tried to strike me too but I got hold of his wrist with my right hand, and his arm is sore yet. He say such bad words he'd get a saint mad. When I come at him he runs and says he'll tell his aunt on me. But I didnt teach Violet. She (remember) remembered the dance and learned herself. We always can dance. We learned many beautiful dances in Abbie Annia"

There was to be an entertainment in the school Hall the following evening and to their extreme and volubley

expressed delight the priest engaged the seven Vivian sisters for their special number. He surely never regretted that he did.

"How mama?" the priest asked as they returned to the office.

"Oh she's very well thank you dear Father." Angeline made reply "she has been working at these dresses since we came back from French Guiana. How do you like them?"

"They are just right. "Your mother is an artist with the needle."

"She stayed up all hours to do it and she said she was only too glad to do it for you."

"How nice of your mother. Is Elsie's Father working?"

Yes Father. He's got a good job. I found him that job myself and he is holding it. He does not have to work Sundays and holidays and also has half days off on Saturdays and before holidays."

"Singular" the priest reflected "that a little girl gets a job for a man."

"These reflections he did not voice but having dismissed the children with good candy and renewed congratulations the priest prepared to finish his own work.

The entertainment on that particular evening was really

an uncommon success. The first and main part of the show the seven little Vivian sisters, danced re-danced and 'danced' again, singing as they danced. And those who heard them were held spell bound. All the audience was so quiet you'd think no one was there. And the little girls changed customs for every dance.

Then they gave a play in which they get away with an enemy officer plans escape acted as the Glandelinian officer. Then Violet and Angeline acted the play of Hansel and Gretel. Violet was Hansel and Angeline was Gretel. Then Osmond came into the play

into the play as Said, showing all his fancy tricks. Then at the end the little girls told of their experience at Molokai and French Guiana.

The hall on their first appearance was filled with men and women, who as they gazed on the seven sprites threw off their age and became young again.

The little girls sang a number of American songs also terminating the songs with dancing to. The red white and Blue and doing a good 'and beautiful march carrying flag and wearing red white and blue customs as they sang "The star span-

gled banner and again held the audience spell bound.

Mrs Margaret and two of her sisters were present and the beautiful entertainment concluded took care of the fairy like little girls to such an effect that within the ensuing hour, Violet and her sisters had four dishes of ice cream each.

For the next two entertainments following the Vivian girls continued to be the bright particular stars. That evening when going home Violet and her sisters were approached by two strange well dressed men who asked them if they wanted to act for moving picture but they made the two

men understand that their true home is in Abbieannia and that they never intend under any conditions to become "wicked" movie stars.

The next day something happened which made a considerable change in their hetherto pleasant times. It was the last monday in September.

Seated at his desk Father Casey was going over the financial account of the school a painful duty when a very little girl with very big eyes, but sweet of face and long red curls entered.

"Father" she began coming to the point

at once " Sister Mary Jane gave me this note to give to you.. She says She dont know what to do about it".

The note in question had been placed in an envelope and sealed by the teacher. The priest's face whitened as he read it. It ran thus —:

"Dear Sister, I am keeping poor Alice home from school this morning, because one of the boys in your class school room, hit her in the eye and the under lid is so cut and swollen and dreadfully discolored that it needed a doctor care and I cant afford to get one. but one of the little Vivians did.

Elsie is home too as she was also abused and her hair torn. My husband got word that this happened concerning some-thing between Alice, himself and Angeline Vivian. Could you get some one to apprehend the boy who Alice says was Wilbur George, as its the most disgraceful thing I ever heard of and my husband, is awfully angry and excited.

It is awfully hard to have any one to do such a cowardly thing, as strike a little girl in the eye with a brutal fist. I would want him punished especially for the sake of little Angeline who with her sister have been so good to us.

Respectfully
Mrs Gordon".

"Little girl" the priest said, carefully folding the note and putting it in a special drawer of his desk " You tell Sister Mary Jane, that she need not trouble about this affair at all. I'll take

care of it myself."
Then he went to the telephone.
"Miss Margaret?"
"Yes".
"This is Father Casey speaking. Have you visited the Gordon family lately?"
Yes Father. I was there last Thursday night and things looked pretty good. Mr Gordon still retains his job. and his wife says its a good one with big pay thanks to that dear little girl Angeline Vivian"
"Do you know that two of the little Gordon girls have been abused and beaten because of something concerning Angeline by one of the boys of my school?"
"What?" screamed Margaret.

The priest repeated his statement adding:-
And to day Alice and Elsie are retained at home because of the disgraceful abuse."
"Why Father, you've been misinformed. It cant be possible that any boy can do such a thing such an ungentlemanly act"
It was Father Caseys turn to bellow-
"What?"
"Who said two of those little girls were abused?" continued Margaret.
"I have in my desk just now the written statement of Mr Gordon. To day little Alice is not at school because of a bruised

cut and blackened eye and poor Elsie too was beaten and abused."

"Father listen. There's something wrong and I'll go right down to their house and see really what is the matter."

"Wait a while Margaret. Lets try to get our facts in good shape first To begin with are you sure every thing was allright?"

"I take it for granted. I left them whole and happy yesterday evening."

"Well suppose I call up Saunders and find out."

Accordingly the priest called up the next door neighbor by telephone. To his question Mr Saunders thus replied:

"Why the good little

Virians were there yesterday and brought them a basket of provisions before five oclock. I packed the baskets myself. There was sugar coffee ham bread a big soup bone and — and well enough provisions to last that family five days. The little girl Angeline brought the basket and stayed until she went to the entertainment.

No nothing had happened them! Alice and Elsie were all right and happy."

Telling the good and faithful Michael who listened with excellent hearing had taken in the situation. to get

Miss Margaret to investigate the priest to find out more details summoned little Margaret Gordon. Margaret came in looking sad frightened and troubled.

"Margaret is it true that a bad boy struck your sister Alice and disgracefully abused Elsie"?

"Yes Father."

"Was that Sunday, yesterday morning?"

"Yes Father"

"Who did it?"

"Wilber George?"

"Wilber George?"

"Yes Father. He did it."

"Why did he do it?"

"Because they told Angeline on him."

"On him for what?"

"For missing Mass and saying bad words about God."

"Eh what?"

She repeated what she said. Father Casey looked angry.

"Go get your hat run home and bring Alice to my office as fast as you can."

While he waited the priest sat down to think it over. He remembered, being often seriously annoyed by a number of written complaints about recent other misbehaviours of that boy.

Within half an hour, poor Alice entered. She was a sorry sight and a bandage was over her left eye.

Angeline herself hearing from the Sister of Alice's flight also entered. She looked distressed at sight

of poor little Elsie, her step was slow, her smile was gone. Father Carney only looked once, at the two good little girls. and said gently.

"Sit down there my children." then adding "Michal."

"Yes Father."

"Have that rogue Wibber George summoned to my office."

"Yes gladly Father."

Michael disappeared He soon returned with Wibber a mean sneaky rowdie looking boy a head taller than Angeline, and as thin almost as a skeleton.

"Alice" the priest began "Is it positively true that this boy hit you in the eye?"

"Yes Father" she made answer while Wibber

George hung his head with a scowl and a sneer.

"And is it true that it happened Sunday just after Mass?"

"It is true Father." she said tearfully. Father Casey lifted the bandage and his blood ran cold as he observed the startling sight.

"Did you do it?" he demanded of the boy.

"I did"

"What for?"

"Something"

"Something you little devil" the priest exclaimed with an energy which caused Angeline to jump and Elsie to shriek, as though he had struck them though the words were not directed at the

two good little girls. "Good Heavens you little villain what about what Alice told to Angeline about you. Did you blaspheme Sunday morning at mass?"

"yes - Father, I - I did. But I was not at mass. I wont go and no one can make me and Angeline better mind her own business or I'll tell on Mack she and her sisters are here again."

At these words Angeline had gone white Alice was squeezing her hands. The bad boys head was down but when the priest questioned again he gave no answer

"Do you hear me?" the priest cried justly losing his patience any growing angrier:

"I did it because Angeline and Alice scolded me. And Angeline beat me too"

"Oh how you lie. How can you say such a thing I never did" expostulated Angeline.

"Well you gave me a slap. You know you did" lied the boy

"I did not" said Angeline hotly "and I did not know you struck Alice. If you had done it in front of me I would have punished you. Dont you dare tell a lie again"

Father Casey could see in the boys face that he lied.

"Webber you have lied to me and acted beneath a beast and I am simply

disgusted with you. I never thought that any boy in my school would be such a vile coward as to strike a little girl so small, with your fist and then lie to me a priest."

"I dont care" snarled the boy. "I'd do it to Angeline too "if it was not for her sissy brother."

"Dont you call my brother names." cried angeline. "If you want to hit me just try it when he's not around I can take care of you all right and you know it. You always run now when I come."

Poor little Alice raised up her voice and wept. There was no mistaken the sincerity of her grief

and excited though the priest was and carried away by just anger the pain in Angelines eyes, poignant pain remained to haunt the priests memory for weeks to come though he tried to comfort the poor girls. (as) Alice and Angeline tried too.

Father Casey seated the two girls and was waiting for them to compose themselves when there appeared on the scene miss Margaret Dalton and Mrs George the bad boys aunt.

Poor little Alice was a forlorn distressful sight sitting

there and being confonted by Angeline.

"Father" said margaret while Webber unbidden beat a hasty retreat more to escape Angeline than anything else for he was terribly afraid of her. "We've got the truth at last. Of all things Webber George is one of the meanest boys in our district He did hit both Alice and Elsie. Elsie is sick a bed from the abuse and Jennie Vivian is helping Mrs Gordon take care of her."

The priest turned to Mrs George a tall stout hornely woman past sixty five

"Well growled the

priest. What have you got to say Mrs George?"

"I do not like to whip the boy though his parents would nearly kill him" said the child spoiling woman "and I do not like to tell on him and I never would have told if I could help it. But I didnt think Mrs Gordon would write to the Sister that note. I believe too that it is a false story as I know my nephew would never hit the little girl."

"If he didnt then how came Alice to have an injured eye?"

"Oh she must have just ran against some-thing."

"Against your nephews fist" the priest suggested sarcastically

"no" she said weakly

"I'm sure he didnt do it. He surely isnt that mean. I know it."

"Now the aunt was lying.

"Oh stuff" the priest exclaimed impatiently "you've been deceiving me right along. I've heard lots of complaints about you from your sister-his mother. When she goes to punish him for doing wrong he runs away to you and you shield and pet him. You have spoiled that little brat of a nat. I'm through with you all. The best thing for you to do is to have that spoiled nephew of yours sent to a reform school"

"Perhaps it is" said miss Margaret doubtfully,

"you should see little Elsie. She is very sick from the fright she recieved. and look at Alice's eye. I say its dreadful."

By all means he should be sent to a reform school" growled the priest"

"My nephew" said the aunt with some spirit" is the kindest, the cleverest the best boy any one could desire and he is the most loving the most attentive boy that any parent could have" she paused a moment and then added: when he wants to be good."

"yes" said father Carey harshly" and

in order to keep him good
a make him stay good
put him in the reform
school".

Indeed Angeline wondered
how the bad boy could be
so inhuman.

"Miss Margaret" the
priest continued "I'm so
sorry to have put you
to all this trouble and
expense. We have been
deceived. Remember
now What's your name"
continued the priest to
Mrs George "If your
nephew continues as
he does I'll expell
him from this school.
Good bye Mrs George"
Then turning to
the two little girls —:
"Alice he added I'll see
to it that restitution
is made If he'd only
had dared to strike

Angeline he'd" — and
he grinned.

"He would never be
able to strike another
little girl after I got
through with him."
she finished indig-
nantly "Good as we
are we Abbicannians
dont take first blows
from anybody We
generally draw a
knife on that sort
of boy."

Poor Alice half sta-
rved wholly loyal
arose and turned
away. Mrs George
had left indignant
The good priest
could see the re-
pressed tears strug-
gling again to her
eyes.

Looking back now
the memory almost

brings the tears to mine and when the priest perciever the sad note of the situation he was too angry, too mortified to know what to do. A boy of Webber size to almost bang a little girls eye out with his fist. with a malicious intent, and his aunt to sheild and defend his wicked act.

That bad boy wounded self love had obscured any judgement and so in unreasonable wrath had struck poor little Alice in the right eye abused Elsie so that she was in bed from the shock abusing little girls sadly needing strength and consolation more weakened more disturbed than

ever and wounded to the quick the loving heart of innocent angeline"

"I say Father" said michael during the routine work of the next morning "I told Jerry about that awful thing Webber George did yesterday,"

Jerby the reader must know is the chief engineer and also janitor of St Patricks school and Church.

He is a tall strong middle aged Scotch Irishman of impulsive disposition having a wife but no children.

Why did you tell him?"

"Oh I dont know. It was a pretty good story and I kind of thought it would interest him."

"And did it?"

It certainly did. When I told Jerry about the children, who were nearly starving untill Angeline helped them and how Webber hit poor Alice and abused Elsie he sighed like the Engine of a freight train when its got a big load.

The picture is vivid if overdrawn.

"Didnt he say anything about it?"

"Say. Why he made a good speech He told me that as it is truly against the rule to hit women and ladies it is more so for boys to hit

little girls in any way and that no matter what a girl does he has no right to hit her.

He told me never to hit a girl as long as I lived and he believed if I do that when I'm a boy, I'll be beating up my wife and children when I grow up. Just to see what he'd say to tease him I told a story and said I hit one of the youngest Vivian Girls.

Then Jerry got mad and tried to slap me and punch me and offered to throw me out of the window."

"How did you escape that disaster michael?"

"Oh easily. I said: Jerry before you throw me out of the

window let me get proof to you that I was only looking. And I'll tell you all about Alice Gordons black eye. That fetched Jerry and when I told him all I knew he hopped up and down the office grunting and chocking to beat the band.

Then he told me what he thought about fathers mothers and aunts that spoil their children by defending them when they do wicked deeds and what he did think about them was a real plenty.

He said that little Alice and Elsie were worth more than a thousand million boys like Wibber George."

"In a way Jerry's right" said Father Casey "Well Michael

what was the result of your talk with Jerry?"

"Its a long story Father."

"Lets hear it."

"Well Jerry after making a lot of speeches said that something ought to be done to secretly punish that kid. I asked him what. He said Michael we must secretly train that boy into line. How are you going to do it" I said.

"Leave that to me" said he.

Then he got me to promise to go with him and first visit the Gordon family that night. I didnt care about going but Jerry insisted. The fact is Jerry didnt know

the way. I did. That's why he wanted me I think. So after supper I met Jerry on the Adams street bridge."

"Upon my word" the priest put in.

"Yes we met allright and on our way down the street you ought to have heard the line of talk Jerry handed out to me.

He said the only way to bring people to the right path was by real kindness, scolding was no good, punishing people or starting any kind of rough house was bad always always bad. Jerry got so worked up talking this way that we were both near to crying and when we came to

a little grocery store on Halsted between Adam and Jackson, nothing would do Jerry but to go in and get $1.80¢ worth of provisions done up in a big wicker basket. Jerry didn't have but a dollar and sixty five cents about him and I had to loan him the last 15 cents I had. He promised to pay me the first thing this morning, he hasn't."

"never mind that 15¢ Michael. Go on."

"We did go on Father and Jerry explained how he would present the basket to Mrs Gordon and then go and see and speak to the parents

of Webber about their son. "The great mistake Michael" he said "with these Charity sharps is that they go pottering about among the women. Why Michael" he said "you cant do nothing with women who molly coddle their spoiled boys and girls, they dont know their own minds long enough to make them up. (oh no?) What you want to do is to get the men. You can reason with men Michael" says he" (oh yeah) Once you get the man going right youll have the women feeding out of your hand." Then he got back to his first line of talk. He told me always to be patient and

kind with people even when good common sense told me to go at them with both fist. He said that the man that kept his temper and was always kind was the man who always won out.

"We'll have to get [illegible] to preach next Sunday" the priest observed.

Well he did give me a real good sermon and by the time he had finished, in fact before he had finished we reached the building "now remember Michael as long as you live" he said "in dealing with real deserving unfortunate people like these, never to lose patience much as I admire Father Casey – if he only was a little bit – just a

a little bit- more patient there'd be no standing him.

"Did you agree with him Michael?

"I - why yes Father - at that time I did."

"Thank you Michal. Proceed."

"Well we visited the Gordons first and then not thinking what was going to happen, I suggested to Jerry to visit the Vivians next.

As he had never seen the Vivians before and having heard very much about them, how they look and what they are, he didn't want to go from embarassment and bashfulness.

But I coaxed, so much that he finally consented.

After another walk we soon reached that house on the corner of Halsted and Adams. Soon we were on our way up

the last flight of stairs and then we began to hear some very loud and harsh talking up above. It was a mans voice we heard. He was saying something about that its none of your business what I do and- and that he did not want anybody interfering with him that if he wanted to defend his nephew he was going to do it whether they liked it or not, that he was a free born american citizen and dont you forget it, that if anybody from you little pie faced foreigner up to the President of the United States tried to interfere with him when he wanted to prevent strangers from fooling my his nephew.

he was the guy who'd show them where they'd get off." And then I heard the man say something about if his nephew goes hitting a girl called Alice it's none of Angelines business or anybody elses."

"I hate Mr Webber talking" I said to Jerry "The old fool" growled Jerry. Then we heard another voice. It sounded like Angelines. She said that she or her sisters were not going to have any boy or girl either be swearing within their hearing and that he too was was spoiling his nephew by taking his side when he has done anything naughty. "So a pretty little brat like you mean to say I'm spoiling my nephew" I heard him cry. "I'm

afraid you are" answered the girl. Then we heard him curse and then Angelines voice "Man though you are I dare you to hit me" We were at the door by this time me with the empty basket on my arm and Jerry in front.

He gave a thunderous knock at the door and when Angeline said to come in he threw open the door. Angeline was standing in the middle of the room and the man who had no business in the room was walking towards us.

"What do you want Mr" he said. "Good afternoon everybody" says Jerry "I want to see Mr George." "I'm the man" says George." What is it?" "I want to

speak to you in private" says Jerry. "Its important" George stepped out and Jerry closed the door. "You are not a policeman are you?" says Mr George. "Indeed and I'm not" says Jerry. "Suppose Mr George we come down stairs and have a drink?"

"Sure says George and down the steps they went arm in arm like two long lost brothers. When we got to the second floor we walked to the front part of the corridor where the woman lives with her son who steals bikes and two naked little daughters that Angeline told you about. You remember"?

"Most distinctly Michael" the priest answered Father Casey could see that Michael

had something worth telling "Go on dont leave anything out."

There was a large smoking lamp at the furthest end of the corridor the end looking east down adams street and right below it was a water faucet and Jerry marched him up turned on the faucet and said in a voice that wasint exactly a whisper "May you son of a sea cook who dares to insult a little girl when shes borne alone take your drink" That contented the voracious Michael was not exactly what Jerry called him "in fact the"—

"You may let it go

at that Michael."
"Thank you Father" said Michael visibly relieved. Then he gave Mr George a squeeze and a whirl and before you could know it he had him under that water faucet.
The cussin and swearing and even blaspheming that Mr George let out would almost scare you but Jerry made him stop that pretty quick.
He jerked his head round and the water got into Mr Georges mouth and all over his face and set him to coughing and chocking something awful. Then he began kicking Jerry as hard as he could on the shins of his

legs but Jerry just held on and didnt seem to notice at all "you will dare abuse one of those good little girls when shes alone will you" yelled Jerry "Hey Michael turn on the faucet stronger" I turned it all the way. My leg is sore yet from the kick I got. I thought Mr George would be drowned but Jerry did not seem to take notice.
By this time the woman and her boy and two naked girls were out in the hall the girls very young and totally naked. and they were all making comments. The woman had a face that looked like

either a flower garden or like she had the measles for life. But Jerry did not notice this either "you will dare to to try to beat up that little girl you old beer barrel." Mr George kept on kicking He landed this time squarely into Jerry's stomach "Stop your kicking or I'll hold your head here forever" roared Jerry. Father its a wonder by this time the whole police and fire department wasn't there Jerry was making such a row.

He didnt know it. I guess he thought he was whispering. You see he was mad all through. Mr George gave another kick and then stopped. Jerry was choking him. It was all quiet for a minute

nothing but the sound of the water spouting over that mans head. Jerry was dripping water too but he didn't notice it. Then that woman whose face was all broke out like the measles says: "Its a pity a man cant scold a meddlesome girl without a lot of busy bodies coming around and trying to drown him" Woman bawled Jerry "mind your own business" With that he took the mans head from under the faucet Mr George had no fight left in him he stood there blinking and spluttering "Jerry" I whispered "you are forgetting the basket" "Give it here" he

shouted. I handed it over to Jerry and the next thing you know he clapped that basket on Mr George head. he made it fit too somehow or other. Just then Mr George came running up the stairs and when she saw Jerry bonneting her husband she sore-armed.

At that out came the woman with the all mealer like face with a broom in her hand and made towards Jerry. She was a big stout powerful woman with a high tower of hair on her head Her face was contorted into an ugly scowl that put me in mind of an ugly bull dog.

"Run" cried Jerry as

as she clotted him on the head with the broom and down the stairs we went nearly breaking our necks and not stopping until we were out on Halsted and Madison. Butcher ry had stopped long enough to pick up and fling mud into that woman's eyes thus preventing her from pursuing us."

During the graphic recital Father Casey tried in vain to keep a sober face

"you and Jerry should get up a new organization for practical Philanthropy. I by the way isn't Jerry out there now"?

"Yes Father."

"Well call him in"

Michael did so and looking too virtuous to be true.

"How are your shins Jerry?" Jerry looked at Michael and understanding that the young gentleman had told the adventure burst into a laugh that caused a flutter at the priest afterwards learned among the eight grade girls above.

"I have been very much edified Jerry by Michaels account of your charity work."

Jerry grinned and reached for his knee which he rubbed gingerly.

"It isn't all roses - this charity work Jerry."

"I should say not Father."

"Where's that fifteen cents you owe Michael?"

"Oh" cried Jerry. "I

was so excited I forgot all about it. I did (he did) "I'll go and get it right off."

And Jerry was gone in a jiffy. He returned within three minutes saying "Here you are Michael handing the youngster fifty cents" and don't squander it."

The priest continued: "I understand Jerry that you've got some very good idea as to how we should deal with way ward people who spoil their children especially when they've got a "wise warm" boy who likes to poke little girls in the eye with his fist"

"You must get the father first or

the uncle first always the one who spoils the boy" put in Michael. "a lot of these charity sharps go pottering around the women folks who molly coddle their bad boys and there's nothing doing."

"not especially for that little devil George" said Jerry "It was an attempt on his part at a whisper. any one in the nearest school room could have heard it.

"and" continued michael with solemn face though his eyes were dancing "you must never lose your patience, you must be all 'charity. Jerry is the guy who puts the real tea in

charity."

"yes you like to talk through your hat" said Jerry with a sneer. "Little gutter snipes like Webber George dont deserve charity."

"and" continued Michael "on no account is there to be any harshness and especially, no roughhouse."

"What about environment Jerry?" the priest asked.

"Whats that Father. 'environment. Did you look up the environment of the Webber George family?"

"I didnt notice any what you may call it, Father. You see I didnt have a

good look into their own home, as I was in the place where those beautiful Vivian children live. He was in there where he didnt belong. And even we didnt stay there as long as I really intended."

"I should say not" interjected Michael" and the way we did get out with that crazy looking woman racing after us with a broomstick was a sight for sore eyes."

"Sure" said Jerry with a grin." The sight of Mr Webber Georges broomstick legs a running down the street and his old pie face dripping with water with that red hair on top of it should be able to start a whole blind asylum to going to

moving picture shows".

"And then Jerry my friend" the priest continued "did you—you—go into the matter of heredity."

"I went as far as their room all right were I saw Mr George threaten that little girl" answered Jerry.

"Mr Jerry you may be a practicde philanthropist but you are not at all scientific"

"Aint I?" inquired Jerry. anxiously.

"No you are not."

"All the same" put in the relentless Michael, "He gave Mr George the cold water treatment. He should have done that to his nephew. If that water treatment aint science I'd like to know what is."

"If I had the chance I'd like to cut the gizard of that scamp rat of a nephew of his the little pop-eyed skeleton" cried Jerry.

"If you had been scientific you'd have spent at least a few days in studing the real surroundings of the George family & that's environment and then you'd have spent a month or two in finding out all about Webber George, & one bears all the way up to his great-great-great grandfather."

"Sure and I dont want to know any more of his relations, the old maron beer barrel."

"That's heredity" the priest went on "If you had been more scientific you would have done nothing.

Everybody tells me that little girl is even as strong as-as- you Jerry despite her age and size, and could handle him easily herself."

"Well then I'm glad I'm not scientific."

"But he was so patient so patient" said Michael sweetly. "He walked down one flight of stairs arm in arm with Mr George, the two of em looked like a pair of cooing doves. Jerry surely has got you skinned on Chairity Father Carey. He says you are surely great but you'd be the biggest man that was ever born if you only had a teeny weeny bit more of patience.. Oh Jerry,

studied it out. He knows what he's talking about. I never saw any one so patient as he was as he stood for ever so long holding that boy whole under the water spout."

"Jerry" said the priest "I must say I wouldn't do what you did. But all the same I'm inclined to believe it was the right thing."

"Yes" said Michael "you acted upon impulse and sometimes impulse is the very thing to act upon."

"Thank you Michael" said Jerry beginning to smile.

"Only" the priest continued "I wouldn't advise you to get the habit of using the water

faucet whenever you in your charity go pattering after the men."

"Did Michael tell your Reverence that I said you might be a little more patient."

"I rather think he did."

Jerry looked as though he could never smile again.

"Never mind Jerry. You were perfectly right. Cheer up Jerry." "Everybody's doing it" added Michael.

Chapter 3.

Introducing a novel letter for a part Christmas day. Introducing Mr George at his worse and Dr. Kelly at his best.

Introducing the communion Class of six hundred and entertaining angels unaware. A little Flower of the Blessed Sacrament.

Sister Mary Jane paid Father Casey a visit that afternoon.

"Did you hear what happened at the place where Angeline Vivian lives at last night?" she asked.

"What was it Sister? anything unusual?"

"Two strange ruffians one of them a giant in size and strong as a bull found Mr George the uncle of Webber arguing with one of the Vivian

and got him to come outside the room by pretending to go to a saloon with him to drink a glass of beer. When they got him out they seized him and forcibly dragged him to a water faucet and kept him there untill he was nearly drowned. They would have killed him Angeline who saw the incident tells me, if the neighbors had not come out with sticks and brooms and driven them away.

"What could have been their object?" the priest asked.

"I cannot exactly say."

"Perhaps they wanted to rob him."

"no they didnt do anything to show they were thieves"

"Possibly" the priest

continued "it was a visit of charity."

"Charity exclaimed the good sister "that's the last thing I could possibly imagine."

Michael had in the meanwhile hidden his face behind a large geography and unconsciously holding it upside down.

"You see Michael" the priest said as the astonished sister withdrew "the system of charity you and your boom friend have inaugurated is such a departure that people instead of 'taking' you for real philanthropists, imagine you to be a pair of cut throats. I did not carry of those little Vinaris recognize you and Mr Jerry"?

"I hope not. We were out in the dark hall-

way and didnt fairly get into Angelikes room, and when Mr George came up the steps and screamed we both lit out before she could see us well. The lamp was very smoky and did not give much light. I say Father I hope you wont tell anybody what me and Jerry did last night. We might get arrested."

"I promise Michael to keep it a dead secret."

To this day no one in that house do not even guess the identy of the two philanthropists, who in their excess of brotherly love, held the head of Mr George for some five minutes or more under a water faucet.

as a result of Jerrys philanthrophy for the rest of the time after this, Mr George was a changed man but in a way the little Vivians wouldnt like.

As to Mr Gadon he was keeping the job he had. Prosperity had come, the children showed it in their faces, and in their attire.

Angeline too was getting along fairly well also. Much of this the priest learned from Miss Margaret for I am compelled to say little angeline did not pay him any more visits

When the priest chanced to meet her she always smiled and bowed with the winning grace so peculiarly hers and

the same open confidence and candor. The priest however wondered why she came no more. Had she believed a part of the scolding was directed at her and that she had lost faith in him? He could not at first answer the question. And then it came to his realization that if she had Pernod would have heard about it and there'd been the duce to pay. Pernod wouldnt have his sister scolded for any thing. Yet on the priest meeting him the boy was more friendly than usual Violet too seemed to keep out of the

good priests way. But he heard from miss Margaret the reason why. He hear heard that angeline was able to do what he or no priest had been able to do. Angeline Vivian a veritible angel of charity was in continued close communication with the unfortunate Gordon family. Through her mediation mrs Gordon who had not been practicing her religion for several years was persuaded to return to the Sacraments. The poor little woman like so many mothers over burdened with the strain of keeping the children in bread and clothing had simply lost sight of her own spiritual needs. Extreme poverity

no less than extreme wealth causes the deflection of hundreds of thousands from the church.

Although Angeline visited the good priest no more Father Casey had no reason to worry about her. The holy child was still leader in her class and through Sister Mary D'arne acting in the priests name was supplied with such books as he thought would best develope her imagination and her morals.

Busy as the priest was with an overwhelming multiplicity of affairs Father Casey did nothing to reestablish with Angeline their old relations.

Of course his self love was hurt that the beautiful child,

(as he mistakenly thought)
should apparently think
less of him and the same
self love kept him blind
to what he thought was
her turning against him
for what he began to
think was the "cruelty" of
his words towards Webber
George.
In fact he practically
forgot the language he had
used against him and the
sentiment he had expressed.
Webber did not forget
and planned revenge.
Two days passed away Angeline and Violet on the third day brought Alice's little brother Francis age seven, a pretty little fellow with flowing ringlets for the wearing of which brought the thoughtful attention of his little class mates

in the first grade he would have done daily penance in the succeeding months if it had not been for Angeline. She could make the children behave themselves more than any of the teachers could.
A little boy with curls must be of heroic stuff.
"Good morning Father" said Angeline "I hope you had a splendid time. This is little Francis, Alice's small brother." Francis shake hands with Father Casey.
In answer to which Francis put his finger in his mouth and and retreated to safe shelter behind his two little Angel guardians, from which

which coign of vantage he peeped out at the priest with large investigating eyes.

"Why Francis" remonstrated Angeline "you are always talking about Father Casey and you said you wanted to see him so bad."

"I wanna do crae" said Francis lugubriously.

There was some candy on Father Casey's desk. He picked up a good big piece and held it towards the disgruntled youth.

His finger came out of his mouth with notiacable alacrity and he stepped forward and took the candy, with promptness.

"What do you say Francis?" asked Angeline becoming.

"Thank you sir."

"Sir?" admonished Angeline.

"Thank you sir Father" answered the little boy and for many a day to come he was to the little boy Francis, Sir Father.

"Well Angeline" the priest inquired "How is everything going?"

Father Casey to a certain extent anticipate the real answer, the two little girls were nicely dressed, their color was good their eyes shining both very notably had grown prettier.

"Father we have had a delightful time and Alices father has been working steadily, and he says that he would not be at all surprised if his ship did come in. For the last

two days we were stopping at home because Elsie is still sick since Webber abused her and I got our Doctor Brown for Alice whose eye is very bad. That is why I and Violet did not come to see you for these last two days."

"And I" said Violet "learned little Margaret how to sew beautiful flowery patterns."

"And Father" continued Angeline "I went to act in a Church show at St Vincents a place east of the church, and in the act I had to go barefooted with a long stick in my hand and play I was a goose girl and Violet who in the show wore a princes clothes played the fairy prince and came out and took me away.

The audience wouldnt at first believe we were real and thought we were surely little supernatural beings."

"I married her in real princly fashion" said the accurate and (apparently) solemn Violet who was far from being as solemn as she looked.

"And Francis acted with us" added Angeline.

"Yesterday in Lincoln Park he tried to teach some little Chickens how to swim, didnt you Francis?" from Violet.

"Yes I did" said the youth who by this time was on the priest knee not so much in token of the growing confidence in the good Father as for the reason that

it was a good strategic point or position for getting the candy an advantage of which he was by no means slow to avail himself. Just then Michael in all the splendor of a dazzling tie and a new suit stepped in to announce that there were some people in the outer office to see Father Casey.

"Why Michael" cried Angelina "How do you do?"

"I am able to take a little nourishment thank and I sit up every day."

"You have not been sick have you"?

"Not so you could notice it little angel."

"I thought so. You look very well Michael and very handsome"

"Handsome? now what do you think of that?"

growled Michael. "Compared to you Angelina I'm as handsome as one of the Orang Utans"

"Dont fool yourself Michal. And that's a very beautiful tie you are wearing. Its cute."

"Cute eh. It cant beat the hair ribbon you're wearing. And my gosh your golden hair in that sunlight. It dazzles my eyes."

"I'll get out of it then" and she moved away from the sunbeams that came in the window, "and your suit is just elegant I never saw you look so nice before!"

Michael looked her over from head to foot. "You talk about how I look" he said. "The

the way you're dressed if there were ever an angel you and your sisters are its rivals."

"Yes and a good boy like you might love our company more than the company of the angels" said Violet herself.

"Can you beat that" ejaculated Michael with a grin, and seated himself by his desk.

"Well Francis" said Father Casey as he stood that youth on his feet and arose from his chair "do you want to go home now?"

"This place" said Francis "is good enough for me."

"He was a little bashful at first" explained Angelina. "But he is very fond of you. He is always talking about

Father Casey, and his mother tells us that every night he says: "God" bless Father Casey. Dont you Francis?"

"Yes I do" answered the youngster.

"I taught him myself Father" and oh Father though I've always been oh so good, I'm going to try my best this year to be more good still. I'll study better and I'll try still more to be the angel I look and so will Violet and my other sisters. — and I'm going to be the most good little girl there is in the world. You are too are you not Violet dear?"

"Cross my heart" came the earnest

answer.
"Thank you children" and as you are so good in praying for me I'm going to make it a point to remember you and your whole family every day especially at my mass, as I have been doing since I first knew you since last December or past ten months. and then some."
"Oh Father" cried Angeline coming up to her toes "have you really remembered us every day?"
"Surely my dear."
"And did - did you forgive that foolish boy for striking Alice and after telling that big sinful lie on her? me?"
The bitterness the scorn she put into

those ugly monosyllables was dramatic.
"I forget that that boy ever told it my child."
"I'll never - never forget it. and it'll be hard oh so hard to forgive him for, but I do" little goose" vowed Angeline coming down on her heels with savage emphasis "And Father I told my brother what he said to me and he came to that boys aunt with two policemen.
Vernod finally did not correct him but Webber never said anything to Mr Mack if he does even know where he lives. But if Mr Mack ever knows about

us Webber will have an awful time proving he did not tell. innocent or not, for saying that to me. and Father have you believed all we are though so many others also. priests don't (he) believe it?"

"Long ago Angeline."

"And that we do not need to go to confession we are so sinless?"

"Yes indeed, I can even see that by looking at you?"

"Oh" cried Angeline her eyes shining and her face flushing red. "I thought you too couldnt believe it Father I'm so happy. and so is Violet are (no) you not Violet dear?"

"I feel like a morning

star" answered Violet arrowingly.

Pulling the two into line with herself Angeline executed her famous curtsey, Violet did the same just as gracefully and Father duckted his head, This ceremony had been evidently prearranged.

After they were gone Michael said.

"Father it would be like Heaven to be their brother"

"I suppose so"

Sometime later that day Father Casey having taken a peek into the outer office caught sight of Michael in various performance. He was practicing the

the curtsies. He looked so funny doing it. Then Casey could not keep from laughing. So far the fall terom at school for the little Vivians went on pleasently at both the Skinner and St. Patricks.

And so with the Gordons. Violet or any one of her sisters, kept their eyes on the home and Miss Mary Margaret brought most favorable reports.

The loyal little wife had some justification for her assertion that no better husband or better father could be found than Mr Gordon.

The reader must remember that since Angelone got him that second job he was never out of work again. Then

Then Father Casey got a Christmas letter from the little girls which though written a little before the past Christmas didnt reach him untill September 24 1911. To his surprize he recieved the following:

"Dear Father Casey. Once more the merry Christmas bells are ringing out their message of glory to God in the highest, and on earth, peace to men of Good Will.

Once more we are reminded that:

Christ the Lord the Saviour, was born (no) on Christmas day. Dear Father Casey (Della Acie) may nothing you dismay as Christmas day or any other day in the whole year. You are a good priest who takes the place of these angels which every friend even calls us for

for you are singing the same song
the good tidings that the Babe came
down.—

"To save us all from Satans
power when all the world
were gone astray"

Of course dear Father you didnt sing
the good tidings, you talk them and
I dont think the angels would sing
the good tidings either if they made
a regular thing of it. On this day we
feel good to all. But especially
we feel good to all who have
been especially kind to us.

And Father nobody knows
how awfully good you have been
to me and my sisters.

If I and my sisters were
dead and you came near us
we believe we would be able
to say thank you.

On Christmas day I hope
dear Father that the Infant
Jesus will bring you every-
thing you need and more

"Oh Tidings of comfort

and Joy."

"Once more a Merry Xmas and
I and my sisters do so wish that
we had made our first Communion
here, instead of in Abbeanna
so we could have done it for
your intention.

But we can pray and we
will pray for you dear Father
who were so good to us."

Your loving
Children.
The Vivian Princesses"

There was a number
of other letters like
this, only none quite
so original which
stirred the priest strange-
gely and humbled
him.

Who was he that
so many innocent
little hearts should
think of him with
love and pray for

him with feverish fervor. Poets have gone into ecstasies over the laughter of a little child. What is then laughter to their love?

No poet has answered that question. Its beyond and above all poetry. And yet to gain it one need but to be kind sympathetic and to show the little ones that maxima Reverentia - that supreme reverence which the poet justly says is their due.

And even if one fail now and then in kindness and in sympathy there should neither be failure in reverence these little ones forget and forgive so easily and kiss the hand that smite them.

On the next morning the parlor of St Patrick

school issued for the porter who met Father Casey as he was coming in from breakfast.

"Father Casey I dont know whether its an angel or a beautiful little girl but there something in the appearance of a celestial child over in the pastor parlor waiting to see you."

The priest found Angelina huddled up in a chair. On seeing him she arose not however with her usual sprightliness.

"Oh Father" she said and burst into tears.

"Dont cry Angelina. I cant bear to see a little girl like

you cry. What is it my dear? Is Webber George tormenting you again?"

"Its worse than that. His uncle is said to be a friend of Mr Mack who is or was the leader of our enemies whom my brother captured. Mr Mack is the one we only fear. He alone can do positively what he sets his mind on."

What has Mr George got to do with that Mr Mack?"

"I believe Mr Mack didnt know I and my sisters were back here from French Guiana. Mr Webber told him. We are afraid. If Mack breaks his truce with Penrod he'll be dangerous"

The priests heart sank. Fading away like

the unsubstantial pageant of a "vision" He believed he saw that happy though humble home beautified by them in which it seemed sobs were to replace smiles tears merry laughter and probable capture and a new Environment the tender expressions of such good endearment.

"When did he meet Mr Mack?"

"Jack Evans discovered with Jims help that Mr George went out last night to visit some of his friends and when he came home it was two this morning and he had Mr Mack with him. George had told him everything Jim says and both were shouting - and - and cursing

something awful Father"
"Angeline I'm sincerely sorry".
"And Father please, please dont give that bad boy Webber George over to the City Reformatory."
"Why not my little angel dear? Are you getting so silly as to forgive that little good for nothing when he is not worthy of it?"
"no that is not it. But Penrod says his Uncle hates us because we are so good and he is very rich and has great power and say in this city and he would do something terrible if his nephew got arrested and his name got into the papers. Its so-so common you know."

"Angeline you may be sure that I'll not report him to any city officials if that causes you and your sister any trouble. You tell your brother to please stay home from the Skinner School to day. and to night I'll come down and see him."
"Oh will you?" exclaimed Angeline beaming, rising on her toes and throwing out her arms wing fashion. "How kind. We'll expect you tonight and Father you will say a prayer for us all wont you please."
"I certainly will."
"Good bye Father".
With her sweeping curtsey she was gone.

Really it was as sudden a disapperance as if she had been some flighting spirit.

True to his promise Father Casey knocked at the door of the Vivian Princesses home, as the bells of some distant church were ringing the Angelus.

To his surprise the door was opened unexpectedly by a delegation Angeline Violet and her sisters all of them dressed in taste that was as actually exquisite as any princess could expect to be.

They were in looks and in attire such lovely but dignified little children that he was in awe of

them, and as they appeared that might fit to really grace the most magnificent mansion in the Seventh Heaven.

Yet in many a tenement these little human flowers by thousands change poverty into wealth and touch the sordid surroundings into a strange and unearned beauty.

Except Angeline and Violet the priest was not yet known by the other little girls very well except by what they had heard from Angeline.

Yet all smiles the children made their respective and carefully rehearsed salutes, and every one the elaborate curtsies just as perfect as

Angeline did and all at one time like a drill, and fairy like way.

"Come in Father" said Angeline "Let me have your hat and umbrella. We didnt think that you would come out in this rain."

During these ceremonies the priest took in the room.

It was larger than he thought it would be, indeed nice and airy and clean as a dutch parlor. But it was their sitting room.

They bade the priest follow them into the kitchen which also was as clean as a Dutch parlor.

In one corner was the stove as black and as shining

as a stove could well be. Above it in perfect array glittered upon shelves and hooks pots and pans. A row of beautiful crockery beautifully designed and a kind never seen in this country, showed some very good and expensive China ware to the best advantage, and a dresser near by was decorated with those pretty little Abbeanian style gimcracks which gave an air of coziness to holiness in a house which looked like a poor tenement outside but was like a rich place within.

But what surprised Father Casey most of all were long garlands of

real ivy with here and there real holly berries hanging from the ceiling and giving the kitchen a very Christmassy appearance indeed for the last week of September.

How they showed him their remarkable flower room, explained the various plants and promised him a bouquet for the alter when he left which promise they kept.

They showed their beautiful sleeping room and their sun parlor which was brilliantly lighted during sunny days.

Their mother herself smiling kindly and never looking the Empress she was, as she was not

proud nor haughty had rose from a chair beside the window of the sun parlor, in her hands as the good priest expected, needle and thread and a little girls winter cap which she was actually making.

"Welcome Father and a glorious day to you" she said advancing.

"How beautiful everything looks in your home" the priest observed as he took her hand your princely children would brighten any place but this room without the children would even then be a sort of bower of beauty."

Angeline and Violet have been working all day Father to get all things to shine for you. They said you were coming and somehow or other they managed to get these garlands and worked like little beavers."

"and Daisy helped too" protested Violet "but she's too modest to say so. She wants us to get all the credit."

"So" she did my dear" assented the queenly mother "and without her I dont see how they could have really finished."

Daisy blushed and turned to the window to hide it. Any one else would have expected her to throw

out her chest and smile at everybody and everything in general. But she likes to see her sisters praised only.

The priest had observed a little girl lying in a bed in their bedroom. To his astonishment it was little Elsie Gordon.

They had had her transfered to their place where they could take care of her.

He had said nothing however.

"Where is er- er- emperor Vivian?"

"He's out with Jack Evans and wont be home until very late to night They have gone.

on important business known only to themselves"

"Where is your good son?"

"He's in bed. He's been up all night keeping me. He's the best boy in the world. All day he's been asleep. Oh Father thank God that He gave him back to us, else my little daughters should have had no happy days at all. As it was, day before yesterday up till to night was the happiest days we've had in years. The little girls all got presents because it was Violets birth day and he - and - he - here she broke down

and put her handkerchief to her eyes.

"Excuse me" she said recovering herself. "I cry from happiness. I'll try to get my son to come in" saying which she opened the door of the adjoining room, and entering shut it after her.

Accepting the invitation to seat himself Father Casey's knees were at once captured by Daisy and Catherine who without any ado at once clambered upon them with the easy air of proprietorship.

Nor did they show the least surprise when the priest dipped into (her) his pocket and brought out some candy. But

they shook their heads
Violet and her sisters though
I loved certain sweets were
not much candy eaters.
Angeline and Violet
meanwhile were bringing
the priest bit by bit some
clothing which they were
giving to little Elsie and
Alice for inspection
and approval.
These were all shown
when the door opened
again and Penrod walked in. He was indeed a beautiful looking boy an exact twin
of his sister Violet,
tall for his age,
strongly built with
the same complexion but his bobbed
hair was not quite
so golden.
He looked harm-

less enough to those who
did not know him, only
his sharp cautious "eagle
eyes" and sinister expression of mouth gave hint
that he could protect
his sisters, and was
an exceedingly dangerous dangerous enemy
to all who tried to do
them harm.
He looked as if he
had been roused from
a sound sleep
He was in his
night robe.
"Good evening Father
Cusek," he said advancing to meet the
priest.
"The same to you
my princly friend.
I see that your
sisters have had a
very good time
sure enough."

Yes Father. I am happy they did. That's all I care for. If they aint happy neither am I."

Father Casey motioned the Queenly mother to take the good children out of the room.

"I heard you gave them a very good time last night."

"We was out with their scout friends."

And you all had a good time?"

"Yes Father."

"Good. But my boy Who is this Mr George Quincy Mack?"

He is a was one of the chief leaders of the spies who pestered my sisters. He quit the gang he had who were captured to command another. Where

that one is I do not know There's a dangerous powerful gang somewhere in San Francisco under Michael Turner Bellen, but I was assured they wont do anything if we stay away from that city. I know Michael Bellen and he's not to be trifled with."

"Do you not fear him?"

"I fear who?"

"Mr Mack."

"No. He made a pledge with me to insure the safty of his son that he would not allow his own gang to molest my sisters."

"I'm afraid though my boy Mr George the bad boys Uncle will spoil every thing for you. It does

Mr Mack know your sisters have returned."
"I did not keep their return a secret from anybody because I couldn't. I'm sure Mr Mack dares not break his pledge. I'll kill his son and daughter if he does. I know what Mr George told Mr Mack but it wont amount to anything. Mr Mack does not look like a man to break his pledge. I'm only worried about Mr Michael Bellen."
"How did George meet Mr Mack?"
"Mr George was out with some friends and they went on a drunk."
"and they had a good time as it may be called?"
"Yes Father."

And by a good time you mean swilling liquor till he loses his reason and betrays your sisters to that spy Chief. Is Mr Mack over Mr Bellen?"
"No. He's under him"
"Look at your hands boy. They're trembling. Your nerves are all gone. Is the gang in San Francisco worrying you?"
"No, in one way, yes in another. I'm so far only worried about those who took my sisters to French Guiana. I've never heard of them, and if they come back to America they may join the San Francisco gang and make more trouble if they learn my

sisters have returned, and the Chicago gang has been killed and captured."
"Are you positively sure."?
"That's so Father".
"I dont understand" said the priest. And you trust that Mr Mack will be compelled to keep his pledge by your drastic proposition."?
"I hope so".
"and you hope so do you?"
"I more than hope so. I dare him to break it"
"In the name of God man or boy prince? mean tell me what would happen if he would dare to break the pledge"
"Father we are on our guard. But if he did what would

happen to my sisters would also happen to his boy and girl. I dont fear him. I fear Mr Bellon in San Francisco"
"maybe my boy. Suppose he might have some connection with them. What then?"
"He has no connections. He confirmed that."
"Then its Michael Bellon you only fear?"
"Yes"
"Did your good sisters have a bad time in French Guiana?"
"Yes they did" and he told as much as he remembered from what they told him up to before Pierre found them in solitary confinement"
"and you call that

what they had down there a bad time do you?"

"Yes indeed Father What could be worse? If you only knew the awful heat of the climate there"

"I do" said the priest "I've been there. But again in the name of God my boy tell me what it is for them to be in danger of facing a worse time elsewhere if you call that sort of a thing having a bad time?"

"Father I'm going to quit being the fool. I'm going to be on my guard just as a rattlesnake is who is confronted by a dangerous foe"

"If not for yourself then for the sake of those dear little sisters of yours and the good loving parents you have.

Just look at your sisters now. They are back safe with you, are clean well dressed, healthy and good and happy. No boy in this world have such good littles sisters as you have. I cant even understand how they have such unusally bright beautiful golden hair and their bodies are as perfectly formed as if they were in heaven.

They are as good as they are beautiful. Suppose they had still remained in French Guiana all the time since they first went for years. and you couldnt rescue them. The fact that they had friends down there saved them. If they

had, had no friends it would have been different and you know it. When did that happen to them?"

"Last May"

"Why thats about five months ago."

"Yes Father."

"But how did it happen?"

"I foolishly on several occassion allowed our enemies to catch me napping as you call it"

"No wonder the spies has caused you to suffer. You are over presumptuous my boy and think no matter what you do or say nothing can happen to your sisters.

Even a seemingly careless brother need not expect his sisters to be safe. You must

come to me in my confessional and there I'll give you advice."

"Why in the confessional. Father?"

"Because there I can give you advice as secretly as if you went to confession. That way you can know how to resolve to keep what number of your enemies remain from your sisters for good and all"

"I'll do it Father. I promise you if nothing interefered with my intention of coming. I do might I cannot leave the house because Father and Evans are out and I'm not able to think - "oh what a fool I've been

Father I'll do anything you'll ask or advise if you please. You have been very good to my good sister Angeline and she talks a lot about you all the time."

How would to morrow evening at seven o'clock do" Father Casey asked. "Anything that suits you suits me Father."

"Very well. Be in St Patricks Church to morrow evening at seven o'clock. Now Em press the priest continued raising his voice "come in. We've had our little talk."

Presently the priest took his leave with a thankful heart, the possibility of an continued ideal home a loyaly queenly wife

and mother with lovely and bright children, a good and strongly protecting brother a late promise of at length becoming an actuality.

Angeline insisted on showing the priest down stairs. Once they were out of earshot she stopped, holding him by the hand.

"Father is our good brother going to see you about something private?"

"Yes my dear I think he is. He has promised me to confer secretly in the confessional to morrow evening if possible."

Angelines face became transfigured. "Oh Father I've been praying for our safety

every day and night."
I believe your brother will be able to protect you from further harm. Keep on praying for yourselves and for your parents."

"Shall I walk home with you Father?" Angelina asked on their reaching the street.

"Oh no my dear I've got my angel for a companion."

"You have more than one I think" said Angelina simply "Good night Father! Sleep tight."

Before the priest could turn she was literally dancing up the stairs. Our little queen of Faries brought Fairyland into that house. On the next evening punctual to the stroke of the clock Father Casey

entered St Patricks Church and made his way to the or his confessional. There were he observed several and women at their devotions and some boys too but in the casual glance he gave them he failed to discover the presence of Pernod.

Scarcely had he seated himself when he he and someone enter the Confessional. Opening the slide he was about to give the customary blessing when a childs voice caused him to pause.

"Father I have not come to Confession, I'm Angelina"

There was bad news in her accents.

"and where is your good brother my child?"
"I do not know why but he got very ill at ease about some-thing last night about an hour after you left Father, and then he said he would have to investigate. Mama thinking he was sick wanted to go to the drug store for him but he would not let her.
He bade Evans and Sebastian not to leave the house and warned us ster-nly not to do so either
So he went out himself and mama and I and my sist-ers stayed up all night. We said

our beads six times at least waiting for him.
He came back at four o clock in the morn-ing - and - and" - here the little voice broke into sobs - She came in with bad news. Mr Mack knew we were back before this.
Pernod met him and Mr Mack con-gratulated him on our escape and deliverance and said he was leaving Chicago to morrow.
He said he wont break the pledge for anything. But he said We are foolish for staying here as the spy leader in San Francisco

cannot be conquered by any one. The police of San Francisco are on his side for fear of him. as he has the law on his side he could do anything. I'm so worried I cant help crying Penrod seeing she were up threw a bunch of pretty flowers over Violets head and he hugged and kissed me and quieted our fears saying he'd do anything sacrifice anything to save us from harm. Oh he's so good to us. Hes more kinder to us than ever before. and hes making off that I'm his "angel Guardian"

"you are very fortunate to have such a brother" Father Casey said. "Surely all your prayers will come of some good. Do not give up."

"But if that was all the good luck I had everything would be well" she continued. "as I said mr mack warned Penrod that the Gl candelinian spy system was divided into three parts one in this city another in new York, and that the real main and most powerful band is in Chicago dividing a section in San Francisco under Summer Bellen. He says they can reach a long

and powerful arm way over here and they may get news yet of what happened over here. Then all of us including Pennod too better look out. and he also says Mr George may try to find their address and write to them. And Pennod says he'll kill Mr George if he does"

"you and your family sure have bad luck my poor dear" the priest said "It is your one bad stroke of luck. Angeline yor and all the rest must be patient. Surely all our prayers will do some good some day."

"and Father I want to thank you for

all the trouble you have taken. Oh I was so happy last night. I felt as if I could fly. Mama and all of us here so sure that everything was going to be all right. And Father I'm afraid those spies will kill some of us if they can, they get so savage.

And there is the gang who smuggled us to French Guiana. I dont mind some things but oh to go there! It was dreadful and so hot it was all you could do to stand it"

"Did they really bring you down to that awful Hell on earth my child?"

"yes they did."

"That awful"

"And Father oh you cant imagine how hot it is down there!" —
"Oh yes I can" broke in Father Casey. I know the readings of temperature instruments too. Go on child"
"Even when Pierre was bringing us to France it seemed to me an eternity before we even left for the ship which made me more impatience by its lingering there. On the ship I caught that dreadful heat fever, called Malaria down there. Its called Hydrophobia here. Im a little bit ill yet at times and get the awfullest chills. I found it

awfully hard to run over here to night and my right feels a little stiff."
"By then the priest could feel his blood tingling in every vein or vein? He was furious.
"Those spies ought to be poisoned" he said. "Penrod can do most anything for us. Oh if you knew him as much as we do. He wants you to come to morrow if you can and he will speak it over what he was going to do this evening But I must go now or he'll miss me and be terrible worried and believe Im taken again. Father give me your

blessing"
Father Casey blessed her and repaired to his room in a state of mind far from calm. The picture of little angeline Vivian in the hands of a foolish man turned beast by drink and neglect of his religion, and then to be betrayed to an enemy, and in grave danger, rose so vividly before his eyes that for almost three hours and a half he could not dismiss it.
He could hear the innocents childs cry of misery could see the shame, grief and terror in her eyes and face.
"Oh God, that in a civilized and christian land such things can

be. Gradually he seemed to hear not her cry, but the sobs and moans of countless women and children in countless stages of dire distress and in misery.
The low sad doleful music of humanity rose up into a wail. Presently he was meditating and praying more than three hours and a half must have passed when he was brought to himself by a loud knock at his door.
"Come in"
"Father Casey" said the porter his eyes big with fear and excitement "There's a little girl in the parlor. She's

prettier than an angel but wild and scared looking and she wants to see you in a hurry."

The priest's heart jumped. It must be Angeline and a visit from her at ten thirty of the night could spell nothing but calamity

Could the worse have happened?

Had the child been right in fearing that Mr George in drunken rage would murder one of her sisters.

The porter had scarcely delivered his message when the priest sprung by him and clattered down the staircase.

Angeline it was standing in the parlor wringing her hands.

"Oh Father" she cried, running to the priest as he entered and pillowing her head on his arm - "I've done something awful by mistake and I'm oh so afraid."

So it was not murder after all. Father Casey breathed more easily. Gently lifting the child's head he said "What is it Angeline dear?"

"Period who has a bad cold sent me for some medicine and food for supper. I thought I would try to help him. He helped us quickly when any one of us had a bad cold. I heard

about a way and I thought I would try it. But I am so worried about Mr Mack and George that I did not notice what I was doing when I thought I put some medicine in his glass with water. He drank it and got very sick right away.

As soon as he began to look queer I ran out and came to you as no doctor answered our telephone call."

"What medicine did you put in?"

"I don't know Father. It is this. I don't like the name."

Angelina produced a small bottle which she had kept concealed within her right sleeve. The

priest held it up to the light and read: "Laudanum."

"How much did you put in?"

"I do not remember exactly. I guess about a tabel spoonful or more. It may have been less may have been more."

"Wait" the priest said and shot out of the parlor and up the steps to the telephone booth.

It is good friend Dr Kelly very fortunately for the priest or more than one occasion was quite near.

"Dr Kelly's office" came a voice.

"That you Dr Kelly?"

"Yes"

"Is this Dr Kelly I'm talking to."

"Yes this is Dr Kelly.

"This is Father Casey. I've a hurry call. Can you start at once?"

"Yes. My gas buggy is at the door."

"Good. Come right over to the pastor residence and I'll go with you. It is a case of poison in a glass of water. - Laudanum - a table spoon or more. I'm the one that's poisoned is a good princely boy."

"I'm coming" said the doctor and hung up the receiver.

Although it took the priest hardly a minute to change his cassock for his street attire the doctor in his

Ford was awaiting him. before the priest had again gone down the stairs.

"Come along quick Angeline" Father Casey said! and together they trotted actually trotted from the door of the Pastor house to where the doctor had his auto.

He as to say fairly threw Angeline into the buggy, jumped in after her and at the same time gave the number and street to the ready doctor who at once gave orders to his driver who at once started the machine and thanks be to God for the late hour and the absence of traffic officers sped off at a speed

faster and more livelier than was allowed for their destination.

"Tell me what I am to know" said the doctor as they dashed down Monroe Street.

"This beautiful little girl wanted to make her brother well from a cold, and yet worrying over some secret and hidden enemies she make a mistake and thought she put medicine in his glass of cold water. The medicine happened to be laudanum."

"Fairy girl where did you get this laudanum?"

"Mama had some in a little bottle for our tooth ache."

"Did you know it was poison?" asked

the doctor as they now turned south from Monroe down Halsted.

"Poison" almost screamed the child.

"If you've given him enough" said the good doctor who also was sarcastic "you've certainly cured him of his cold effectually."

Fortunately Angeline did not understand the import of his words.

"Does any body know you put that that — medicine in his glass of water?" The continued.

"No one but you and Father Casey."

"Well no one else is to know not even your Good

mother. Do you understand little Fairy?"
"Yes sir"
"Can you keep a secret?"
"Yes sir."
"Well you keep this a dead secret or I'll cut your pretty head off."
By this however, Angeline though she believed he really was serious (though was not) was not scared nor impressed any by the fierceness of the Doctors voice nor by the savageness of his threat. And allowed by law for their own protection she and her sisters carried deadly knives in sheaths and could out do the most expert man with knives against them without receiving

the slightest scratch. And while awake you couldnt catch them off their guard either.
As she took him seriously however believing he meant it, she could not for anything help being defiant and she answered indignantly!-
"I'll for my sake and Emmas sir keep it a secret sir cross my heart and hope to die, but I'd like to see you dare even lay a hand on me. I'll take ten men to cut my "pretty head" off let alone a curl of my hair against my will sir and Heaven knows I mean it too,

Though I'm only a little girl I'm strong and agile enough to even out with the ten men. If you want proof that you cannot cut my "pretty head" off try it now."

The doctor was really surprised by her undaunted spirit as she continued:

"Our worse enemies could not scare me or my sisters. We are not afraid of any grown up. so you cant scare me either. I am well able to take care of myself in any danger. And you are no gentle man to talk to me like that. And dont you dare to change for this call either or I'll fix you.

The priest is not to be changed either. If it had not been my brother to whom I made the mistake, no one could make me keep it a secret. For his sake and mine only will I keep it a secret."

This conversation however was not loud enough for the priest to overhear, and the doctor said nothing in answer.

They were now in front of the house.

"Come up at your leisure Father" said Doctor Kelly. "Park the machine here, lock the engine, and give me the

key. And brave little miss Lightfoot and I will go ahead at double speed. I'll let you know when I want you."

When the priest did reach the living room, he found the Empress and her brave children huddled together. Empress Vivian was very frightened.

"Oh Father, thank you for getting the doctor, I don't know what to do. My son appears to be gravely ill. Oh I'm so afraid."

"Woman come in here quick" called the doctor from the inner room.

"My mother is not "addressed" as "woman" retorted Jennie stepping angrily

forward "She is Empress at home but may be called 'Mrs Vivian here. Remember that".

The doctor was so impressed by her spirit that he said:

"I will."

"You'd better".

The doctor and their mother went in and the priest and the little girls listened in suspense to the various sounds and the whispered voices within. For what seemed to them an unconscionable time.

At length the door opened and the doctor came out with a broad satisfied smile on his face.

"He is all right

but I can say he must stop his worrying. "madame" he said: addressing Empress Urran.") believe your good son accidentally poisoned himself while over worrying and only for the quick action of your clever little girl would be a dead boy. I'll him to morrow he must stop worrying, as worrying made him take poison by mistake As for you Father Casey there, no need to anoint him. To morrow he will be all right."

Taking the good mother aside the doctor gave her a few directions and presently He and the sprite

and Angeline were on their way out.

"young spitfire fairy" said the physician to their escort "you might have killed your good brother. As it is there is no harm done. But I warn you again keep this a dead secret If it ever leaks out you did this even by mistake, your enemies might take advantage of it by trying to expose you on the charge of doing it on purpose. I would turn out a very bad thing. And now

The doctor continued dont take it to heart what I said by cutting your head off. I did not mean

it. I only wanted to scare you into keeping this a secret for your own good"

"Well you cant scare me" said Angeline still a little hotly. "I'm no sissy or a molly coddle. If you did not mean it you sounded like it the way you spoke. Only an enemy really talks to me the way you did, and I'm ashamed of you nevertheless. You must learn to speak respectfully to all little girls no matter what they do by mistake. I'll overlook it this time but dont you dare ever talk to me that way again. I could ship you away to my

country as a prisoner this minute if I wanted to. I will if you talk to me like that again"

"And now doctor" the priest said. "What's your bill?"

"Let me see" mused the doctor noticing Angeline looking up severely at him, and remembering her words "I used up thirty cents worth of gas going from your place to this, I lost my nights sleep and spent two hours of hard work. Suppose you say two masses for my intention."

"Yes suppose" the priest said with a strong accent on the last word.

"Of course" continued Dr Kelly "with the

usual discount to the clergy:
"and how much is that?"
"Four more masses."
"Why not make them a
thousand masses Doctor?"
"Do be sure. Why not?
But I didnt think of
it in time."

As regards the Vivian
family everything so
far was as it should
be and it was hoped
that it would be for
good and all. Though
they did not increase
in size or age the
little Vivians grew in
loveliness, and grace
health and youth re-
turned apparently
to Angeline and the
Royal Father and Mother
showed themselves not
to be only the model
head of a real Holy

Catholic family but
were in some ways
like the Blessed
Virgin and St Joseph.
He needed not to
be employed how
ever as he could
easily get all the
money from home.
Father Casey could
easily remember
the day when little
Angeline with shin-
ing eyes told him
how her father had
beautified the house
Father Casey easily
could remember how
she was able to
tell him that every-
thing was going
on fine and how
he was think
ing of moving
the Poor Gardons
to some place

where the surroundings would be healthier and better morally for Mrs Gordons children.

Angeline had set her heart on moving the Gordons north to some-place on Webster Ave- but Mrs Gordon wanted to move to some place nearer St Patricks Church.

"If it (so) is so near the Church" she said, "Alice can easily go to Holy Communion every day there than go so far to St Vincents Church."

The next morning after her sad news to Father Casey in the Confessional she came to him with Dancing Eyes.

"Oh Father I've found the very place I want

for the Gordons. You know that little two story house where the Gillons live"

Very well Angeline.

"They are going to move out on the first of the month and we can get it for the Gordons for eighteen dollars."

"Why do you move from that swell place Angeline"

"We are not moving. We got a place for the Goddons. We cant move from our place. We own that. We'd let the Gordons live there but there are no vacancies. Tomorrow I'm going to bring Mr Gordon up to see it and

I'm sure he will take it. Then they will be like y we are, near you and surely all the good girls & go with and boys too are on that street or near it. There are no nicer girls and boys any where that I've found yet."

But the next day which had been so full of promise surely brought its heavy disappointment. The place Angeline mentioned burned. Mrs Gordon suddenly took very sick and Daisy Vivian herself was hit by an auto coming up on the side walk for her driven by a drunken driver who was arrested. She was

injured not seriously though the kindness of the unwearying Mrs Margaret Dalton both were sent to St Joseph Hospital.

It was Angeline who brought the priest the news and with saddened eyes to also tell the priest that Mr Gordon had again lost his job.

"A fire again?

"Yes" said the child. "I and my sister saw the fire and it was a bad one. We saw a falling wall go over a fire pumping truck and flying truck injure some little crowd of spectators. One truck hit Violet

but only bruised her. nine fishermen were badly hurt. The building was destroyed and a house adjoinging it. But he's not so bad off Father and my sister Daisy is getting well. The Sister in the Hospital told me. And Father do you know what?"

"What is it?"

"Cant you guess?"

"The ships coming in for the Gordons?"

"The ship Maddly Ever Captain Romance" Little Angeline laughed for she was now sufficiently advanced to understand Mr Gordons allegory. "If that's what you mean Father I'm afraid that ship is heading for the

breakers now. But its almost as good as the ship coming in. Father Mr Mack said to Pennod that we are safe from Mr Bellon as long as we dont meddle with his gang over in this city and we dont intend to. They are more honourable spies than the gang our good brother destroyed. But he is armed as about those who are still at large"

"God Bless Mr Mack if he's after all so good as that" the priest said.

"Amen" murmured Angeline "and Father Daisy wants to get out of the hospital"

"But why Angeline? The Sisters of St Josephs Hospital as I happen to know are kindness itself to her. She couldn't get better treatment anywhere else I'm sure."

"Yes Father she says so herself. 'But you see Pernod says he needs her and won't do without her. He will have her out anyhow. and she herself thinks if she's home she can get him to stop worrying. He does not worry so much you know when she's Home. but I guess he needs Daisy more than any of us. and we want her to be with him. She's such a comfort to him and she's the prettiest little girl ever".

"Oh I didn't think of that"

After consulting the Daltons and being really assured that little Daisy was out of Danger the beautiful little girl was a day later brought back to her home.

On her arrival she found out from her brother that he and her sisters had made everything spic and span to welcome her return to him.

As for the poor Gordons they had to find a different place for their own rickety tenement house through a mysterious suspicious reason had a disasterous fire of which he was blamed

for by his landlord.
and which he had to pay
up for out of his whole
bank account and still
had not enough.
The good ship Handley
ever Captain Romance
had sprung a very dis
astrous (leech) leak.
It was then by reason
of this unlooked for
impoverishment that
the little Virians came
to the rescue.
They paid the Landlord
the balance of the
Landlords loss, but
warned him of a
Lawsuit if Mr Gordon
was proved innocent
of the fire.
As they now couldnt
find the Gordons a
home they had to
find some way to
shelter them, in their

own house for the
time being and Angeline
told miss Margaret Dal-
ton who again came to
the rescue.
There is in Chicago
or was a large Catholic
organization of Ladies
called the Visitation
and Aid Society of which
she was the President.
She telephoned an
account of the case to
the Vice President of
that thriving body
Mrs Whitney who
at once took the mat-
ter up with an energy
which advancing years
had not diminished.
A trained nurse was
sent to the home
packages containing
all the linen and
medicines suited to
the convencer were

brought on and Mrs Whitney herself a retired school teacher who now prepared to give all her time to Charity, came upon the scene and in a language that was very much to the point, send for, and told Mr Webber George the Landlord what she thought of him and blamed him for all that had happened to Alice and Elsie through spoiling his wicked little nephew.

So such an effect did she speak that this man was really frightened and disappeared for a time.

This year proved to be the most momentous in the history of St Patricks school and it was a few

years after it had been made illustrious by Pius X's rel regulations concerning the First Holy Communion of little children.

All the little ones from seven years and upwards even the tiny toddlers of six whose mental development was above the average were to be suffered and no longer forbidden to come to him whose standard of Sanctity is the little child who lives without guild.

Previously to this year only those who were full thirteen were allowed to enter the Communion Class.

There were many

of this age poor boys and girls still held from Communion and looking over the school record Father Casey found that there were 1b be seven hundred children to be prepared.

Fortunately there was a large Hall on the 4th. floor of the school and thither on the next morning on. September 28th repaired this army of little children.

The Sisters and Brothers ushered them up and when Father Casey arived on the scene, he found himself facing an array of boys and girls varying in age from six to fourteen years.

After a prayer Father Casey motioned to them and down on the floor clean and polished sat the seven hundred. It was a pretty sight, all were intensely in earnest, especially the little children of seven and eight.

Father Casey was to learn during this half hour of instruction which was to go on for some five months or more that little children were quicker to take in supernatural truths than

boys and girls of thirteen and older.

The white robe of Baptism was much less spotted, the "world the flesh and the Devil had not as yet got their unhallowed hands upon their souls, and never will.

And in consequence they took on the great truths of faith with an ease and simplicity not to be expected naturally from minds so immature.

During all those days he was to find that the attention of the smaller children was perfect. Once in a while it would be

necessary for him to say a word of warning to an overgrown boy or a silly self conscious girl, but the little ones were surely perfect.

The class of seven hundred was so quiet that one outside the hall would find it difficult to imagine that it was filled.

The doing away with chairs proved of course to be a great help it was impossible for the fidgety boy or nervous girl to kick an irresponsible leg against the chair rungs.

In the real fact the way Violet and her sisters sat in chairs you'd think they were sitting statues.

It was indeed a most inspiring class, all were in dead earnest save two or three sophisticated boys and as many no less sophisticated girls.

The former had run the streets and contracted the taste or rather the want of it which comes of cheap vaudeville the latter had been led to concieve an exaggerated opinon of their charms and spent much of their time in wondering what the different fellows they met and fellows only do such girls ever meet.

This pitiful half dozen should have been caught earlier. They would have made better candidate for Extreme Unction

than for Confirmation. Thanks to Pius X the childrens Pope, the Pope of the Bleesed Sacrament their day is done.

On the first time violet and her sisters were in Chicago they innocently went to a high paying but very immodest vaudevilles.

They saw just enough of the act to understand what it was and went out blushing and disgusted a minute after the show had started.

They forced the manager to give them their money back too. They threatened to expose the show to the

police and did. They have never gone to a show of any kind since except the one Pease Dalton took them to since.

Not even to a moving picture show, no matter what it shows.

Of all things considered however there was one who stood out prominently as help to Father Casey in teaching the Communion class and that one was Angeline Vivian.

And Angeline lost no word the priest uttered she seemed to get the idea at once like an angel would.

There is no branch taught the Children of our Catholic schools which serves better while training the heart to develope the intellect than Christian Doctrine.

One may supposing it to be taught properly teach arithmetic and yet fail to discover the mental grasp of many a student.

The same may be of the teaching of Grammer. The former branch does not appeal to a larger percentage of otherwise bright students the latter owing to its dryness and formalty may fail to engage the interest of many a boy or girl.

But Christian Doctrine properly taught while a thing of absorbing interest appeals both to reason and imagination.

Logic, Poetry exactness comes in for their

share and any teacher who knows how to be interesting will discover very early in his vocation that he can best gauge the intellectual gifts of his pupils in hearing them ask and answer questions during the time devoted to the study of this most important kind of branch.

Other things being equal the child who studies Christian Doctrine is far better equipped for the business of life than the boy or girl who has been trained in the secular branches alone.

There is no rose without its thorns however and Father Casey's rose had many.

Every morning from

nine to eleven the priest was occupied in recieving visits from puzzled or more or less indignant parents.

"My little boy and girl are too young" one would explain. "She's only nine and he's only ten and I made my holy Communion when I was thirteen."

"Oh have you been going to Mass every Sunday this year?"

"Oh yes Father."

"And is it possible that you haven't heard the Pastor say anything about the new legislation made by the Pope himself as to the age of Children going

to Holy Communion?"
"I don't think so."
"Then read this please" and the priest handed the inquirer the printed document on the subject "and when you read it carefully and understand what's it all about come back and we'll talk it over intelligently. Good morning and be sure to come back"

She did and was only too glad to allow her children to be prepared.

But there was one mother who opposed the idea most critically and told the priest most decidedly that she and her husband were boss of their own children and that she would

not have her child prepared until she was willing to do so She further added that the Pope ought to hang on a rope, that he ought to mind his own business, that he had nothing to say."

And she stands for that class of Catholics who gets their religious information from the daily paper.

But there were some who had more serious difficulties and among them were Mr and Mrs Gordon.

The class had not gone quite two days when Angeline Vivian called on Father Casey. On this day she was dressed

in a purple waist and dress, bore yellow stockings and tan shoes and her hair was in beautiful large curls. She surely looked beautiful to day she was not a bit slim but perfectly formed.

Her oval face was not quite so thin as when she had first seen her and was lighted with those contrasting beauties innocence and childish intelligence.

Father Casey felt that he could love her as she deserved to be loved.

"Father I'm really very sorry to trouble you but mama and papa, and especially Pernod have asked me so often to come to you that I really

"About what Angeline?"

"We have heard talks about us Royal Children making our First Holy Communion. We did that in our own country three years ago and went to daily Communion. But though we attend Sunday mass at St Patricks and Daily mass at St Vincents we could not have the chance to go to communion as we wer were not allowed to receive because of our age. You see here, it is different than in our own country. It is not only because we are children but because they wont

believe what we really are even though we do show (proff) proofs by our daily actions. You see there are seven of us Daisy, Catherine and Hettie being the youngest and they're only eight. That means one dollar for each of us to pay for our veils scapulars Communion cards and Pennods sash.

But this as I said before is not our First Holy Communion as all children are allowed to go early in our Country.

Then there is to be the eight of us dressed for the day of making our First Communion over here if its to be called that. That means

eight pair of shoes, new clothes and Communion prayer books, and of course we always carry the Rosary and are never without it.

My father is going to fit me out and my sister and brother too. And Miss Margaret Dalton is going to take care of Daisy who is slightly ill. but papa and mama are afraid we would not be allowed to receive without Confession for all the other priests and people too do not believe we are as sinless as not to need to go to Confession. When we enter the Confessional and tell

the priest we have not sinned, they wont believe us"

"Dont people go to confession in your own country?"

"Only foriegners do. We have no confessionals in our churches. The priest comes to the foriegners home to hear confession but it is kept secret as the foriegner would be deported if it is known he commits the slightest sin"

"are all Abreannian people really so good they need not go to confession?"

"Yes Father. That can be even proved"

"That is very amazing and wonderful and seems too good to be true"

"But it is the truth surely Father"

"I believe you Angeline. I'll take care and see that you all recieve. Im to distribute Communion and you come with the first Communicants to my mass. And I'll take care of your good brother Ormod at least" he added. "I have a good friend down town who will be glad to do it"

"Thank you Father. And Im so ashamed that we always have to watch out for our own safty and are not able to take care of ourselves without Ormods help but since he is our good protector and our enemies are

sent away we did for a time feel better. But poor Pernod is worried about those who took us away and is uneasy most of the time.

And there is not an hour passing that he does not fear the coming of Mr Bellon. How about little Daisy? She is only eight too."

"Well suppose she would wait till she got back to Abbeamnia?"

"That, hard to say Father" - she paused a moment then added - "But Daisy won't"

"Indeed"

"Oh Father she is the most enthusiastic little girl you ever saw about First Communion. She's talking more about it

than any of the other children. Every day she explains to the Children of the First Communion Class what you say at their instructions and she asks the wisest questions and you ought to see her pray, she's got a little (Statuette) statue of the Infant Jesus fixed in a sort of a little shrine, and she kneels before it every night with her hands clasped and she stays on her knees until we bundle her off to bed.

Papa says she is a better little saint than the rest of us, and we believe it is so. And oh we love her so. She's better and more innocent than the most precious

flower."

Father Casey had noticed coming to see Angeline after school hours with Pennod, little Daisy the tiniest 'the most fragile looking and prettiest child ever placed before his eyes. She also had watched Father Casey give instructions to the Communion Class and her earnest eyes had followed his every motion and her enthusiasm was very striking.

In helping the children to answer the prayers her lisping voice rang out clear sweet redolent of such living faith as is only found in saints and in holy little children.

"By all means

Angeline we must first see Daisy about this before taking any action."

Angeline left Father Casey to go and bring Daisy and while she was gone, his chief assistant Father Carney, James Carney in Will came to see him about some important matters and was astonished at Father Caseys story.

"It cant be possible" said Father Carney. It cant be that they are the only strictly sinless ones among over one hundred million people more a less sinful. We cant allow them to go to Com-

munion without going to confession unless the archbishop of Chicago or the cardinal finds proofs of it and gives the permit."

"That is so but the proof must be there and it is there. I'll see the cardinal."

About fifteen minutes passed and Angeline returned with her younger sister Daisy.

"Good morning Daisy."

"Good morning Father."

"I hear you and your sisters want to go to Holy Communion."

"Yes Father."

"How old are you?"

"Eight years and two months."

"What is her name?" asked Father Carney.

"Daisy Gertrude Vivian."

"Daisy Gertrude Vivian? Why you are one of the well known Vivian children. When did you and your sisters come to this country?"

"On the fifth of last December."

Daisy was standing before the two priests her shoulders squared, her head erect and her hands clasped behind her back.

As it was said on several occasions she bore a remarkable resemblance to her sister Violet, only Daisy's oval face was paler thinner her body slighter, and her hair decidedly more longer and equally as golden.

"Why you're one of the little Vivian Girls child, who claim to be too good to need to go to confession, you would have to prove you dont need to go to confession, or you cannot make your First Communion" said Father Carney.

Daisy's face changed the smile left it and grave inquiry took its place.

She looked up at Father Casey for some moments a quiver passed over her countenance and then big silent tears began coursing down her pale cheeks.

Angeline looked sharply at Father Carney as she said soberly!

"Dont cry sweetheart."

But Daisy did cry and as she burst into sobs she caught Father Carney's hand with both of hers and held on as though she were drowning.

As for Father Carney he felt like a pick-pocket caught in the act. as Angeline said:-

"So you think of us that way too? and just recently you asked my brother if he would make you out a permit to go to Abbeanna when we go. Well if you stop us from Holy Communion, I'll ruin that pass and you dont go so there!"

"But I cant help it" said Father Carney "If you children can prove

your true freedom from
sin so as to not need
to go to Confession then.
You are a perfect wonder
and a gladness to us all.
With oder a hundred
million sinners in this
Country, and you children
being an exception seem
also utterly impossible.
But I will see the Arch-
bishop about this for
this is very unusual."

"Say Daisy" Father
Casey then put in "Do
you really and truely want
to make your Holy Com-
munion oder heah"?

"I do - I do yes I do yes I
do. O-o-o-o-o-o-oh"

"Do you know all
your prayers."

Daisy gulped once
gulped again, and then
throwing back her
shoulders raising her

head dropping her grasp
on Father Carney and
putting her hands behind
her back she said:

"I know the Our Father
the Hail Mary, the
act of Faith Hope Love,
Contrition and other
prayers in English, Ger-
man and in my own
language".

"She does, we all do"
corroborated Angeline
not looking at Father
Carney. "She knows
them as well as
I do. Only in English
there's a word here
and there she cant
pronounce".

There was at this
moment a knock-
ing at the door.

"Come in"

Excuse me Father
said an elderly lady

pushing open the door. "I'm Mrs James Quimby of Evanston. You don't know me."

"I have heard of you indeed Mrs Quimby." which was certainly true.

Mrs Quimby bore the reputation not altogether unmerited of rumshing with a set which in the matter of morals and decency just kept within the speciae limit.

In other words she was a very rich and a very worldly old lady. But she had nevertheless a very kind heart.

"I understand that you have a tremendous communion class this year, and that you have in the class

a great number of poor boys and girls."

"That is precisely the situation Mrs Quimby. "Well I'm not much of a Catholic Father not what I should be, but I just now happened to be passing the school, and it occured to me that I might dress some little boy or girl for Holy Communion."

"Was it your angel that whispered you the suggestion or the angel of that little child there" and Father Casey pointed to. Daisy upon whose face still lingered two belated tears.

"It must have been her angel. I fear mine has

long joined the band of Heavenly angels or Othellos whose occupation is gone. But Father you dont mean to say that that angel faced and Vivian child and her elder sisters, they look prettier than angels themselves are going to recieve Holy Communion without going to Confession"?

"The fact is not exactly until the Archbishop is consulted." broke in Father Carney. "Yet I do not know how to go about it. I am willing and so is Father Casey. When I suggested that they cannot go Daisy at once became a noise all tears. When you just now announced your willingness to dress one little boy

or girl. I thought that the angels, particularly the angels of these little girls were taking a hand in the affair. Mrs Gummy Gummy you will be good enough to dress Daisy Vivians friend margaret age six for first Communion seeing also that she be provided with beads and prayer book"

"Gladly Father. Who knows but she will turn out to be my little angel."

"Ah who knows"

There were the two priests felt afterwards angels in that room angels who entertained by their unawares had not a little to do with the shaping of

their words and actions. Nudged by the attentive Angeline, who took in every word of the conversation, Daisy came over with extended hand, to Miss Gurnby.

"Thank you Miss."

Miss Gurnby took more than the extended hand, she caught the child up in her arms and there before the two priests innocence, and worldiness embraced.

When Miss Gurnby, her face a little flushed and her eyes blinking put the child down again she turned to Father Casey and in a tone which had lost all the conventional air of persiflage said.

"Here Father" handing him an envelope "use

it for charity. And I'm coming to see you again Pray for me."

"Well Angeline" said Father Carney, "and Father Casey will see if the Archbishop will allow you and your sisters to go to Holy Communion without going to Confession. It will have to be settled in a higher court than mine"

Daisy looked like a happy angel a few minutes before Father Carneys decision. She looked like a Niobe now who had been barred from Heaven just because she wanted to go to Holy Communion.

Angeline and Daisy returned sorrowfully

home and the two little girls went upstairs together to their own room. The very late September sunshine was pouring in at the windows lighting up every object from the polly in his cage.

"Isnt that horrid" said angeline to Pernod, tossing her hat on to the bed in a manner that she had never done before, and which no girls mother would have approved of.

"Whats horrid?" demanded Pernod looking surprised.

"We cant recieve Holy Communion because they dont believe were are so sinless and not need to go to Confession and if we go to Confession what should we tell. Our Dear Lord knows we dont sin and to say we did, in what they call a 'Confessional here, would be the same as a person concealing a sin in the Confessional To say we sinned when we didnt is a lie. Even papa notices it and he told Father Andrews quite crossly the other day that it was very unfair and unreasonable to treat us that way just because a hundred million other people in this country sins more or less. You know what Pernod dear?"

"What?"

"I've a mind to go back to Abbeyannia

and give up our studies here. We are not welcome or trusted here since its known we were in a South American prison and I suppose the way it seems we are the only (sinless) sinners and the rest are sinless."

"This situation is not very pleasant" Pennod admitted "But I suppose these priests cannot help it. Every body in this country is very or slightful in their sins more or less. In fact we are as well off as being in a bottom less quicksand bog of sin of which we cannot get out though sinless. Crime every where as you ever so often told me so many so called Catholics

even miss mass on Sunday or come late and don't stay for another mass. For all so much sin around us, I suppose the priests can't help it its only just their way."

"Well I wish it was not their way" said Angeline crossly "for it is a very disagreeable one. Father Carney says the Archbishop must be consulted and proofs must be furnished before we can go to Holy Communion without Confession. It is a very disagreeable thing and when we are barred from the Communion rail it always makes us feel as if we were the only ones

bad and we wouldnt be bad for anything. And we have fought temptations so hard we are hardly ever bothered by them now. I'd rather even die in Hell than sin".

And she really meant it. But wasnt she in Hell? How about French Guiana.

There was a pathetic little quiver in Angelines voice and Pennod hastened to say sympathetically:

"Perhaps if we would let all proofs be seen that would make the priests understand that we really are so good as not to need to go to confession and then they might be different Why not lets try it any way"?

"It would not be of any use, because we have given all the proof necessary" said Angeline mournfully. "I guess every body in this Country was born in sin. Nobody likes us here they only seem to like bad people like themselves and not us".

Pennod laughed and flushed.

"I dont know anything about that" he said. "There a lot of people in this country though even sinners have some good in them. Because all are sinners they dont believe we are sinless either. But Angeline I do believe Father Casey loves you. Violet told me

that Sister Dorothy told father that Father Casey was dreadfully frightened about you the day you lost your way from School."

It was angeline's turn to blush now. She did not like the event of that day or about the policeman running away from her, when she asked him for the street, mentioned by any one even her brother. Because of her appearance the policeman thought she was a pretty ghost and got scared.

Still she was an honest truthful holy little girl indeed who was as good as if there was no sin in existance and it

was not fair to be unjust to any priest.

That is true and he even did cry when papa found me and brought me home that night" she said." and when I told him how it happened he kissed me and said he was glad I was allright. But I dont think Father Carney need have refused to allow us to go to Holy Communion. and I also dont think that other people need have mentioned about us or what we do every single day. I've overheard them. and it aint my fault that that big policeman ran away from me, when

I asked him the way to my street. I aint no ghost, I hey keep talking about it the whole time, and it does make me very uncomfortable. Oh Penrod if only we were back in our own Country, and our own Camps I know I should feel good. I even feel safer in a Glandelinian camp as a prisoner than here where unseen and unknown enemies are."

Penrods face clouded It was also a thought to him that he and his sisters being prisoners within a Glandelinian camp was a great pleasure compared to being in a city where who we was

a seemed to be hostile because they are so unusally good and where unseen and unknown foes of very dangerous character may still be lurking in hidden recesses.

"and many boys and girls who do not like us call us jailbirds because we came from the French Guiana prisons" Angelina went on in a most aggrieved tone. Oh I wish we were back in Calvinia so we could have our exciting adventures again Oh dear how I do hate it all. here now I dont see why some nations have all unholy people with few

exceptions, and that few good ones have all the hard knocks. Just because they wont believe we are sinless they wont allow us to go to Holy communion. And oh Pernod though you are so modest that you wish not to have us say it, every one knows you are the most wonderful and nicest boy in the world yet the wicked hate you for it. They say you are too lucky that you've got lots of nice things, the nicest sisters in the world and are jealous of you for it."

"You are the nicest and prettiest and holiest little girls in the world" said Pernod soothingly "and that will give you

hope, so dont do any rash. Father Carney does side with you but does not dare do anything rash. He'll turn out for you. There's little Daisy who says nothing but listens to all we are saying. I really do think you and your sisters think and believe she is the loveliest little girl in the world. Her very appearance may in time convince Father Carney."

"Our beauty dont always impress a person" put in Daisy for the first time. "Oh beauty can even be a temptation to the evil minded ones."

"Daisy is right" said Angeline "When we were so shamefully forced to go to French Guiana naked and be that way among convicts the keepers being against us at first made us go out to the working places just as we were with only straw hats to protect us from the fiery sun.

And just when for modesty's sake we wanted to stay alone to ourselves and they were so dreadfully afraid of us bringing temptation to the convicts with our nudeness. Vidal said the keepers worried a great deal about our nakedness among convicts than

there was any necessity for and for that reason he got very angry once and put us in solitary confinement because one of us struck him in the face for trying to force immodest attentions upon us in his rage.

He is the head keeper there you know and an awful mean man to the convicts"

"What did he want to do?"

"Make one of us lie in bed naked between him and his wife for punishment"

"Did he repent of it?"

"Yes when he realized his mistake But I wish we could be back home in

our own Country where we are much better know." Angeline declared with a sigh." I know this is a lovely Country but its people dont understand us. and Abbreannia with all its holy people and places where you can go to Holy Communion every day is much nicer than here.

I would not mind about it here so much if they would believe in our true holiness and allow us to go to Holy Communion without all this fuss about our going to Confession Sinless. and and live in better safty every day and suppose some thing would happen that would cause us

to go back to French Guiana, that sure would be horrid and we would again suffer dreadfully from the heat and half starvation and be so lonely."

"Dont be a pronostagater I hate it" said Pernod "and we should not back out now. I believe God is only trying us. and He will help us in the end. Father himself went this morning to see the Cardinal about all this.

And since he believes we are through with the trouble concerning spies - he wants us to have nice times and to go to be autiful Parties again the

way you little girls used to before that dreadfully cruel war began. Oh Angeline wont it be beautiful. You and my other dear sisters are so pretty, and so sweet that I know every body will come to know you right. And Angeline I discovered one thing to my surprise. I was in Lincoln Park yesterday and I had a curl of Daisys hair in my pocket do you know what?"

"What?"

"Did you ever take a good look at those Golden pheasants they have there"

"no I am not interested in them"

"Well true gold does not match the golden feathers of that fowl, but your hair and the hair of your sisters outshines even those feathers"

"Only those who are our friends and those who loves us believe we are the prettiest little girls on earth" Angeline agreed "and it is true about our hair. It is very unusal and to you we are more than pretty. We are Cleastial children to you. You just like to sit and look at us and so does papa"

"I'm glad your papa believes and knows you little

girls are so pretty" he said "because I like him so much, and I heard a lady say who came to see Angelinia a morning the other day she thought father and mother and I were living in a house with seven little creatures who could make the most beautiful angels look homely in comparison. I" "I ather surely does admire us. Very much. I've seen him looking at our pictures every time he came into our nursery and often stood in front of our main picture hanging on the wall ever so long. But I think its rather unkind of Father

Carney not to let us make our First Communion over here and I'm not going to give him no pass to go to Abbieannia"

"What shall we play?" Pennod inquired rather hurriedly. He had noticed the fretful sound in Angelines voice and was anxious to change the subject as soon as possible.

"I dont care" said Angeline indifferently.

Pennod proposed an old fashioned letter game but though Angeline and Abby also consented and ever let Pennod teach them how to play their interest because

they couldnt go to Holy Communion soon flagged, and before they had finished the first game. Angeline pushed the letters away saying that she hated Spelling games if she couldnt go to Holy Communion and never could learn them right worrying over it.

Period looked immensely distressed.

"Lets play something else then" he suggested as he gathered up the precious letters and put them back in their box.

"In one way I guess I would rather talk" said Angeline. I dont feel a bit like playing this afternoon and besides Period dear

I would very much like to talk to you about something which I dont want nobody else to hear and which I want over with before our sister return home from the dinner. Do you think we might shut the door. I to something very private.

Period felt unusually surprised and being very curious as well he applied with her wishes he got up tip toed to the door and looking first outside into the hall softly closed the door.

And then he sat down between Angeline and Daisy Angeline. of whom was looking both worried and excited.

"It was something Marjorie said" began Angeline in a rather unsteady voice "It was this morning. She had only a chance to tell me and I've been thinking about it all the time ever since.

"Tell me all about it" said Penrod in a tone of deep interest.

"Well it was just after breakfast and I went into the pantry for a drink of water. Hannah and Mrs Jerry were there cleaning up the kitchen and Marjorie was helping them. As I was drinking the water Marjorie beckoned to me and she said. "I heard some sad news about you and your sister"

I asked her what it was and then she said "I heard some women about two of them speaking and I overheard one of them say "Just you wait until those eight make believe good Albigenians [illegible] try to go to Holy Holy Communion without Confession. I dare and see if the folks will put up with it." I guess we wont have to wait long either from the looks of all things.

I was so angry I would not stay there any longer and went to school"

Angeline paused to note the effect of her story. Penrod was looking very grave and angry

he took his little sister's hand and squeezed it, sympathetically.

"Do you know anything about whether they could prevent us from going for good as they say?"

Pennod shook his head. "I've heard a lot about it" he said "but I never really knew whether they could really prevent us for always or not."

"I if they do make an effort to stop us then those people are cruel and wicked themselves" said poor Daisy with a catch in her voice "Oh Pennod and Angeline dear I dont want to miss Holy Communion I dont" I dont" and poor little Daisy burst into a passion of tears.

Tender hearted Pennod

and Angeline showed their true distress and Pennod had both arms around his sister in a moment and was kissing and soothing her as best as he possibly could.

"Daisy! Daisy dont dont (so) cry so please dont cry so, Daisy dear please dont" both Angeline and Pennod pleaded together and tears of sympathy began to stream down their own cheeks "Why you dont even know yet that it is really true. Our papa is so good and so fond of us, I dont believe he would ever let anyone even interfere with us. And there's Evans.

He is strong enough to hold a whole mob back armed or not armed."

"He or Evans could not prevent it - oh they couldn't prevent it" wailed Daisy "They never can. We could go up to the communion rail and the priests would only pass us by if they know us."

But Father Casey would not let any of them do that" urged Pernod. "I dont believe the situation can be so bad, and if the archbishop sides with us then we'll feel all the better."

"I dont believe there will be a chance" cried Daisy, mournfully "Oh how lovely

it would be Pernod if we could go back to our own country like angeline said and we could go to Holy Communion every day and we could all be so happy."

Before Pernod or angeline could answer some one opened the door.

"What are my dear sisters doing with our dear Father alone in here with the door closed" inquired a startled voice and Jennie Vivian an unusually bright color in her cheeks and still wearing her hat and yellow jacket came in hurriedly. Her sisters had gone into the

flower room with Evans. But then she noticed that Angeline and Daisy looked very sober and, therefore she changed her manner and in a different tone she added:-

"Why what in the world is the matter?. Has anything happened? Did the spies?"—

"Angeline and Daisy are unhappy" said Pethod solemnly.

"My poor little sisters unhappy, why they will surely tell me all about it" Jennie had hastily hung up her jacket, and sitting down on the sofa between her sisters she drew Daisy to her side.

at the sound of her sisters sweet sympathetic voice and the touch of the kind arm around her Daisy broke down once more and burying her face in Jennie's shoulder began to cry again as if her little heart would break.

"It's about something Marjorie said" she sobbed "she says she heard or overheard some women declaring they were going to prevent us from going to Holy Communion."

There was a pause, the light color had gone out of Jennie's face, but her arm had tightened about her quivering sister and her

voice was quite unsteady as she asked:-
"Is it true that they said they could do that?"
Of course its true" said Daisy lifting her head and speaking very indignantly "People who try to stop little girls and boys from receiving Holy Communion are dreadful wicked things. I've read about what happens to those kind of people in books and I know someone who was stricken for it too. Oh Jennie dear dont you think mother might be able to persuade them not to prevent us. and get Father Carney on our side?"
"I might try something Better" said Jennie seriously "and

if it aint of any use I'll get papa to do what he can. We'll see to morrow. But I have no use for such people. They had a good deal to do with what happened to us every time since we were here. How dare they stop us or poison the minds of the priests against us. We ought to go back to Abbeanna then. We must hurry and complete our studies here. and also we can justly go back on our promise Who did we promise to allow to go to Abbeanna with us, of these American people?"
Marjorie, her mother, Father Andrew

and the two priests Fathers Carney and Casey including the Mother Superior of St Patricks School" answered Pernod.

"To Father Carney who though he knows us all odds himself to be hoodwinked by the people and steps in the way of our going to Holy Communion without Confession. He wont go with us and that's final."

Chapter Four.

Seven little Flowers of the Blessed Sacrament. Introducing the Librarians of the Sixth grade, and showing that girls are not what they seem.

The Communion Class had been going on for about three days when on coming on up to the Hall as usual to see how Father Casey was getting on with the class Father Carney missed both Angeline and Daisy. Vivian.

It was absolutely impossible not to miss these two little girls who came to help Father Casey in instruction or instructing the children for the Communion Class impossible not to miss the two golden haired little girls whose attention so caught him that

often while instruct-
ing the whole class he
discovered himself un-
consciously addressing
himself to them.

Somehow that morn-
ing the time dragged
the class of seven hun-
dred because of the
absence of two golden
haired little girls - of
course there were others
absent also - to seem
to have lost its savor.

Father Carney was wor-
ried He believed it
was because he dared
not allow the little
Vivians to go to Holy
Communion though they
really and truely are
sinless.

And he believed
Penrod being offended
had forced angeline
to quit the school.

and that thought cut
Father Carney to the
quick and tears came
to his noble eyes.
He had not yet
recieved an answer
to the letter he had
sent to the archbishop.

In the meantime
angeline was await-
ing Father Carey in
his office when he
came down the stairs
up.

"Father" she said:
"Daisy was taken
ill yesterday even-
ing and last night
she had a high
fever. She was talk
ing of nothing
all during the night
but of the loss of
Holy Communion
the cruelty of
keeping her from it

and of you Father Pennod blames her illness on the shock of the disappointment of being refused Holy Communion. and her awfully angry at Father Carney and holds him responsible for it. She wants to see you so. She made me promise to ask you to come and see her."

"Is she better to day?"

"Mama thought she would be but she was very weak this morning. When Mama asked her whether she wanted breakfast this morning she said she wanted Father Casey.

Tell my dear that I'll be down this afternoon the first chance I get.

Accordingly at five o clock Father Casey with Carney entered the house where the little Vivians live.

All the family save Daisy were sitting in the parlor the girls busy with their slates and books for they did not use paper Mrs Vivian plying as usual the untiring needle and the head of the family sitting by a table reading a book.

They jumped up on the arrival of the priest and all at once in various language expressed a hearty welcome to Father Casey but a mere "good evening" to Father Carney.

"Daisy will be oh so glad" said

Angeline squeezing up to Father Casey. She has been asking every five minutes almost whether Father Casey was coming." (she told the truth.) She merely nodded to Father Carney

"How is she?"

"Nothing seems to be the matter with her" answered the Empress "That except she is very weak. This morning after the other children had gone to school she begged me and the others to let her get up, but of course I kept her in bed. Then she asked whether she could get up at one o clock so that she could go and see how the Communion class was getting

along. I told her to wait, and I would see about it. Between nine and ten o clock I went downstairs to get some groceries and my husband insisted on coming along with me. Evans went with Pernod and his sisters to Skinner school.

We were gone only a few minutes, but when we came back I found Daisy holding one little sock in her hand and lying on the floor. She had attempted to get up and dress.

She was not unconscious either but she was so weak, and hot and dizzy that she fell over and couldnt get up."

"and Father" supplemented Angeline "When I said Daisy Dear why did you not stay in bed?" she answered "I dont want to miss the Communion Class. and when mama told her about how the people still oppose our going to H oly Communion she turned her face to the wall and said not a word. But mama could see that she was crying" and as she finished she and every body looked at Father Carney with a scowl and their father said:

"If you did this to my daughters in Abberannia I'd throw you into prison Father Carney."

"I cant help it" said Father Carney "I've written about the matter to the Archbishop and did not recieve any answer. If he permits your daughters not even the people can stop—"

"Hang the people" thundered Emperor Virian. "If my children wish to receive Our Blessed Lord in H oly Communion they shall and all the Damnable Idell wont stop them." and he strode angrily from the room.

"Gee" said Fernod "I wish every body was as anxious to make their First H oly Communion as we are."

"H ave you had a doctor for Daisy mrs Virian?" asked Father Casey as Carney stood looking out the window

to hide his confusion.
"Yes but he is very dumbfounded and dont know what is the matter.. my children had a certain Dr Brown who used to be their own particular doctor but he is at St Josephs Hospital He's been there for two months critically injured in an auto crash, The others we called dont know anything But do you think it is necessary? my children have all been so healthy that I've never thought of getting a doctor.
That is they were always happy and healthy before their ill fated enforced trip and stay at French Guiana."
Father Casey felt

suspicious at hearing these last words. He knew that you could get heat fever more than once and the second time you could get it worse.
"If you have no objections I'll have doctor Kelly call to night as soon as possible."
"Thank you Father I'd have sent for a real good one if I could find one but-but-"
"I understand mrs Vivian but dont worry about the expense. Dr Kelly will charge it to me. And now let us see Daisy."
The two priests followed the mother into the adjoining room.
Daisy was evidently awaiting Father

Casey. She was supported in a half (reclinging?) reclining position on two pillows

"Oh Father" she said and caught his hand "I am so glad to see you."

"Well Daisy my little flower" said Father Casey "how do you feel?"

"All right but halos show about lights when I look at them and when I gaze at words or pictures they blur so and I get such chills and have a pain here" she said putting her hand on her night dress a little below her neck.

"But it is not much Father "Are you going to let them prevent us from going to Holy Communion?"

"Why Daisy?"

"Daisy looked sober as she answered.

"Because we do not need to go to Confession we are so good."

"Daisy if the archbishop dont give me a satisfactory answer I'll see the Cardinal if you like. said Father Carney. "You know that to day from a week all the little children of the first second and third graders are going to make their first Communion privately."?

"And may I make it with them Father even if I'm sick and dont need to go to Confession?"

"I cant say yes and I dont know what to say otherwise." he answered But if the archbishop

permits it then you may go every day for you and your dear sisters know the full catechism in English than any of the seven hundred. But my dear I'll tell you where the difficulty is. Every where throughout the world every body sins more or less and therefore nobody believes you are so extraordinarily good, that you and your sisters do not need to go to Confession. No one does and will believe that there are any one like that. I do but cannot dare do anything without the archbishops consent. He will have you all cross examined

and if you pass then you may go. But otherwise none of us can help it. Is there anything else you want Daisy?"

"Yes Father if he concents can we go to Holy Communion without Confession then?"

"Privately you can. But why dont you want to."

"Why Father I'd say "Father I have sinned when I did not then I sin by telling a lie. I'd rather have leprosy than tell even a lie."

"Tell us something about people in your own Country?

The Pala beautiful

waxen faced child told about it in perfect innocence, simplicity and love. at the end Father Casey gave her a special blessing and ardently expressed the hope that she would be all right on the morrow.

But the hope was not to be realized.

Dr Kelly called at Father Caseys office next morning just as the priest was ready to go up to the hall.

"Father that little Vivian girl Daisy is I fear a very sick girl indeed."

"You dont say doctor?"

"I certainly do!"

"What is the matter with her? Her mother

said she had other doctor look her over but they dont know and cant find out what her sickness is. Its a strange one to them."

Dr Kelly had a puzzled look on his face. He was silent for a minute and then said."

"It is puzzling to me too though I know what it is. Her sickness is strange and unless matters take a turn for the better in three or four days I dont see how I can pull her through. I have no medicines for that kind of fever. Only a change in the weather can help her.

Iden sickness may slowly get very serious too. Was she ever in a very hot tropical country?"

"She was in French Guiana South America"

"So I heard and behind prison bars"

"Yes"

I thought so. Well she got a second attack of some kind of a tropical fever probably called Welcome or tona. Thats a hard thing to fight I suppose you're rather surprised to see me coming in when I could get you on the phone?"

"You read my thoughts Doctor."

"Well the fact is little Daisy insisted on my coming to see

you personally before eleven o clock this morning. She does not care a snap of her pretty little finger what I think of her case but she cares everything as to what you think. She more still harder wants to make her Holy Communion with the little ones of her grade next Monday That would mean a miracle indeed"

"Very well then" said Father Casey — "if possible we'll have the miracle"

"Just as you say Father" said the doctor with his dry wise smile "But"

one thing is certain, you are not going to get her out of her snowy bed its snowy by George if it is in that tenement house until I say so."

"Who's running this thing?"

"I am" said Doctor Kelly. "How much per visit?"

"Five hundred per if she gets well with the usual discount to the clergy nothing if she does not get well."

Father Casey charged Michael to call up Mrs Quimby and the Misses Margaret and Jessie Dalton and let them know at once that Daisy Vivian was very ill.

As two days passed there came some improvement to the sick child. But she grew quieter said little and lay in her snowy bed so arranged, that her eyes could be directed when she listed upon her favorite picture.

For her sisters sake she showed, some anxiety to get well and hoped so strongly to go to Holy Communion as soon as the coming Monday. It was now Friday.

On Saturday morning Doctor Kelly called Father Casey on the phone.

"I'm happy to say Father that your sweet charming and patient little princess friend is progressing very good.

But she and her sisters do not seem like child ren of this world. They ever walk, act, and talk like celestial beings They seem to know more about the Catholic religion than any priest Father. I'm really sorry I talked to Angelina like I did the night she poisoned her good brother Pr by mistake.

Though I said it only to scare into keeping it a secret for her own sake. Their beauty surpasses anything and they ain't afraid of anything. I had looked closely at their hair.

Their brother has golden hair too and to a real perfection of the purest gold but cant match

that of his sisters. I believe their hair matches the golden yellow of a Golden pheasant if not exceeding it and I firmly believe they are really as good as to recieve Holy Communion without going to Confession. There's no children in the whole world like them."

Father Casey at once telephoned Mrs Quimby and the Daltons.

On Saturday afternoon Father Casey was again with his little improving invalid. No flower of any kind was ever fairer than her face her declining illness had made it one hundred per cent sweeter, and added to it another worldliness the beauty of which in

the face of death or of life long health is born of child like faith and real Heavenly innocence. The room as usual, spotless and sunny, was bright and gay with lilies and fragrant with Violets and roses.

Margaret and Teresa Walton and Mrs Quimby were present; so Father Casey could easily account for the flowers. He took a good look at the hair of the little girls and observed that Dr Kelly was right. The sun was on Violets head and the glare from her hair dazzled his eyes at once.

"Father" said Violet speaking as the priest could see in the Communion name of the whole

family and of the three visitors. "Daisy has become so worried to day. The doctor told her at last that she positively could not get up for Monday, that it would be some weeks before she could be around again."

"And I told the doctor the other day when he said that it would take a miracle to get her ready for Communion with the others that if it were necessary we would have a miracle"

"Oh Father" cried the six girls together "Are you going to work a miracle?"

"No my little dears at least I cant work the kind you are thinking of. But

what greater miracle is there in the world than for our Blessed Lord to come to the homes of sick little girls and boys when they cant come to Him. Daisy my dear how would you like our Blessed Lord to come to you when the Arch Bishop approves of it?"

Daisy sat up in bed.

"Oh so much."

Out went the two hands fluttering like two white doves, in a sweeping far flung gesture and with it Daisy sank back upon the bed.

"Would you like me to examine you my dear. You know all the little ones of the young class have been examined all ready

and all have passed. I know you know what Holy Communion is. I believe there are none in the whole school who know their matter better than you so you neednt be afraid of what I'm going to ask."

"I'm not afraid" said Daisy making an endeavor to sit up and failing.

"Lie as you are Daisy. Now if you are really as good as it is said how can it really be proved?"

"All our true friends can prove that for us."

"If that is true what can they prove?"

"Lots and lots"

"Now did you re-cieve Holy Communion

in your own Country
every day without
needing to go to Con-
fession"?
"Yes Father."
"Now when you went to
Holy Communion over
there and recieved the
Body and blood of Jesus
Christ under the form
and looks of bread did
you ever confess any sins
first?"
"No Father. We did not
sin"
"Are you positively tell-
ing the truth"?
"Yes Father"
"Maybe all you abbe-
ammuch are too ignorant
to sin"
"No Father. We know
all the ten Command-
ments and the
Commandments of
the Church, and can

explain a lots about
them"
"Does everybody there
do the same?"
"Yes Father"
"And no one sins over
there?"
"No Father"
"Not even the slightest
sin?"
"Daisy shook her head
with vigor.
"How do you know
they are that good?"
"There is the proof
every where."
"How can I find that
out?"
"If you were there
you could see it your
self"
Are you firm and
truthful in saying
that you and your
sisters are so good
as not need to go to

go to Confession?"
"Daisy nodded her head with still greater vigor.
"And do your friends and all that know you believe it firmly?"
"They seem to"
"Do you know what Holy Communion is?"
"It is the body and blood of Jesus Christ under the appearance and form of bread. It tastes like bread but it isnt. Our Lord told it H imself. And we fast from midnight untill the time we receive in the morning taking neither food or a drunk unless you are very very sick"
"And are you very very sick?"
"I dont know. It was a tropical fever. I know its symptoms and when

people are dreadfully sick the priest anoints them with holy oil.— Extreme Unction"
"Then Im going to anoint you so that if it is Gods will you will get well."
"Thank you Father. and am I going to have my Communion dress."
"You certainly are my pet" put in Mrs Quimby "and Father if you have no objections Margaret and Teresa Dalton and my self will be here."
"Nothing would suit me better" said the priest.
The three young ladies were in tears; While there the women had steadily gazed

at Daisys strangely golden hair.

Indeed Father Carney had written to the archbishop a letter such as he had never before recieved in his life before and never would again.

He began it by writing of what he heard about Abbeannian children, what they were what they desired so strongly and so on.

He asked him to come and see the children for they were the most unheard of children born.

Then he told just what had occured all about their claimed sinless life their desire for Holy Communion without going

to Confession and other events and the opposition of the people.

Now the Archbishop answered in pretty plain words by return mail that it was impossible for him to quit his duties so suddenly and come to see them.

The going to Holy Communion without Confession story, surprised him greatly but he hoped such a crazy nonsense would be a thing of the past before his letter was recieved.

Meanwhile of these children refused to go to Confession first and still insisted they were so sinless

Father Carney would do well to write or notify the authorities of the Juvinile Court and have those children committed to some home for the Feeble minded or insane.

And for example the archbishop said he had no such silly intention of making a special trip to St Patrick's School Chicago from Evanston Ill, just because some feeble minded children claim they never sin the slightest at all.

What was more regardless of the world of sinful people, no such children had never been known or seen like that in the world, that nobody not even

the greatest saints were ever like that, and if such children were like that now they were either too, stupid senseless in mind to sin, or were lying or were insane and Father Carney should settle with them at once and all.

If this were impossible he could get the members of the Juvinile Court to help him. Or he could have them examined to see if evil spirits did not possess them for no such extraordinary children or so holy ever existed or will exist.

Father Carney was not at all pleased at this

letter and did not dare show it to Pernod or his sisters. But he would have to.

Next morning when Father Casey entered the room, hallowed by the holy and innocent invalid the priest noticed at a glance the loving care of loving hands on every side.

There were flowers in profusion. The table was covered with a snow white cloth and everything upon it from crucifix to silver spoon was immaculate.

Holiness hand in hand with cleanliness has a beauty all its own.

Upon the bed lay Daisy in the white splendor of her Holy

Communion dress. Should an angel be called upon to assume a human vesture he need not have gone no further than the room in this corner house.

Love, devotion and faith gave the fair little face the beauty that is beyond the gift or power of this earth.

Mrs Quimby whispered:

She and her sisters are sure angels"

These words seemed to have a literal meaning. Supported by Angeline on one side and Violet on the other, Daisy received Extreme Unction. Slowly she was allowed to sink back upon

her pillow, where with closed eyes, she remained perfectly still.

Only for a slight movement of the lips one would have thought her dead.

Father Carney and the other priest tip toed out of the room. A great reverence had come upon them all and for several minutes they spoke in whispers.

So low were their tones that a faint voice within calling "Father" caused the priest to start.

"Well Daisy" said Father Casey in answer to her call.

"Father may we soon go to Holy Communion?"

"My child if the

archbishop approves of it you may recieve Holy Communion every day without Confession. He will approve of it, I'm sure of it."

Father Carney looked sober but did not say anything.

A wave of beauty that is not of this world swept over her face.

"Now Father I am going to pray for you."

"Thank you my dear child."

"By the way" the priest observed to Mrs Quimby as they picked their way down the steps. "I feel it my opinion that the archbishop wont grant it without

positive proof"
"are you sure Father?"
"yes. I only could give her one Sacrament but I cannot give her Communion with out Confession. But I annointed her."
But Father I understand that the Virians have not yet been a year in this Country"
"Yes but at the time they came over here their Father who is King of Abreannia was not over here at the time as a result the wicked enemies of those little girls took advantage and persecuted them as you've heard. Miss Margaret Dalton here found out the circumstances and brought the news of it all to me It was

a strange situation"
"Little Daisy" observed Mrs Quimby "is a little angel of mercy. While I've been wasting my time she has been with her sisters always doing good. I've heard how these little girls have brought even so many poor people back to the pratice of their religion. They have saved many from committing Suicide and knew how to get jobs for others.
They make the very saints look like sissies for what they've done and suffered. I wish I had done more. Oh Father Casey I've got seven little guardian angels instead of one"
"Indeed?"

"Yes but they are different ones. These little girls are my guardian angels. The little darlings are praying for me and actually I can feel it affecting me. Miss Margaret any time you want a companion in your work call on me."

If possible Father Carney and also Father Casey would have carried the Sacred Host to the little girls if they could, and among the red faced woman whom Michael had so graphically described was out on the landing to inquire how the "little angel" was doing.

Even she was touched into something finer for the presence of these little girls and even treated her own

children better though she still allowed them to go about the house naked. She said it was for their health.

Father Casey had often seen those children and though he could not understand why it was often said that their father bathed in the same tub with those little girls at one time.

But they never let these children go into the street that way.

Once the woman had said to Violet-

"It would be more healthful for you and your sisters if you did the same as my children do."

"What do you think

we are, South african savages!" Violet had answered.

The woman however had asked again:

"Well are you afraid it is a sin? Father Casey had said it was all right as long as I keep my children inside."

"That aint the subject" said Violet "That is not our custom and if Pennod saw us that way he'd think we were crazy."

"But you were like that in French Guiana."

"We were forced to be like that."

So she said no more.

On the following afternoon of the same day the priest called and could see to

his surprise that Daisy was perceptibly improved.

"How are you feeling Daisy?"

"much better Father."

"Do you want to get entirely well?"

"Not if I and my sisters cant receive Holy Communion. I want Holy Communion."

"And Daisy my dear if our Lord wants to take you away from your sisters are you willing to go?"

"I cant say yes or no Father. But if it is His Holy will I would submit But it would be very hard on my sisters brothes and parents But I know I wont die. I cant. I'll live for

oh so long a time."

"Then tell our Blessed Lord that you are willing to do as He desires. to give up your life if He wants you to"

There was a short pause. Daisys lips were moving silently then she said in a voice showing she was getting well."

"I have told him"

The beautiful child looked up at the priest as she said these words and smiled.

After this while the strange ly holy child or family Ernest about Daisy the priest assisted her in her prayers.

"Violet the priest said to one of his faithful companions as they were going down the stair way I believe

you and your sisters bring Heaven about you where ever you go and I'm sure Daisy is going to recover very rapidly now, as I can see it in her face. She must know it herself for just now as I was going she took my hand and said. and said: "Father I almost believe you are one of my engines. Good bye Father. I have told him. But please come and see me to morrow again."

"In the meantime I've sent your eldest sister Joy to the place of the Gordon family As you know four day ago while the Gordon children were going to school with other children a

drink crazed auto truck driver rank his heavy truck upon the side-walk killing two children and injuring six including Alice and Margaret Gordon. We hoped Margaret would recover from her injury but up to now there has come no improvement in the injured child.

This morning the doctor had called me up telling me that he was sorry to say so but that little Margaret is not not long for this world. That there is no cure for an injury like hers. I changed Joe that if any change takes place to either come

to me herself or to sent Angeline at once."

"All right Father but oh how I wish I and my sisters and every good person were in Heaven now"

"You sure deserve to be there" said Father Casey as he shook her hand.

Slowly Father Casey went his way down Adams street towards St Patricks the priest paused. It seemed to him that in a sense he was walking with God that angels of the Blessed Eucharist, the angels of little children and especially the angels of these most beautiful golden haired girls were

were accompanying him.
Slowly really most reluctantly he resumed his way. Suddenly out of the hurly burly of the great city his ear picked out light footsteps coming rapidly behind him. He turned and was not at all surprised to discover little Angeline.
She had her surmised ran all the way from the home of the Gordon family run in that light graceful manner he had observed in so many a time before.
Her sisters always ran that way too.
"Father" she said "Little Margaret I fear has taken the turn. Her mama says she is in her agony. She called for you three

times. All my sisters and Penrod are there, except Daisy."
Had Father Casey had heard that call? Why had his steps become slower and slower? Why had he even paused and waited? Why had he listened for those foot falls out of the noise of a great city.
They both hastened back. Margaret was gasping and breathing laboriously. The priest took her hand.
Margaret" Father Casey called three times with pauses between. It seemed those gentle lips were never to answer more.
"Let us say the prayers for a departing soul" Father Casey

to the assembled family and the little Indians' and forwith he began the Litany for the dying. With every invocation the breathing became quieter less labored.

At the end of the Litany Father Casey paused and bent over the unconscious child she was still breathing and he went on reading the prayer which follows the Litany:

"Depart oh Christian soul out of this sinful world in the name of God the Father almighty who created thee in the name of Jesus Christ the Son of the living God who suffered and died for thee in the name of

the Holy Ghost who sanctified thee in the name of the angels archangels thrones dominations Cherubim and Seraphim: Father Casey paused and bent down, the gentle breathing had not ceased.

In the name of the Patriarchs and Prophets of the Holy Apostles and Evangelists of the Holy Martyrs and Confessors of the Holy Monks and Hermits of the holy virgins and of all the Saints of God let peace come to thee this day and let thy abode be—"

A tiny sigh as of one sinking to grateful rest brought him to a pause.

Death was cheated

and unknown to others by the recent constant prayers of Violet and her sisters Margaret was to live and all left that humbee tenement home, with thankfull hearts.

And there again in Empera Vivians home, with father mother brothers and sisters weeping for joy over Margaret surviving the accident Father Casey was filled with the Sence of invisible presences.

Then our place is not a place of death but of Glory and the Heaven that that hung about Violet and her sisters caused Father Casey to feel that he was a partaker. And so the litlee girls who had

been baptized by Empera Vivians own chosen priest at the age of a week whom the same priest in the name of the Church had adjured saying: Recieve this white garment which mayest (though) thou carry (with)out the slightest stain before the judgement seat of our Lord Jesus Christ that thou mayest have life everlasting whom he had further adjured saying: Recieve this burning light and keep thy Baptism so as to lie without blame. observe the commandes of God than that when Our Lord shall come to His nuptials thou mayest meet Him

together with all the Saints in the Heavenly Court and mayest have eternal life and live forever and ever, these little girls having at the bidding of the Church preserved their white garments absolutely unstained and unspotted and kept their baptism without the slightest blame should deserve the happiest time in Holy Sion.

There is any one may fancy a chosen band in Heaven so like the Holy Innocents first flowers of Christs coming yet so different.

Violet and her sisters are one of the first bands then number will I hope will grow into the many thousands. The

beautious band of eight little Virians which follows the Lamb whithersoever He goes will in this story cause a great number of dear children who thanks to the great and Glorious Pontiff Pius X called early to Communion will be changed into other Christs and brought early to Heaven the Holy Innocents of the Blessed Eucharist.

And as far as Father Carney knew Period George Virian the brother of the little Virian Girls led a double life. It had taken Father Casey some time to find it out but he did.

Father Casey had noticed that the Virian

lad had a somewhat similiar face in color and likeness to that of his sister Violet slightly freckled a celtic one at that a large eyed similiar to those of his sister Daisy in form and golden bobbed hair and an air of solemnity which often led the priest to think that he would in time qualify as an exceptionale undertaker.

For all the time that Father Casey or any one else had known Pennod they had never known him to smile. Under his golden bobbed hair (which no one dared make fun of) he wore an expression for which vacancy is a word sadly

inadequate. Father Casey had once seen Pennod scowl and his eyes to flash, which had sent a chill upon and down his back.

To Father Casey Pennod was as beautiful a boy as Violet was a girl and yet was a head taller and had the bruet of a prize fighter. But lithe in appearance. He was as cautious looking and alert as a cat and sharp in appearance as an owl and looked to have more than a mans strength for his size and age. Pennod had a rough loud voice the sound of which

if he spoke angrily would make you "jump out of your shoes"

Father Casey also could see by Pennods face that the lad in many cases could almost miraculously protect his sisters if not taken off his guard. Pennod was also adamant of purpose.

One day as a favor to Michael Pennod took his place and worked as office boy for Father

During that day the priest tried to discover in every way Pennods sense - if any of humor.

On that day he plied him with such questions as follows— Many of his answers he jotted down in his diary.

Pennod how would you like it if your sisters could never receive Holy Communion in this Country."

Pennod raised his eyes from a copy of one of Algers books and made answer:

"Father I would hate it. and we would go away as soon as possible We intend to anyway soon." Pennod then was silent for a few minutes and then he said "Father my pon sister dont like it here in this city."

"Why not?"

"Because your priests wont give them Holy Communion"

"nobody stopping them"

"Maybe not, but they would and will not let them and me recieve."
"Do you like to stay here?"
"Father I dont think I'd care to."
"Why not?"
"For the same reason"
"Are you and your sisters solely determined to recieve Holy Communion without Confession?"
"What should we confess. Its wrong is it not to go into those things they call a Confessionals when we have no sins to confess."?
"And your sisters are positively that free of sin?"
"Father you could choke them most brutally, you could

tear them with a red hot iron and do any thing you can think of to torture them and you could not make them say even the slightest sinful word. (This is true)
"Fernod which would you rather be their brother or one of them?"
"Father I'm sure I'd rather be one of them? Why?"
"Father I dont like to see them suffer. I'd rather do it myself."
"You'd rather see them live as if in Heaven?"
"That would be the best for them Father."
During a whole hour Father Casey asked Fernod the

most difficult questions he could (s) think of which the boy invariably returned the most serious and correct reply the priest imagine.

In this single detail of answering peculiar questions Pernod fairly showed his excellent talent.

For some reason or other during those few days of working as office boy in Michaels place for Father Casey Pernod was as slow as he was solemn. If Father Casey sent him to a drug store for postage stamps he would return in some twenty five minutes though the building was just one block distant

"Pernod my dear boy" the priest said "what makes you so slow?"

"For my sisters sake I've got to watch out for danger."

"Pernod you dont happen to be a male Calamity Jane do you?"

Pernod just remembered how often he had asked his sisters not to be pronasticators.

"no Father"

"You never were a phonostagon?"

"no. Father."

"You didnt happen to have speckle about you such as pistols?"

"no Father"

"You never did handle american made revolvers?"

"Father I think not. But I do know where you can by buy them. Do you need one?"

"No Pernod but I'm going to send you on an errand down to beyond 22th street. The place is two miles and I thought if you had some reliable weapon you might be able to protect yourself."

"Father" said Pernod looking as solemn now as a thunder cloud, "I need only protect my sisters not my self. How far did you say it was?"

Father Casey looked at him as he said: "Two miles or so"

"Father I can get there and back Quith-

out needing weapons" (Fal) Finally Pernod did show that he was human, Father Casey asked him on the second day whether he would like to have a letter written, a special kind and have one of his sisters take it to the Archbishop.

"Oh yes Father I would"

And Pernod smiled, For all the time Father Casey had known Pernod he had on every occasion of meeting him, asked ridiculous questions and told funny stories, gave him the funniest pictures you could look at, and cracked

the funniest joker he could think of only to gaze upon a face which might have been a graven image. a simple request as having one of his sisters go to take a message to the Archbishop had affected what Father Casey thought to be the impossible.

For some reason after that he became again the all possibility of being more funereal in expression than ever. Father Casey soon found out that the misfortunes and sufferings of his sisters caused that.

To him and his sisters that Monday morning the time

of the childrens First Communion was a sad one indeed. They were at that mass and oh how heartbreaking it was for them to see all those children going up in their Communion clothes to recieve our Blessed Lord, and they themselves couldnt go because their innocence was'nt believed.

Pernod resented it as an insult from the Clergy and that was why Father Casey found him so solemn. Pernod had mistakenly considered those who had refused his sisters Holy Communion that day as helpers of

their arch enemies the spies, and had personally notified them them they better watch their step?

Father Casey said on the third day:

"my boy what is the matter? Why do you look as solemn as a big gray owl? Nothing I say all the funny things I tell you does not bring a smile from you?"

"Because my sister couldnt recieve Holy Communion monday morning".

"Didnt recieve. Who was to stop them? Why didnt they go up to the Communion rail?"

"We did but the

priest passed us by. You'd think we were going to commit a sacrelege the way he looked".

"Father Casey, brow darkened.

"Thats funny" he said I told all my clergy that your sisters and you were to be able to recieve, that I could prove you were all right. Who was he? Not Father Carney I hope".

"No Father I dont even know his name, I only can identify him".

Father Casey was quiet for a moment and then he said. "I believe it was Father Monahan who distributed the

Blessed Eucharist at the Childrens First Holy Communion. I didnt know didnt even think your sisters would go to that mass. Ide doent belong to this parish and was only selected to give the First Communion to the children. Ide's gone now but knew your sisters. I suspected that anyhow and that is why I intend sending angeline with that letter to the Archbishop. But under no condition must she go alone. Either you or their powerful guardian Jack Evans must accompany her. She'll know the way when I write her. the directions"

"I'm sorry to disturb you your Reverence but there is a huge Gorilla with a little Girl too pretty if on words waiting to see you with a message. They were sent by Father Casey"

"The don man looked excited and terrified He was scared of Evans The Archbishop looked up from his work at his desk.

"Did you say a what?"

"I dont mean a monkey. He's a giant of a man with the face of a bull dog and—"

"Were you drinking my man?"

"No your Gracious Reverence I wasnt"

"Well then speak plainly plainly Who wishes to see me"?

A big man and a little girl. They're in the waiting room"

"Have them go to the reception room. I'll be there to see them in a very few minutes"

The Archbishop kept his word, but he was surprised and startled out of his wits by what he saw.

There indeed was a little girl with what appeared to be a giant sitting beside her.

They both arose as he entered The archbishop now could almost believe his door man. He didnt know whether he saw a giant with

a beautiful little angel or not. But the little girl not a bit shy or bashful walked up to him as pert as a rooster and handed the Archbishop the note.

He looked at her for a few minutes as if he couldnt take them off of her and then opening the envelope took out the note and read it.

He looked all the more surprised as he did so and then gazed at the little girl.

"So you are one of those little Vinians eh. Where were you born? In Heaven or Chicago?"

I was born in Abbieannia Pandora

city. This man is my guardian and also is an Abreaminian and can understand English better than he can speak it."

The archbishop looked at her dumfounded. She spoke like a grown person and had the sweetest and like treble voice he had ever heard. Then her golden hair struck him and her form and poise filled him with awe. That she was really exhaordinarly pious and holy, and also very innocent he could see at one look at her face.

"What is your name little Girl?"

"Violet Mary Vinnan"

He looked at the note again.

"Ze leddle gorl she speak ze truth" said Evdrs and his voice sounded loud and growling like by nature. "She and her seestairs say no neverain sin ze slight beet. Zat can be easily what you call heem— heem— proved"

"and they are the ones who wish the granting of receiving Communion without going to Confession?"

"Zat ees eet"

"Why didnt the other little girls come here then?"

"Zay are een ze schoool"

"If this is true than this is a very unusual case" said the archbishop "But that is up to the

priests themselves.) can force them to distribute Holy Communion to any one. Set the little girls prove what they are to these priests. Surely the priests cant be unreasonable. If they are free from mortal sin no one has any right to refuse them the Sacrament. There is something strange there. May be the priests fear scandal or irreverance. If there is danger of that then the priest are wise in reciving Communion"

"Zare ees no such dangerous theengs" said Evans "Zey ees too good to show ze. evergent or what ze call heem, and ze scandall. I no con spoke ze Engleesh so velly good but I know what ze words mean. eef youse weesh to ausk. And remembah Our Lord said eet" - Soffer ze leedle cheeldreen to come unto me and forbid zem not for of such ees ze Kingdome of ze - Ideear"

These last words of Evans seemed to have the archbishop trapped.

"I'll tell you what" he said. "I've got time to day and if you'll leave me your address I'll call at your home this evening at seven o clock sharp."

"Violet wrote down the address.

When the two were gone the archbishop gasped.

"Was I dreaming

or was this a reality" he thought. "How could a little girl ever be so pretty. And the strangely colored clothes she wore. purple waist and yellow dress with red stockings and yellow tan shoes and gold couldnt match her hair. And she looked as innocent as a child in heaven. I'll go to that address. and see"

Accordingly at seven oclock Perrod not expecting any visitors ran down stairs fell me to answer the door bell.

He was surprised to see a priest standing in the open doorway which he had never seen before.

"What is it you wish Father?"

"Is this the place where the Abreannian Virian children live?"

"It is."

"One of them was at my place early to day I promised to call. She wrote me the address"

"Who are you?"

The archbishop could see that the boy was suspicious and hostile.

"I'm the archbishop of Chicago"

Perrod allowed him to enter and softly closed the door.

"If you had the idea before that my sisters should be sent to a feebleminded asylum I am surprised you have come to see them" Perrod said bitterly. "I got the

letter you wrote to Father Carney today and showed it to my sisters. I'm afraid your visit wont recieve much welcome."

However contrary to Pen nods expectations they recieved him respectfully mostly because of his office and rank.

Their appearance however was an unusual thing to him. There were six however as Daisy was still in bed and not quite so well today. For a few minutes he could not find words to utter. To day their father and mother were out.

The archbishop had never thought they were little girls like these and he really felt remorseful

for having wrote such a letter to Father Carney about them. But he had really thought such a thing as children being that good as impossible. That they were children possessed by angels was really evident even by their appearance and action.

And angels would not possess children unless they were unusally good. And the place in cleanliness was immaculate. And also he felt himself somehow very unworthy in their presence. They did not seem to him like human beings at all but like noibes from another (word) world.

After he had been

seated in the chair indicated by Pennod, he confessed the mistake of what he wrote in the letter to Father Carney finally saying "But such a thing which I have learned seems impossible. If your sisters and yourself Master Pennod are so unusually free from sin then you are very unusual children indeed.

But your very appearance evidently shows it is true and your overwhelming desire to receive Holy Communion proved it true. and had Father Carney when he wrote me told of your Nationality I would not have wrote

an answer like that as I know considerable about Abreaumians myself as I was there myself and know the kind of people there. But I never knew or ever thought any of the Abreaumians would ever come over here. and yet you are the children of the great King of that great and famous country. and that big man whom my scared door man called "The big Gorilla" is one too. Had I known before had you children would not have had all this trouble about going to Communion whether Confession or not. I'll see

that you are allowed to reciere as often as you wish. I'll tell the priest of St Patricks and St Vincents Parish, all about you.

But you must reciere Holy (H) Communion only in those two Churches where you are known, and no one else. I will see to it that the people are convinced you are all right and really as free from sin as you claim to be. I thought that is going to be a hard matter. Many oppose you in that matter more because they hate you than any other reason. But before any proper proceeding can be taken I must give

you an examination. "So you know everything of your religion?"

"We do" said Violet "we know everything in our own language and in English as well. If you question us, we will prove it."

He did put many questions to them and he found out that not only were their answers correct but that they could answer questions they put to him that he could not.

They also could explain all what the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was and proved so much of their knowledge of the Catholic Faith

that the Archbishop was flabbergasted. They knew more about the Catholic religion than any average grown person did. Also they even knew more than he did. Of course while had been examing them Angeline had had her eyes turned twards the window. She had given a sudden start and her face blanched and turned white and she had cried "oh"

The archbishop had suddenly looked twards the window and so had the rest but saw nothing. The bishop did not ask any thing about that however thinking she had seen something that was harmless but had

startled her nevertheless. Finding out that every thing was all right the Archbishop told them that they could recieve Communion, and that nobody had any right to stop them or interfere in any way. After the archbishop had been gone and Ernod had been alone with his sisters in their own room after supper he suddenly popped the question:- "Angeline what was the matter. Did you see Mr Mack look in and get scared?"

"no" she said. in a shaky voice." It was somebody whom I had forgotten. I'm sure it was

Sikes and Fagan.
It looked like their faces.
They looked in the window as they were passing by and scowled at me. I thought Sikes and Fagan were gone."
Her words sent a chill feeling through them all. They had forgotten about those two dangerous jews in the service of the Glandelinian spies. and Sikes was the most dangerous of them all.
All they could do however was to be on their guard. They had suspicions that Webber Georges Uncle may be in league with these fellows, having failed with Mr Mack.
The next day

came they went to school as usual and saw nothing of the two men any where.
On this particular day in the afternoon Pernod proved to Father Casey. what he was. The boy prince always went into Angelines Class room after school to see if everything was all right at her desk. He had seen him enter and also caught a glimpse of Webber George near her desk.
Angeline was in the outer office paying a friendly visit to Michal.
Also Webber George was seen by Pernod entering the girls class room after school

time and sneaking towards Angelines desk. Pennod was by the desk as quick as if he had been a ghost and waylaid him. Both Father Carney and Casey saw the proceeding and heard this from the partly opened door.

"What are you doing by my sisters desk Master Webber?"

"Oh is it Angelines desk?"

"Whose desk did you think it was. The city clerks?" demanded Pennod. "What are you doing here you monkey faced baboon?"

"Nothing I was only looking the schoolroom."

"The schoolroom is not in her desk. You were snooping around her desk I saw you. "What's that you got?"

"A man gave it to me for Father Carney?" lied Webber George."

"I dont believe it. What is it? Let me see?"

"I dont know Pennod."

"Why you spalpeen where did you get that from? It is one of her lesson writings. Where did you get it? From her desk?"

"No I picked it up from the floor? again lied Weber

"So did I" snarled Pennod "let me have it" and he snatched it from Webbers hand. "Yes it is one of her lessons. I can see."

"Oh is it?"

"Did you think it was a lightning rod you omadhaun why you are turning thief. Why it is one of her

important letters from me which she kept in her desk"

"Oh is it?"

"Cant you say anything but "oh is it?" you spindle legged poll parrot? Yes and what's more you have been up to something "are you helping the spies or-"

"no-no" I dont know the spies" cried Webber now terrified.

"If not what would you be here for then? You was up to something I know it. Did you go through her desk and ransack it? If you did I'll-"

Percival looked through the desk but found nothing there. Angeline wisely always took every thing to school

and then back home. She had only overlooked the letter.

"I was not going to steal anything"

I did not say you were. You was up to something by her desk for I saw you. Are they any idiots or embeciles in your family besides yourself to be the enemy of my inoffending sister? Why dont you be our friend instead of acting like this to us. What did we ever do to you that you and your uncle hate us? Or is he putting you up to it? The trouble with you Master George that you never do anything right, or learn to behave yourself I dont see

what my sisters did that you want to be mean to them. You are a bump on a log. And remember my sisters are specially favored by God and something will happen to you if you dont leave Angeline alone. If you keep on against my sisters the way you are doing something will happen that may cause somebody to end by sending you to the morgue. And you'll be surprised when Father Casey hears of this and see the priests face."

When two hours later Master George foot sore and spent in trying to avoid Pernods friends whom he totally disliked

and was afraid of dragged himself into the priests office to seek protection, He was surprised not only at the look on Father Caseys face (for) but also with some of the comments Father Casey made on his quality of making trouble with the holy Vinians.

As for the bad boy that distinguished race kept assiduously out of the way of Pernod and his sisters for the ensueing two days but did mischief nevertheless as we will soon see.

Angeline on being questioned by Father Casey told him that Daisy did not improve no was she worse.

Ever since Angeline had again been coming to St Patricks school that Father Casey had noticed a slight change it is true in Michael but striking in his demeanor

On entering the office on the morning of his return back to duty Michael jumped up, bowed and said:

"Good morning Father" and when he was leaving in the afternoon he arose as before bowed again and said: "Good afternoon Father."

Up to this time Michael unless spoken to had never said a word. These salutations had continued already since Angeline knew Michael and their friendship was akin

to brotherly and sisterly love. Then Michael visited the priest with another surprise. As the priest entered on this particular morning Michal arose bowed and made his customary speech then he took a full breath gulped, breathed hard and said:

"I hope Father you - you had - enjoyed - a very pleasant night's sleep."

Father Caseys suspicions was aroused

"I did Michael thank you and now my boy will you be good enough to tell me who has been coaching you to bow and say good morning?"

"Father it was Angeline Vivian"

"Indeed"

Yes she and her sister Violet Mary Vivian came

here together, and her sister Jennie, now comes with her, and she gives me pointers. I believe they are the prettiest and most good little girls on the world my father says it will be a disgrace to this country if they are not allowed to go to Holy Communion."

"Nobodys stopping them"

"But the priests refuse to distribute Communion"

"Why dont they come to my mass then? I wont refuse. I'm giving Communion to Daisy every day. But did Daisy or Angelina? mean tell you to express the hope that I had a good nights rest?"

"Yes Father, She and her two sisters has

been teaching me that all this month of September that is since school started and I tried to say it so often but I just couldnt. I dont think I've got it quite right but I'll try to do better to morrow"

"Well Michael I'll tell you. what, you neednt ask me how I slept because I generally sleep well anyhow. But if you ever see me coming in with blood in my eye and a black frown on my brow and my fists doubled up to punch some one there'll be no need to ask the question for thats a sure sign I've not slept well, especially because I'm worried over their little sister Daisy"

There was a pause Michael looked completely

lost.

"Well michael why dont you say something?"

"Father do you ever have blood in your eye?"

"Wait and see. Anything else?"

"And Father are those little Virian Girls really possessed by angels?"

"I really dont know michael. The arch bishop thinks they are"

"I dont believe they are Father"

"Why?"

"Because if they were the angels would not allow any kind of harm come to them"

"You are wrong michael, If they were not they could not have outlived the terrible heat down in French Guyana."

"And Father is Angeline Virian the hardest luck one of all?"

"I really cannot say"

"If she is I'll do anything I can for her and Penrod. Is it true that they make it seem like Heaven wherever they go?"

"So every one says michael."

"Can they go to Communion now?"

"Next Sunday Yes and every day from then on"

It was on the very next day September 28 if my memory serves me right that the Honerable Father Monahan director of St Vincents Church called Father Casey on the Telephone.

"Is that you Father Casey?"

"Yes"

"Say Father, some one in your school has forged my name to a slandering letter."

"What?"

"Yes it is true"

"Are you sure"

"It looks pretty sure. The letter head reads St Patricks school, and the envelope is a school envelope too. Could you find out who did it?" It put me. It put me into quite an embassing position I'll send you the letter at once"

"Very well Father Monahan. I'll be glad to trace the matter up"

Ten minutes or eighteen minutes passed and Father Monahan appeared with the mysterious document.

"Read that Father"

he said.

Sure enough, the paper and envelope came from the school office. The letter ran as follows:

From
"Father Monahan.
St Vincents Church.
Chicago Ill.

Dear Father I have heard that seven immodest make believe good little girls who cannot receive Holy Communion at St Patricks Church a St Vincents wish to receive at other Churches and did commit three great Sacreleges by unworthily receiving at my Church. I have heard that you Father Carey are going to give them the permit, to go this coming Sunday.

It gives me great pleasure to notify you that you ought to prevent this and

worse little devils on the face of the earth are vain and proud because of their unusal beauty, think they are it because of their strangely bright golden hair and say lot of bad things about this country and if they recieve Communion it will be a sacrelege on your part too if you know what you are doing.

I have heard that they have a brother who goes to the Skinner School and that he is going to cause the arrest of any priest that prevents his uncle & sisters from going to Communion.

Send for their brother Pernod and have him understood that they cannot go.

Yours truly
Father Monahan
To Father James
Michal Casey
Holy Name
Cathedral."

The whole letter including the signature was type written but in a blurred manner. But no word was out of line or mis pelled and all capital letters were correctly at the right words. Father Casey recognized the lettering to "come from michaels type writer."

"now what do you think of that ejaculated the other priest Pernod had been called to account by the priest of the Holy name Cathedral but the boy without any explanation took the letter away from the priest yesterday afternoon.

Last night a delegation of thirteen strangely dressed girls wearing heart

shaped hats led by a boy were ushered into the reception room where three of four of us were sitting together in conversation. The little colored dressed girls were all solemn but somewhat menacing.

Pernod looked as angry as a mad hornet. He had three policemen with him. "Well children," said Father Lavan.

"Father" said the boy politely but in an angry tone of voice "I'm George Pernod Vivian."

"Oh you are. I'm glad to know you Pernod"

"Can that sarcasm" snapped Pernod. "I want to speak to Father Monahan."

I rose to my feet. The boy glared at me

like an angry savage. Well what's up?" I asked.

"I thought my sisters told me you was their true friend Father Monahan yet I see I'm sadly mistaken and so are they. I came to get satisfaction, or to seek an explanation about a letter you wrote to Father Casey of the Holy name Cathedral"

"What letter?"

"What letter? Oh you know. You have wrote to the head director of Holy name Cathedral about my sisters recieving Holy Communion in mortal sin in various churches and not going to Confession before they never—"

"Got that letter with you?"
"I certainly have."
"Oh you have? Lets see it" Then I read it and said "my boy someone has put up a bad slanderous letter against your sisters, I never wrote that, and the little girls mentioned never came to Communion at any of the Masses in this Church." Pennod grew uneasy, and the girls looked as if they did not know what to do or say.
"Didnt you write it Father?" asked Pennod.
"I certainly did not"
"Are you telling me the positive truth Father?"
"I am" Pennod looked with unfavouring eyes on the letter

and then spoke to his companions in a strange latin language. Father Pennod suddenly discovered the letter head and now thinks its some one in your school, I he found out I hope that bad boy got home safe"
"Evidently" said Father Casey "some mischie vous boy managed to get hold of our paper and envelopes. I know that it wasnt my office boy because he's simply crazy about those Vivian girls and incapable of such a joke on them. However I'll inquire of him he may know something. What? Learn I will send you

and Pennod word."
Accordingly when Michael returned from an errand to the office Father Casey said:
"Michael did you let any boy have the use of your type writer to write a letter?"
As Michael looked up he showed his surprise at the question.
"No Father I did not. As it is my own type writer you know I dont allow any one in the office even you Father to use it."
"Yes I ought to know that. You got as mad as a Wet hen when even the Mother Sup erior asked to use it! But did you not even let any boy or girl have a sheet of our office

paper or an office envelope?" the priest continued as Michael suspiciously examined his type writer
"Yes Father I did. I let Angeline take — no I gave her a sheet or two and an envelope. I loaned her my ink and pen and she wrote something by hand sealed it in an envelope stamped it and gave it to me to mail which I did. She's a wonderful writer too."
"But didnt you let any boy have any?"
"Most certainly not Father. The boys are afraid to come in when I'm here."
Michael had found no evidence of any one having use-

ing it. It was in the same position as Michael had left it. Michael found a lead pencil on his desk which he never used. He hated lead pencils.

"Michal Im puzzled Somebody got into here and I think has used your typewriter for a slanderous letter."

"Maybe it was Jerry I caught him trying to use it sometimes"

"no Jerry wouldnt do it. He dotes on those little violiens and thinks the prettiest flowers in the world are homely and ugly compared to them."

"But then Father I dont know. You know very well how touchy I am about

everything in both offices and that I would not allow any body not even a sister in this office without your permission. If he was in here he must have been when I was home And Father you forgot to lock my office last night. I found it open. Father let me see the letter"

Father Casey handed him the letter and the office boy opened it and started reading. As he did so he grew very pale and then very red. He also recognized the words as coming from his own typewriter.

But even then he couldnt tell who

stole the use of his typewriter and wrote up such a letter signing a priests name to it.

The priest reluctantly had to give the matter up During the progress of the day as was his custom Michael tied up Fathers office and then his own. as he was cleaning his type writer Michael accidently knocked his fountain pen into the waiste basket from his desk.

It slipped down deep into the basket between the Cothen[illegible] worthless paper and other trash and in retrieving it Michael noticed other paper that he never threw into

the waste basket. Michael was always a sort of a very curious young man and he couldnt resist the temptation to examine the paper.

He was dumbfounded. It turned out to be a penciled copy of the slanderous letter. He opened his desk and took out a few strips of paper and compared them to the penciled writing.

He rushed into the priests office.

"Well Michael" the priest asked "What do you know?"

"Father - Webber George - wrote that letter. Here is a copy of it written by pencil I found in my waste basket I can tell by his hand writing

to his name which I had in my desk"

"Good gracious" Father Casey exclaimed and fell into a chair.

"That is an awful lie in that letter Father. I'm going to tell Benrod that Webber George did this. and I'll make that scamp pay for stealing the use of my type writer. I'll fix him. I'll make him get him Father.

Michael brought the papers with him to the school room Webber George pretending "innocent was sitting behind Angeline.

Angeline was astonished to see the office boy walk up to Webber grab him by the arm and say:

"Who told you, you

could use my typewriter to write this slanderous letter?"

"I didnt do it" the boy lied getting frightened. "Semmie alone you big bully"

"Come to the office and explain it" cried Michael pulling him from the seat to the surprise and consternation of everyone in the school room.

There was no resisting Michael who was nearly a man in size. He came with Michael into the office.

"Do you see this letter?" demanded Michael and he opened the sheet for Georges inspection. The boys face turned very red.

"George" said michael very sternly "What do you know about this letter?" (Angeline had followed and was listenning at the door, for very good reasons,

"michael— I— I wrote that letter"

"Why you slandering little fool. Do you want to go to prison? Why did you do it?"

"It was only a joke michael"

"It was?"

Yes I wanted to see if I could make them cry because they could not go to Communion"

"Come to Father Casey you little brat"

When Father Casey got the details he was flabbergasted

"Webber George it wont do you no good to

go to Confession untill you own up yourself to Father monahan that you wrote and signed his name to that letter."

"Whats that Father?"

Ignoring his question Father Casey proceeded to give Webber George a lengthy talk on the etics of the School office, and the danger of signing other peoples names to slanderous letters, to all of which the untrustworthy boy simply said:

"I wont do it again"

But it was a lie.

It was Father Caseys custom to make Webber George sweep up the classroom and then to dismiss him at about three oclock, a dismissal welcomed generally with noticeable alacrity on his

part in getting away. As Father Cakey had never seen or knew a boy who hates school as much as he does he was astonished in now what happened

On this particular afternoon however Webber George in reply to Father Cakeys- "you can go now" said:

"Father if you please, I would just as soon stay and study my reader"

"Was the boy the little enemy of Angeline taking a literary turn.

"George how would you like to be a poet?"

"I dont think I would like it very much Father"

"Why not?"

"Because I want to be a railroad engineer Do you want me to

470
470
940

be a poet Father?"

"That up to you"

"The next afternoon dismissal and the next met with the same extraordinary request.

"Look here boy" the priest said on this occassion "What in the world is the reason you've so suddenly come to love sticking in this schoolroom when all the other children and the teacher are gone?"

"Father they're waiting for me"

"Who's waiting for you?"

"Penrod, his six sisters, and those girls who wear such strangely colored clothes."

"What's the matter with them?"

"Father I dont think

they like that letter I wrote very much."
"Oh you dont?"
"No Father"
"What are they waiting for you for?"
"I dont know Father"
"Why dont you try and find out?"
"Please Father I'd rather not."
"Scared of those little strangely clothed abbie-annian girls and boy?"
"Yes Father. They are immmensely strong though little girls. I'm afraid they want to kill me."
Father Casey watched Webber George depart late that afternoon. Instead of going westward down Adams and then Southward on Halsted to his

home: a walk of two or three minutes he went down Desplains street south as far as Van Buren street and then as Father Casey afterwards ascertained down Van Buren to Halsted crossed Halsted to the other side and down that to Jackson, then walked down Halsted to his proper home. This strange of seige lasted for until the end of September and yet he managed to elude Penrod and his gang of girlscouts.
In going home Webber George never took the same route.
On the morning of September 27 Father Carney got an edifying letter

from the archbishop of New York. It ran as follows:-

Father James Carney.
St Patricks Church.
Chicago Illinois.
Dear Father Carney.

Your letter of September the 17th was given to me this morning. I read it carefully and found the statement about those eight strange Abbreannian children rather very unusual and extraordinary.

As regards the practice of refusing Communion to those children, it seems to me that your assisting priests in question should know the circumstances surrounding the case and be able to draw a proper conclusion more readily than could I.

If they are really such kind of children then God must have made them as for his special "flower Garden" in Heaven and it may be

extremely unwise to refuse them the Sacrament, for Christ said "Suffer little Children to come unto Me and forbid them not for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." The Churches theology on the matter is simply this: You do not have to go to Confession, unless you are guilty of mortal sin.

That those children may be possessed by angels is nothing unusual as I have met many such cases myself. Therefore if they are really what you wrote and if this be the only difficulty the children should with with the full consent of the people be allowed to receive Communion, but there is always the possibility of other circumstances entering the case, such as full opposition from the whole parish, scandel wherever and the like.

Because of these items it may be wise to refuse Holy

Communion in a particular case. Thus the children are being withheld from the Sacrament not because they do not go and have not gone to Confession, but for other reasons sufficient in the priests mind to warrant their refusing them Holy Communion.

I hope that my explanation may be of some help to you"

Yours very truely

Archbishop of New York

Father Carney was glad to have recieved this letter for he knew now what to do. He knew that the only reason the little girls and their brother had not been able to reciene was because it was not believed that they were as good as they

really were. Not the slightest sin had ever stained their pure souls and never will. And they were more and more sanctified by all they had gone through and were specially favored in the eyes of God, and singled out as the best of all earthly creatures.

They were so specially favoured by Him that all who did them evil suffered the consequences.

Those who were good and kind to them were blessed. And there was no one in the world who loved music like they did, but I mean good music, and not dirty songs and jazz.

Michael the last evening of September stayed a little overtime in the office to finish a little work when a strange looking man entered the office and asked to see the janitor.

Michael invited him to sit down and wait while he went in search of Jerry. Leaving the office and reaching the stairway leading down to the engine room it suddenly occured to the boy to go back and see what the man was doing.

"You see" Michael explained to Father Casey later, "the man looked queer". Therefore Michael hurried back. H found no one in the outer office. Either the man had gone out or he had slipped into Father Caseys

office. Michael tiptoed forward and carefully peeped through the key hole. Father Caseys desk was on a line with the door, and Michael saw the man with some instrument trying to pry it open.

Michael straightened up and took thought He looked around him. a very long pole, a window opener caught his eye.

He brought it over quickly and quietly to the closed door. There was a large loud school hand bell used for various purposes this too, handling very gingerly he placed within within easy reach of the pole.

Then hurrying over to the music room he got a fire extinguisher and placed that next the other articles.

Quietly raising the window, just outside the door of Father Casey's office, Michael reached out with the bell, and and gave three vigorous swings, letting it with the last swing, fall into the yard

As one hand dropped the bell the other was reaching for the fire extinguisher. It was too heavy for him to handle with one hand and Michael as he threw open the door dropped it.

The fire extinguisher lying on the floor like some

dismantled cannon, gave forth, for Michael had upset it a hideous sound and a powdery stream. Michael took no time to study the conduct of the extinguisher, for he had now got his third weapon the pole in his two hands.

The would be burglar, frightened by the noise of the bell and was still more frightened as the door was thrown open, by the mysterious quivering "explosive" designed as it might be to blow him up.

He had thrown open the Father window in the office on hearing the bell.

He now jumped

upon the sill at sight of the fire extinguisher. At him dashed the heroic michael yelling at the top of his voice:

Police, Police thieves, and at the same time prodding with such effect that out of the window went the man, a little sooner than he wished or intended.

He landed thirteen feet below on hands and knees instead of on his feet, to find on arising that he was almost surrounded by a menacing crowd brought partly by the bell, partly by the spectacle he had afforded the passersby, in dropping out of the window and partly by the vigorous yells

of the dauntless youth. "I-I old him" screamed michael "He's a thief."

The usual quick decision of this kind of a crowd showed itself, but the thief was a very powerful quick acting man, and had he not been dazed and shaken by his fall might have easily fought his way through, and easily effected his escape.

Just then Jerry who had heard the bell came rushing through the crowd carrying a pot of green paint.

"Where the crazy thief at?" he cried

"There" yelled a dozen willing voices. Whereupon Jerry promptly threw the paint into the mans face and throwing aside the

empty can, seized the green criminal. Of course Jerry decorated him. Why shouldnt he? He's a decorator. With men like Jerry and boys like Michael to deal with the life of a thief would be full of unimagined surprises.

Michaels picture was in both the Chicago daily morning papers the following morning with the inscription;

Michal Mc. Guire, the boy theif hero. Single handed he captured a notorious man, who is not a thief, but who belongs to one of "the mysterious Glandelinian spy gangs."

Lots of other details that caused lots of worry to Pennod, and his sisters, was in the papers.

When questioned the prisoner resisted the most rigorous third degree and would not tell anything, except that he was an accomplice of Fagan and sent to find out things.

Father Casey confessed to Pennod that he had locked in his desk something important, trusted to him by Angeline, and which being very busy he had forgotten to return to her.

It was probable the man was after that for some reason or other. Pennod asked for it, looked it over, but could see nothing about it that would cause a man to want to risk the danger of imprisonment for it. Pennod was

sorely afraid that Webber George hating his sister Angeline had something to do with this and was more determined to get him than before and force him to confess. Also Pernod was more on the alert than ever.

Michael the next day said to Father Casey: "Father Pernod and his gang of girls scouts had an adventure early this morning."

"They did?"

"Yes Father."

"And how about Webber George? Are they going to take it out on him or did they give it up?"

"Father they did take it out on him last night when they way-laid him on the

corner of Jackson and Halsted. They captured him made him confess to the letter, Court marshalled him, and threatened to sent him off to their country as a prisoner if he does not behave and leave Angeline alone in the future."

"Did they beat him up?"

"No Father. They tried him in Pernods home. They questioned him about whether he was helping some spies. Pernods sister Violet judged him I saw the trial. Most of the words were in "Spanish" or some language as the scouts cant speak English. Gosh was Webber George scared.

The trial lasted three hours yet Penrods sisters will forgive Webber George if he behaves in the future. And Penrod elected me captain of his ball team this morning. when he heard I had captured the spy"

"How is my good boy hero, this morning?"

"Aw go on. I'm no hero. I did not capture the thief. Jerry did."

"You discovered him and chased him through the window."

"Aw go chase your self. you little girls are all alike. The moment a boy does something hes a hero"

"But you and Jerry captured a spy."

"Say if you get that pretty head of yours

closer to my face I wont be able to resist the temptation to kiss you"

"I dont care. "You've done so much for us and Penrod, you deserve the privelege"

Such was the choice bit of conversation the priest overheard a day later as he mounted the steps of the school vestibule.

The voices were familar, Angeline Simons and Michael, Angeline was smiling like a happy niobe, and Michael was grinning pleasantly.

On seeing the priest their smiles disappeared like magic, Michael becoming his stolid self and Angeline looking slightly solemn.

"Good morning Father" said Michael.

"Good morning Father" said Angeline "Michael wishes to express the hope that you have enjoyed a good nights rest"

"Father I do hope you did"

"Michael" said Father Casey "she was to borrow your own expression, becoming your little saintly heroine"

Father I'll hug and kiss her yet."

"Go into my office angeline. I want to speak to you about something important"

She obeyed after giving Michael a friendly wave of her hand.

"Michael continued Father Casey as Angeline disappeared" "what's your opinion of most girls?"

"Father there are variations among them. Some are vain and silly. Some are grand. Some are not considered worth wasting your time on. But it is the same with many boys too."

"Is Angeline silly too?"

"no indeed Father. She and her sisters I believe are the best of all people God ever created next to the Blessed Virgin."

"Is Angeline like her sisters?"

"Father she's the best of the lot and her sisters dote on her immensely"

Angeline came to report on family affairs. Father Casey had thought, and so had the little girls and the others - that the holy death of little Margaret and

continued illness of Daisy would bring about an entire reform among people who were unfriendly to them but not so. They did not turn against them however for fear of Pernod and his "Gorilla".

Father Casey had counted on the benediction of Margaret Gordon and of the Charity of the Vinians. But they were sadly disappointed, as so many of us are when we attempt to predict Gods way with man.

Even these same people were sorry in their hearts that the little girls came back from French Guiana and wished they had perished there, and a very wicked thing to do too.

For a week after the

funeral even, the hostile people looked on the Vinians as responsible for Margarets death, though they said nothing for fear of Pernod and the "Gorilla".

They had secretly gone the old pace against them and were madder than ever that they got the permit to go to Communion without Confession and intended to block that if it was possible.

Once it happened that a woman came at Jennie in her own home and said angrily:

"How dare you tell people you didnt know that the Archbishop couldnt sign a contract allowing you and your sisters to go to

Holy Communion without confession, and so you could go to Communion legally without entering the confessional?"

"Angeline herself answered "You leave my sister alone. And we did not do so. We did not even know there was anything like that signed. The Bishop only came to see us, and gave us the permit. I thought it was a contract for him to do some building for—"

"Why you impudent little brat! Do you mean to stand there and tell me that I am a liar?"

"No Ma-am. I did not say you were. I just said you didn't tell me anything about having legal right to go to

Communion without going to confession, because we can prove in any way we do not love sin, and you can ask anybody who knows me and my sisters if you dont believe me."

The woman had went away in a huff.

"Papa does not feel strong on that situation about that spy and the people who hate us believe the man is innocent and demand his release" said Angeline. "He has been gone three days to try to find out if those spies who took us to French Guiana are still at large. But he

found no information about them and gave up. He said he could not stand it the danger we are in so constantly Papa is going to start work on the investigation again to morrow. Mama is doing a little studying on that matter at home, and Mrs Quimby and the Waltons are helping. and say Father could I come here every day at about four when Michael goes and practice on the typewriter for an hour or so?"

"Why whats up now?"

"I wont to learn it well to use for a great cause. I learned a little of it, last summer before our enemies took us away, and with a little practice I think I could get

something to do when we go back to our own Country and which will help our Countrys Cause."

"You do?"

"Yes Father. There is a stenographer in the Young Ladies Sodality I met here. She had me use her typewriter once and said I had unusual talent for it. She said that if I gave a little attention to it she would help me and that she would and could get me plenty of copying to do."

"But Angeline you'll have learned and will have learned your authemetic by next year. I hope and you'll get your typewriting then."

"Yes Father but you

must know we wont and cant stay here next year. I'll consider ourselves lucky if we stay through the winter and if we do I'm going to do double work"

The request was unusual.

"I'll tell you what angeline. You'll have to ask Michael. It's his own type writer and he's very particular and touchy about it and wont let me or the Mother Superior use it. But you can ask him. But by the way" the priest continued" do you like and admire Michael very much?"

Angeline smiled merrily

"Father we all do"

"Who?"

"We girls of all the class room. He's such a good boy, you dont

know him, you ought to see him when he's home or playing on the street. He's great for playing base ball and he's the leader of the Adams street crowd, a protector of small boys and girls and a great friend of our brother."

"Has he any fun in him?

"The boys dont think he has but we girls do. The boys think he played hero, to get us girls on his side but we know different. He saved us a lot of worry by capturing that man"

"Which will account for the little conversation I overheard this morning"

"His sister Mary.

and I can get him to do anything for us."

"So you're crazy about him Angeline"

Here was another side of Angeline, and of Michael

Father Casey thought he knew them both very well, and as for the demure girls of other classes it had never occured to Father Casey that they paid Michael the least bit attention.

He resolved to watch more closely. On three days of the week the the elder girls of the school have the privilege of getting books out of their library situated in the order office.

Father Casey resolved

make off they are so perfectly sinless that they do not need to go to confession. They even tricked the Archbishop into signing a paper allowing them to recieve without going to confession."

"Where do I come in?" asked the attorney.

"I am convinced those children are runaways from some orphanage. I want your interest again to find out all about who she is and where she and her sisters came from"

"That will be easy. I'll have their complete history for you in a few days."

"Splendid I'll teach the ungrateful little minx that honesty

to be on the watch that afternoon.

In the meantime the same hostile woman who had bawled Jennie out about receiving Communion without Confession was before her attorney. She said.

"These little Vivian brats I believe are really poor friendless little Orphans Homeless wanderers. I've always been soft hearted and I love little children but these children are queer. They wish to go to Holy Communion every day but—

They should be allowed to."

"I know. But they

is the best policy."

As Violet that following day was coming down the stairs all dressed up a man accosted her at the foot with—

"Hi Sister, excuse me for holding up the parade. I'm Freddie Carnavale, - just call me Freddie', - stopping here for just a few days while the serfs are building my country home. I didn't get your name little girl." "My gosh" he thought to himself. "She's as pretty as" Heaven knows what. and such golden hair too."

"No I guess you did not get my name" she answered "My name is Violet Mary Vivian I live

here with my parents brother and sisters, and guardians."

"The pleasure is all mine" I answered the man lighting a cigarette. "Your pretty face is familiar. I never forget a face. I know we've met before" he added as she stood looking at him Jacksonville, - Omaha - Albany? Didnt tell me — let me think Portland - Youngstown and -'

"Excuse me please" said Violet hurriedly, making for the door "I got to meet my brother and sisters and get to school before it gets late, If I can think of where I saw you before I'll let you

know where it was. But honest to goodness I dont believe I'll think of it cause I cant remember where it could be" and she went out hurriedly leaving the man standing there aghast..

A little later at noon time the same man met Pernod standing by the door with an airline.. "Excuse me my boy I thought you might be able to help me. For some reason I have a feeling, little Violet and your sisters have met before. There's something about their personality that interests me. I'd like to

learn something of their history — their background."

"What do you mean their history?" growled Pennod for he was suspicious. "I'd say my sisters are careful about their history. They have too many foes"

"Wait boy. I have a hunch - an inspiration. Four years ago the daughters of a wealthy friend of mine disappeared - In spite of the large reward the little girls are still missing —

"Reward" cried Pennod leaning Angeline side and heading for the door and opening it - "Get out of here or"

The man seeing Pennods furious face

started out saying - "No I just remembered the missing children are bigger and have black hair."

As the man went down the street Pennod said as Violet joined Angeline:

"I'll have to have a talk with father about our friend Fred Carnavale. It strikes me Freddy is not exactly what he pretends to be"

"He always keeps asking me questions" said Violet "I'll bet he is one of Sikes men shadowing us"

Just then Marjorie Masters came down the steps and Angeline hurried forward

to meet her.

"Maryoie, who was that man, who' came out of your apartment just now?"

"Hello Angeline, Youre just in time as usual. Come lets have an ice cream soda before going back to school"

Angeline repeated the question.

"I dont know the mans name. But hes one of the detectives working for that woman who scolded you so about going to Holy Communion.

"Did that woman lose something?"

"I guess so. But what ever shes looking for the detectives are not able to find. She s very angry. I heard her asking

the boss detective- "What am I paying you for when you cant find out what I want to know"

After that day of school Angeline was the first to come home and she overheard Mrs Jerry saying angrily to Hardmah.

"Sure its as plain as the nose on my face. That old pickle puss - Mrs Bowers has hired an army of detectives to find out about the past history of Perrods sisters. She mad because the archbishop grants them permit to go to Communion without Confession.

Angeline was shocked

"Detectives" cried Angeline alarmed. "You mean they are going to arrest us for Going to communion without confession? Honest we didnt do-" and tears flooded her eyes.

"There there Angeline- dont start worrying" said Hannah folding the little girls in a fond embrace

"Sure and its meself that would like to see one of them lay the weight of his finger on you or your sisters" said forberful Mrs Jerry. "Heaven knows im as gentle as a lamb but-"

"Let us not get excited-" interrupted Hannah "angeline or her sisters has

nothing to hide. Dont cry Angeline. The more detectives Mrs Bowers hires the more proof she'll have that the little Curran Girls are sweet honest children who spends all their time minding their own business."

The next day the librians or librarians five in number except one were girls of the eight grade just before the hour for the librarians were to be at hand Michael came to Father Casey and said:

"Father I hope you have no errand for me to do this afternoon."

"No Michael I have nt. Why?"

"I'd rather stay because Angeline is here?"
"Oh you would?"
"Yes Father"
"Oh I see Well Michael you may stay if you want to."
A new light dawned on Father Casey. He had been edified for several weeks by Michael actually asking to be excused from going on errands at the hour Angeline and the other girls would be coming into the library.
The priest thought the young man was beginning to show some backwardness in his work. Looking backward now he recalled that Michaels request for being exempt from this particular kind of work was prefered

just before the girls came in for their books. Also he remembered that whenever on such occasions he had sent the lad off, even mean the time for the girls to come the boy contrieved "to get back before the library was closed and the girls gone.
Angeline was right. Father Casey did not know Michael and what was more he knew very little about the Fairy of Heaven.
Mediating humbly on this the priest seated himself close to the door leading into the outer office and making a pretense at reading, kept his eye on Michael and the room full

of girls, especially Angeline, and the librarians all of whom looked as butter would not melt in their mouths.

They were busy these librarians waiting on the girls picking out books for the smaller ones and wearing each of them a strictly business like air.

Michael meanwhile sat at his desk as close as possible to the librarians. With great interest on his face he was reading the adventures of a boy who eventually becomes a hero by saving a little girl and her mother from attacking negroes.

The whole scene as Father Casey gazed

at it out of the corner of his eye was most edifying.

He was proceeding them to be edified when quite casually Angeline Vivian passed by Michaels desk, bending over as she passed she whispered something in his ear.

Michael acted as though a fly had lighted upon his face also a stern determination came on his face, he frowned horribly and sat back.

Angeline in the meantime was back at her work, her eyes so turned as to catch the effect on Michaels

face, of her words. The demure librarians too, the priest noticed while apparently as busy as ever, with their duties had their eyes just them on Michael Leo, and seemed by a quick interchange of glances to express a lively appreciation of Angelines whispered remark.

Presently Margaret Logan an olive complexioned bobbed haired girl, sallied over and delivered her little message into the willing ear of Michael. The Priest caught the word "Danger"

"Yes I'll help her" he heard Michael say.

How long had this been going on.

"Michal" the priest said

when the librarians had bidding him their usual demure "Good afternoon Father" Michael for ways that are dark and for tricks that are vain the Christian young girls are peculiar. "What were Angeline and Margaret teasing and worrying you about?"

"Father they were not teasing or worrying me. Angeline is worrying about something herself Conrad is detained at the skinner school, and she wants me to go along as far as her home. She's afraid about some men whom she knows as Mr Sikes and Fagan. She says they tried to grab her yesterday" and Michaels face expressed

an intense sense of outrage. "She's afraid those two fellows will want to get hold of her again."

"They do"?

Yes and that Margaret Logan girl tells me that it would bring me good luck to help her in danger and in trouble."

"Is she in danger?"

"I dont know. She afraid so as those men had her once, and she fears the consequences, if they nab her again"

"And, Michael did you promise you would?"

"Certainly I did. What else can a fellow do. I cant refuse her and wont. She and her sisters did a lot for me and my mother. Margaret Logan whispered to me that she would let me know

when Angeline goes by tapping on the office door three times."

"When?"

"Just now."

"How could she have done that without my seeing her. Its unusal isnt it Michael. By the way did Angeline ask you for the use of your typewriter?"

"Yes Father."

"Did you allow her to use it?"

"no Father. I gave it to her. Its her's now."

"What?"

I said I gave it to her." Father could say no more.

That afternoon after Michael escorted her home and returned to the school he entered the office with his pompadour very

very carefully combed. For so late in the month of September coming near the first of October this preceding was unusual and as the priest expressed himself.

"Yes Father."

"Why do you wear that Michael?"

"Because I like it"

Angeline Vivian it happened was sent down that morning with a message from her teacher.

Upon seeing Michael extreme delight showed itself upon her face momentarily however, for observing that Father Casey was watching her she grew instantly sober.

"Good morning Father."

"Good morning Angeline. Are you and Michael

good friends?"

"We all like him. He and Penrod are very fond of each other."

"Michael" said Father Casey "Are you and Angeline good friends?"

"Yes Father we certainly are"

Sending the boy on an errand Father Casey tried in vain to learn what she knew of Michaels pompadour; without seeming to she evaded the question.

"Michael" the priest said later that morning he had noticed several of the fourth Grade girls peeping into the office and gazing with various emotions of joy and curiousity on the boys head.

"have those school

girls been admiring your pomadour?"

"Yes Father they are, those librarian girls."

"Angeline says "Oh what a lovely pompadour and yet Penrod wants me to watch out for two men known as "sike and Fagan de Idagan" "and" continued Michael his voice becoming almost lachrymose that little girl Erma Becker wanted to warn me that those two men are up to something against her."

"You dont say. And what about Lucy Mc Farland, Michael?"

"Aw" growled Michael forgetting in his emotions her usual dignity in speaking to Father Casey" She fears that Webber George's uncle

is in league with those two men. Oh Gee."

That same afternoon Father Carney informed Michael on coming to the office that he had an engagement with the head priest of St Vincents Church and he wished him to come along.

"And Father supposing Angeline comes to the office when we are out." Would you care?"

No Michael I can trust her. as good as I can my own good mother God bless them both. I and you are going to St Vincents on business. I and the Father direct wish to visit a certain family

As it happened the family in quest ion owing to a

misunderstanding in regard to the day was not at home, and Father Monahan and Casey had nothing for it but to take a car back to St Patricks Church.

"I think" said Father Casey as the two priests and Michael got off the car at Halsted and Adams "that if you will excuse me Father Monahan I'll take a look in at the school. There may be some mail or some messages." Michael you may go home if you wish."

Michael however prefered to go with him. The clock was striking quarter past four, as Father Casey and Michael turned into the school yard. The two had scarcely

entered it when from the two windows of Father Caseys private office an unusual and most astonishing sight caused the priest to rub his eyes, and Michael to look up as if he was seeing something really unbelievable.

It was a chilly October day but both windows were open from top to bottom and out of each were leaning with their (hair) heads stretched as far as possible 3 girls seven in all.

Father Casey recognized at once Margaret with her bobbed, Angelina Vivian Emily Becker Lucy Mc Farland. The other three he could not distinguish All of them were

sneezing violently some-
times twitter all at once
sometimes in duets and
trios and occassionally
so to speak, in solos.
Sneezing is not each girl
wore a look of extreme
distress.
Dashing up the stairway
of the entry followed by
Michael, and catching
as he did so a small
boy bearing a resem-
blance to Webber George
with some contraption
in his hand
disappearing like a fright-
ened Jack rabbit into
the music room, the
priest turned the knob
of the outer office door.
It was locked.
Getting out the keys
the priest opened
and entered. The
door leading to

Father Casey's office had
no lock, but a strong
rope was fastened to the
knob and tied to a bench
in such a way that those
inside were effectually
imprisoned.
It was the work of
a moment to unfasten
the rope.
"Girls" Father Casey cried
"What in the world is
the meaning of this?"
"Father" began Angelina
and sneezed.
"Father" said Margaret
"it was — etchoo."
"It was Webber - etchoo-"
supplemented Emma
Becker.
"The little billard —
etchoo - etchoo - ball -"
added Lucy.
The whole thing
was incredible.
Do you mean to

say" the began " that Webber George - echoo-etchoo etchoo"

Etchoo Etchoo Etchoo" went the seven little girls.

Just then in the hands of Michael, the meekest solemnest looking lad that ever fell under Father Casey's observation was brought forth from the doorway of the music room.

"Father" said Michael pulling the boy forward "I think you had better come outside into the hall, I think there's Japanese snuff in your office."

"Oh" you think - etchoo."

"Yes Father I think so. This little skunk of a friend put some of it in there him-

self"

The girls were already in the vestibule.

"Whats that the little rascal has in his hand?"

"Father" said Michael holding it up to the light as he and the two boys reached the vestibule and making the statement as though he were telling the priest of a national calamity "Its a mouse trap."

It certainly was. There were seven mice in it. The little girls except Angeline (she was not afraid of mice) edged away and in their horror left off sneezing.

"What were you doing with that Master George?"

nothing Father"
"Don't lie to me you scamp"
"You see Father when I got through with them, or got them through, sneezing I was going to open your office door and tell them to come out."
"Yes"
"And then Father when they got into their library I was going to turn these mice loose on them. I told Angeline I'd get even for slapping me yesterday when I said bad words, I have a right to curse if I want to. It's none of her business the little pussycat angel"
"At this solemn declaration five of the girls squeaked while Margaret Edgar looked

daggers at the bad boy while Angeline approaching the boy menacing tore the mice cage out of his hand, as she snapped
"I'm not scared of mice, or anything but sin. I ought to take out some of these mice and stick them down that bad boys trousers"
"Webber how did you get them into my private office"?
"Father it was easy I'll dare to say I told them there were some new books in your library that you did not want them to see" cried Webber.
"Oh you dirty little liar" protested the six girls in one breath. Angeline

looked angrily at the boy but said nothing.

"And they all fell for it, Father, girls just love to rubber."

All Father Casey could do was to give the bad boy a good severe lecture on how he should be a gentleman and should treat little girls respectfully."

But that all was wasted for when the little rascal was free to himself, he ran and hid himself somewhere and laughed off and on for fully half an hour.

Yet from that day on all all the girls and even boys treated Webber George with profound respect.

In the meantime

the Communion Class was going on day after day with what appeared to be most edifying results.

The boys and girls especially the very small ones were and responsive responsive.

Every Saturday it was a touching sight to see little toddlers of six and seven both boys and girls attending the first Mass at eight o'clock of their own free will and full hearted desire, and without the guardianship of the nuns and brothers.

Violet and her five sisters were there, Conrad also.

The teachers too participated the marked

change for the better both in lessons and conduct which they observed in their little changes.

Among those who were specially mentioned were the Vivian princesses. The very mantle of the mother of God seemed to have fallen upon them and it appeared as if they rivalled the best of saints not only in conduct in school and extraordinary holiness but also in quickness of grasp.

The Mother Superior however not knowing them well except Angeline who alone (who) went to St Patricks School and some what envious and jealous of them severely critized and

said they only acted so good because they wanted to be favored and honored. She was the same superior who had almost discharged them from the school on the lie of some one else when they all did go there and that is why Pennod would not have them all go there.

Ever since Pennod first knew her had for some unknown reason an intense dislike for the Mother superior and had warned her severely to treat Angeline with respect and that he wouldnt have her scolded for anything and if

she (if) ever did make
angeline miserable
by such abuse God help
her. She therefore did
show as much respect
as she could, but An
geline knew the mothers
Superion was hostile
and avoided her as much
as possible.

But the little girls
were holy the mothers
Superion though pious
contrivney was not.
Set temptation fall
their way and see
what they would do
to resist them.

The were temptat
ions could and never
could get the best
of them and never
will. The head
sister was soon
going to scold An
geline and to her

own sorrow. Three weeks
before the great day came
there came to Father Caseys
office a little girl and a
tall powerful man (it was
Jack Evans)

The child appeared so
transformed that the priest
did not recognize her. His
heart sank on seeing them.
Why? Every morning
over a period of ten days
Dad Father Casey been
pestered with women from
other far away parishes
who wanted to get their
children at the one hun
dred eleventh hour in
the class of the seven
hundred.

"Good mawning Fauther"
said the tall man in
a loud bass voice, "mine
namme ees Jackque
Evanoes and zis Q ees
the leddle girl I wunged

wiz me "Youse know her
ees eet not."
"How do you do Father"
said the little girl a child
more dainty in dress
and carriage, and so unbe
lievably pretty with bright
golden curls that the
priest gasped and thought
she coded beat the little
Virians a mile.
She had the most beaut-
ifully formed body he
had ever seen.
"The pleasure is mine"
he said.
"Father" continued
Evans "I unnerstan zat
youse ees prepare ze
class fa ze Holy
Comunigite."
"So you've found it out
at last have you?"
the priest said.
The people who
were just hearing

of the existance of a
class already under
instruction for five month
was getting on his
nerves. And he was
ready to explode. He
continued:
"I beg your pardon
but all the same it
is too late to put your
little girl in a class
that's been going on
so long already."
"Youse are not unnes-
stan what I ees say-
ing" said the big
man "Ze leddle girl
only came wiz me
to see you She ees
Lilian of ze leddle
Vierian girls. She
ees what youse call
them Catherine
Veevian. Now you
comphrein?"
"Oh" said Father

Casey beginning to realize that he was rather brutal and touched also by the evident dismay which had come upon Catherines face "Perhaps not knowing who you were I have been hasty and what brings you here?"

"She weeshes to proven zat she and her seesters are what youse call Heem ready for ze Sacramento"

"But did not your little charges prove to me some time ago that they even knew more through religious training than even most grown ups do?"

"Oh yes Father" put in Catherine "We prepared for Communion in our own Country of Abbeamma and went to Holy Communion d there nearly

every day We have even been Confirmed But we fear even now to do anything because the people are opposing us."

Father Casey remembered when he had examined the seven little girls in their own home he had found them more instructed than all the grownups were.

"Why Mr Evanoes" Father Casey said angrily "These little girls are fit for the very best place in Heaven. You take them to morrow at my Mass and see that they receive Holy Communion in spite of those meddlesome people. I right them if necessary. What have that scum of this city got to say

about them making their Communion now. They'll make it and I'll see to it that they shall"

"I knew it, I knew it" cried Catherine with evident joy. Mama and Papa said all along that Father Casey would not let the people keep us from the Holy Communion classes"

"Hold on" said Father Casey. "What country did you say you people came from" Mr Frances?"

"Ze Countree of ze foine Abbie annia" Frances answered with a grim smile that reminded Father Casey of the grim of a handsome bulldog if one can grin.

"Oh. and why are you all staying in the

United States now?

"We cannot now at least tell zat to any bodee just now as ze wallss all have ze eenquisitieeve eers youse must know. But eef ze like eet I weel write hem daown for youse. I can write beetter zan I can talkie ze hard Engleeze."

"Very good. But it is not best. I would have no place to keep it. A spy already had tried to break into my desk for something angeline left in my care. But it will afford me great pleasure to have these little girls make their Holy Communion every day from now on in spite of the

opposing people."

"Zat youre so muchee Fawther Eet takes ze great weight off of moine mound, Ze leddle girls are ze bravest leddee keeds on ze orth. Zay were on many grand engagements veer our Countree"

"Engagements!" echoed Father Casey "You mean they were actresses, song and dance artists and-"

"No, no no" you no unnerstan nodding likeum zat. Zay were een ze breg battles wiz ze enemees."

"Battles with the enemy" the priest again echoed "may I ask what they were doing?"

"We were doing everything fa our

Country, spy on the enemy escape and so on but fight. We are spies too but not over here" put in Catherine. "We really are also the Abbreamian Princesses are we not Evans?"

"Zat eez ze excellent truth at zat" Evans answered. "and how do you like the profession?" Father Casey asked Catherine looking at the child with renewed interest

"Oh we have been so long at it that we are used to it. Any way that is only fun and exciting adventures for us" she said with a gesture perfectly expressive of showing the deep thrill of it. "We like exciting adventure and scout work."

"How long have you little girls been at it?"
"Since the beginning of the war"
"And how old are you Catherine?"
(an) "I'm eight years old Father?"
"Good Heavens" Father exclaimed "and I surely thought that you were some little girl more pretties than the Vinans. How did you transformed yourself"?
"I did not transform myself" she answered. "Our rooms have not as much light as your offices have and so you did not see us well"
"Oh thats its. and do you call what those spies did to you thrilling adventures?"

"Not that Father. You see those spies never really took us themselves They hired renegrade foriegners and Americans to do that to us. There no getting away from americans if they are against you as they can do what the clevierest Glandelinians cannot do or know how to do. and besides I'll truthfully say Father that French Guiana would not be such a terrible place if it was not for the climate The scenery is beautiful. But ith too hot. I to like fine down there. The keepers made us wear awfully big strawhats to keep the sun off us as it waved

have caused us a fatal sunburn. If it didn't rain so much every thing inflamable would be set on fire by the sun. Some places there it rains seven hours every day, especially at Para Bhagil."

It was quickly settled that the little Virians one, or all, should call at his office at ten on the chance of them getting an opportunity during the ensueing hour of recieving a little private instruction on how to be enabled to recieve H oly Communion in spite of the objection of the hostile people.

Father Casey cautioned the child not to speak

to the other children about her "spy profession" and to warn her sisters of the same thing - a caution entirely unnecessary. For the little girls are so terribly afraid of their chief spy enemies learning too much, that they do not tell any one about themselves not even their best friends.

The usually stolid and severe Michael Mc Guire who paid no attention at all to visitors (except Angelina) and who even had the head sister scared of him was all alive with unusal interest on the occasion of Father Caseys introduction to Evans

and Catherine, Before they retired into the inner office Michael had during Father Caseys short conversation with them kept his eye steadily on both, also not them knowing who Catherine was, as he had really seen little of angelines sisters as yet.

Evans struck him as her big "Gorilla" hero. There was a certain awe and respect and also love upon his features indicated by an open mouth and a rigid stare

As Father Casey showed his two visitors out of the office, Michael jumped up out of his chair a thing the priest had never known him to do

unbidden, - except for angeline and hurrying to the door held it open, He also held his mouth open and his eyes followed with a rare constancy every move of Catherine Vivian.

Catherine caught his stare, as she neared the door.

"Are you Father Caseys Clerk?" she asked, smiling into Michael's face

Michael clining to the door drew back as far as it was physically possible to go and at bay in the corner replied:-

"I'm only his office boy little girl"

"My name's Catherine dont be so shy or bashful" said the little Miss moving two steps

nearer to the manifest embarassment of the office boy who was edging behind the door from awe and shyness.

"Oh thats your name?" he gasped.

As the two went out Michael instead of closing the door on them, followed them into the vestibule and again allowing his jaw to drop craned his head forward and continued to stare to such an extent that his eyes struck the priest as being in danger of popping out of his head.

As Evans and Catherine were on their way home he said-

"Seence youse leddie Catheeen are to remain with your seesteen een zis Iceety why not youse all eenjoy

the beauties of zis great Chicago. Eet has many foine great beeg buildings."

"I dont like to stay here as too many secret foes watch and shadow us. We are just mornful and miserable."

"Ah but een Toime youse weel come to realize how fortunate eet ees to have been oran heah and learned all youse and your seesteen came for."

"But no many of the people here are evil and mean and the returning of Fagan and Likes scare me half to death. We want to go back home to our own (Conlay) Country."

"Youse weel change

cheerie" said Evans with one of his broad grins and placing his fingers under her chin "But noaw when we geet home) weel needs to go ouid on beesness so when we ees home do not go ouid anywhar weethouid Pennod being weeth youse, Unnerstarh honey?",
"Yes" she said as he led her to the front door, and opened it for her. after that he prepared to go out, Ide said to James Andrews"
"James) go out for a while, Allow no twan to entair" Ide looked at Ch Catherine going unto her room "But wait- he continued " had best be sure zay are een no danger. Eef the enemy capture

zem again ze leddle goils weel be completly een zare power zus tirne. zat must not happen. twan must be absolutely certain. me Jackque Evans ees nevair fooled by any one.) stay at ze home.) no go ouid.
"And ah leddle goils of ze beautiful Heeven. Song) seek ze pupil to teach what) Evanos know of ze art to fool ze bad people. Een youre James) find theese stu dent. Ha Evanos, shaw youre much, How) learn of the plan of. Sikes to find and freeng back dead from ze French Guana ze remaining skies who took leddle goils down

Zare. How ? Jack Evans keep watch while Sikes do all ze work. But come games, ? he time ees now."

As Catherine entered her room she stopped short in an agerment. ~~Ervans~~ Ernod was in conference with three detectives and she heard him say to them,

"Yes yes, ? hats what ? said, Some body been fooling with my phone when ? and my sisters were at school and my parents and Evans out. After ? wrote that particular person to ask him to keep

a secret watch on Sikes Mack, and ? again, and his call did not come in ? began to wonder, ? hen when no call of any kind came through ? knew some-thing was wrong."

"What did you do then Ernod?"

"? called the operator and she said ? had told her to transfer all my calls to Alpha 2002. ? here is something wrong there ? didnt tell her any such thing."

Maybe it was just a mistake Ernod." said Detective Sere-mann.

"Nix, Some body was in this apartment and gave those in-structions over my phone. And who

who ever it was for-
got to hang up the
recieven."
"Whats the next move
master Penrod?"
"Just this. I called the
phone Company and
asked for the address
of this Alpha 2002 num-
ber. The name is John
Jones - sounds like a
phoney name to me-
and the address is 1222
Vale avenue if there is
such an address. I want
you detective Mickey
to shadow the place if
it is there and find
out who lives there"
"Yes I will said
Mickey. But suppose
there aint such an
address"
Set me know that
too:
all right."

Catherine went to Evans
and told him what
she overheard.
Now to go back to
Michael and Father
Casey.
"Michael" Father Casey
called "Perhaps you'd
like to follow those
two down the street
would you?"
"Yes Father" said Michael
re entering the office
with one last longing
or lingering look "I
certainly would"
"Possibly that little
girl is your long
lost sister."
"No Father" answered
Michael, in whose face
still remained evidence
of unusal excitement.
"Father" he continued
I am far from
worthy to have that

little girl as my sister. And besides you cant lose my sisters. Theyre too good to be lost Father that little girl must be a celestial creature from Heaven."

"Oh shes a celestial being is she? Who told you?"

"I know it. I can see it. Those little Virians are not natural. Otherwise they could not be so good. Shes a spy for gods own Country" spy for Gods own Country

"Oh so shes a spy of Gods own Country is she? Who told you?"

I heard her and the gorilla man talking about an engagement they had against some enemy of their own Country"

"You appear Michael to be singularly interested. Whats the matter?"

Father I never saw little girls like them before anywhere. They are as good and as dainty are they are pretty. Father I never saw a little girl spy before"

"Have you never been to the Theatre Michael?"

"Oh yes Father. I saw three shows. I saw Uncle Toms Cabin the Midnight express and the Littlest Rebel."

"I thought you said you had never seen a little girl spy?"

"I did Father. The littlest rebel according to the show was no spy. She saved Confederates from the Union soldiers."

"That is the same as spying to my notion."

"Oh is it? Well Father I still dont think so"
"To my opinion yes"
"But aint it like stealing to be spies Father?"
"No thats a duty to ones country. Well Michael I suppose you intend to tell the Adams street crowd that the little Vivians are spies for their country."
"I should say not Father. Angeline entrusted that to me as a profound secret and I'm as if I knew nothing"
"And do you intend always to keep the secret Michael?"
"Yes Father. I will never tell no one, that the little Vivians are spies. Any how its nobodys business. I know why they are

here too. And they wish to go to daily Communion, and they do not want any publicity."
Very good You are doing a very wise thing Michael.
"And Father do you believe theres really anything in this. I copied it from one of your books."
And he handed a sheet of paper to the (priest) priest The priest read it and it was—"

According to a number of books I have read, whether true stories or just fiction, girls by or little having the name Angeline have suffered sad or tragic lives and not one was an exception.
Six or seven of them were tragic through the work of people of fiendish character.
There one example I can write of where one young

saintly girl of France by the name of Angeline Vere was banished to a hotter land than Africa or South America just because enemies wanted to get even with her brothers.

They hoped she would perish miserably down in that dreadful land of heat and deadly fever. But the result was not favorable in their stead. The young girl was there long enough to become a miserable wreck but she was rescued and her enemies sentenced to change places with the young girl by the French Court.

The name of that book is "Angeline."

"Of course said Father Casey after reading it it is not wise and sane to get superstitious over that name because of those sad events as the name

has a beautiful meaning and another priest once told me that persons usually with that name "are angels in disguise" Surely these misfortunes cannot happen to every one with that beautiful name."

"But what about Angeline Vivian" said Michael.

To that question Father Casey could find no word for answer.

Angeline and now Catherine too were punctual each morning. Besides coming to the school office she and her sister and Evans were seen daily at the childrens Mass. One thing struck the priest from the first. Violet and her sisters were

never alone. Wether in the Church or on the street, or in Caseys office the vigilant Evans was always with them.

Mr Jack Evans practiced what the powerful guardians of all juveniles of all highes and good classes do, he never left the 'little Vivian girls unattended.

As a result the little girls who were as innocent, frank, and as winsome and as sophisticated as a child in the good surroundings of Heaven could be, and under the good care of a guardian were now so far protected from any harm that could surround them. Riker and Fagan so

far were not paying the slightest attention to Violet and her sisters

Although Catherine was awaiting Father Casey in the outer office each day from ten to eleven it was only for a few minutes snatched from imperative duties that Father Casey was able to instruct her how to baffle the unworthy crowd.

But time did not appear to hang heavy on her hands. She flitted about like a butterfly of Paradise from office to music room alighting to continue the figure now on the piano where she played on it like a true professional some

very good pieces now on the library shelves where she only examined religious books, and books on the saints, and now on the type writer which michael which was unusal with him, permitted her to do without the slightest objections.

michael she kept in a state of perpetual excitement. The youth in her presence underwent very much. To any one else who would have asked for the use of his type writer he would have exploded like a bomb.

Not content with following her flight in a perpetual stare he smiled on her now and then as Father Casey

noticed with great surprise, as michael never smiled at strangers but scowled on them.

As for Catherine she made herself quite at home with Michael chattering at him, asking him to explain the workings of the type writer to her, and asking him to let her take his seat which he did and taking his place and beating out with grim determination, her own name and michaels in capital letters, and then in ordinary printing while michael stood by with a look as who should say he was entertaining an angel come down from Heaven

and was aware of it. Father Casey was somewhat apprehensive the lad would like her better than Angeline. So friendly did the young couple become that Angeline seated on a chair reading a book would at times smile at the over great vivacity of her younger sister.

In keeping Father Casey direct on helping him on the Communion Class Catherine was quite different.

All her vivacity was gone. She was quiet and demure better than any american girl - and that is saying a good deal - could be in listening to the recitation of the class, and it is very

doubtful whither a single boy and more than a whole nation of girls were aware of her existance as a little angel coming on visits from Skinner School to Father Casey, on helping him instruct the Communion Class.

Angeline Vinnan quite happy of being delegated by Period to take care of little Catherine was extremely attentive to her sister.

Not content with the ordinary civilities she showed Catherine all over the school from basement to hall explained to her the different grades and divisions and so impressed Jack Evans who was with them that solicitous guardian

after the first few days was content to stay in the office, when and so long as Catherine was in the hands of her enthusiastic sister Angeline.

Although there was quite a difference in their respective ages, the two sisters any one could fancy must within the first twenty four hours have vowed eternal friendship with michall He deserved it. In each others company they chattered like Jenny wrens look and having exchanged with each other all the secrets they happened to possess proceeded each of them to make up new ones and thus kept hatching a surprise that was to come for

Father Casey. Before the third day was passed they were both wrapped in mystery. Every now and then during a brisk and animated conversation they would exchange dark looks and mysterious signs, and falling as was generally the case to make themselves understood would retire apart out of earshot of Evans and the marvelling michael where they would take turns in whispering into each others ears.

Not content with this form of converse they at times within striking distance of each other wrote notes in which case

Michael the mystified was called upon first by Catherine and seeing how submissive he was under the treatment (Father Casey believed the boy was in love with them) subsequently by Angeline to carry these communications with strict injunctions of care and secrecy from one to the other.

Nor did this effusiveness of youthful affection seem to interfere in the least with their sacred devotions.

After the eleven o'clock class the two having spent five minutes or so in the exchange of secrets and signs would sally forth with great dignity to St Patrick's Church

for a visit. Generally they were standing on the top step at a quarter to twelve waiting to greet Father Casey with lively gestures of welcome as he passed the Church on his way to dinner.

Happening to leave the office on two or three occasions a little before the third quarter struck, and passing through the church, the priest was pleased to observe that each kneeling devoutly with clasped hands and oblivious of each other was really tremendously in earnest.

On the afternoon the head sister had each day special session of the girls belonging to the

Holy Communion Class
To this did Catherine without fail repair, after which she and her sisters (except Daisy) would follow some open chatter and more whispered secrets, seat themselves in the outer office Angeline at the table the other at the desk looking like two little beings from Heaven and write each other lengthy notes.

Father Casey and Michael never saw any of these notes nor could wild horses drag them from the two sisters. Not even an inkling of their contents was ever vouchsafed any one.

The exchange of notes accomplished the little guardians of Heaven after bestow-

a word on Jack Evans the priest and Michael just to show that they had not forgotten them would both often (the) on the same breath declare that it was high time for their afternoon visit, and way of the cross, whereupon they would issue forth and remain (absent) absent for a good hour and a half.

Violent as their love was for each other it must be said in justice to the two little girls that their love really did in "higher love endure" a little more and the Davies so it seemed would actually become angels at least of extraordinary holiness and

holiness and innocence and in it too a joy which found itself deeply rooted in the supernatural.

To Father Casey they were angels in everything they said did or acted. Their actions looks, devotion, love charity and words and sound of voice proved they were possessed by angels

Father Casey had seen Catherine and her other sisters try to win the friendship of Welbe George and on some occassions almost succeeded but he thought of Angeline whom he detested for her chiding him for swearing and therefore when questioned by his friends he said: "no I'm not their friend because of

their foreign sister Angeline. And also if I became their friend any my uncle knew of it He'd use a big shoe rubber over my bare back and some where else"

He was right. So for fear of his uncle he wouldnt relent

To see their innocent and heart whole devotion to Our Blessed God was inexpressingly touching to Father Casey.

To Michael it was a source of unfailing amazement and admiration. Angeline had found he loved to read books But only about Saints and other holy persons.

Father Casey told her once that according to his mother Michael had cried when a young child, because St Michael was not his father.

Together angeline and Catherine read, or rather angeline did the reading, of a book entitled "Maidens of Hallowed names".

They had not gone far on these charming sketches of holy virgins when both were for becoming saints out of hand when in fact what saint I'll dare to say were as holy as they were and went through what they did.

Angeline was for wearing a "hair shirt". Catherine favored the

use of the discipline which in her ordinary conversation she was pleased to call a cat-o nine tails.

She had forgotten how often she and her sisters by worse whips than that.

The difficulty of getting these instruments of needless undeserving penance together with some very discouraging criticism in Athenian from Evans and also from Father Casey the latter in English brought them to compromise. an abstention from cake candy, ice cream and pickles. However the little girls did love pan cakes

at breakfast. Angeline was against the embargo on pancakes but Catherine insisted and carried the day, the priest opposed the embargo and also carried the day.

Then the Fauries discussed their plans for sanctification in his presence with great freedom encouraged to this I take it by the fact that he paid plenty of attention to their words. Seated at his desk while reading or writing he listened to discussions on the ascetic life which would have astonished Rodriguez and other immortal authorities.

Vigils were taken up and set aside fasting was given

more attention. They were quite serious on this point and Angeline was careful to point out to Catherine the clear difference between fasting and abstinence.

But both resolved that with the approval of their Confessor they and their sisters except poor little Daisy who was still ill and Pernod too, would abstain on Wednesdays, Fridays and Saturdays in general, and dining Lent all days Sundays included also that they would fast on all Friday of the entire year.

The great pathos of it all was that these seven little girls had been all the time they were in French Guiana

practically fasting and abstaining from the first of May till the last of August, and many other days they had suffered horrors which no artists dare picture.

What pierced in long detail had told Father Casey of the quivering and horribly suffering lives of his sisters had specially shocked the priest, and made him have horid nightmares of their miseries.

I the writer have an idea that these noble resolves of the little girls were sternly and most firmly undone by their confessor. Father Casey was their confessor.

Finally the retreat — three days of silence and prayer was at hand. When the fairies were around, you could almost feel their silence.

There was silence in their steps, silence in their expressions, in their carriage they simply radiated silence and when a boy by the name of Ward bringing a message to Father Casey in an unguarded moment gave them a jovial good morning, you should have seen the indignant looks with which they stabbed the thoughtless offender.

After the retreat they took him in hand but nevertheless after all told

David meekly but firmly that he must not annoy any person by speaking to them when they are on a retreat.

He obeyed more than that. He took it too seriously what they said and never spoke to them at all and would not permit any of his friends brothers or sisters to walk on the same side walk they were on. Once on the "outs" with Webber George he now became his "crony" and leagued with him against Angeline and Daisy.

On the morning a day after the retreat, Father Casey was informed by Michael that Angeline and little

Catherine were outside and wanted each to see him privately.

"And Father" added Michael "Angeline says its very important."

"Send in the nearest" Michael".

Daisy entered. As she passed the window of his office, the sunbeams struck her hair and gave such a dazzling glint that it almost made the priest shade her eyes.

"Well my little friend of Heaven" Father Casey said "sit down".

Catherine climbed into a chair and turning in her toes which just contrived to touch the floor presented to Father Casey a face as solemn as Reynods

ever had been.
"Father" she said. "I've been reading the lives of the women and little girl saints — that is I mean Angeline has been reading them to me."
"So I noticed Catherine, and I trust it has done you good."
"I believe so Father. We both have been thinking a good deal and we've been trying oh so hard to be more good little girls than ever before."
"Yes I see that, and I must say it is very unusual."
"But it's what has happened to us in the past that is worrying me" continued the Fairy of Heaven turning in her toes

to a most extraordinary angle.
"What happened in the past?" he gasped.
"Yes my father told us that no saint in the world are like us and ought to envy us, Papa told us that we lead a life of which, you call a penance in a dark cave would be nothing to what we have done, and do."
"The way some of the great women penitents did?" Father Casey inquired with a straight face.
"Yes Father." But we don't convince most people what we are. Because we were unjustly in

prison in French Guiana they call us jail birds and Evans has to go to stores for us at places we are known or we couldnt get anything. They will only sell to him but they be afraid to refuse him or else- but I must not think of that And they think we secretly are very wicked and are conceited because we are so pretty. They even think we are proud and vain that we just love to be praised.

But we dont see what we should be proud and vain for."

"But I love to be praised" said Father Casey in parenthesis.

"I see what a situation we are in now" concluded

the Fairy crossing her bare knees (which to him were the most dainty he had ever seen) and looking earnestly at the ceiling "I never thought they would unjustly believe we are so bad. Of course we wouldnt think of committing the smallest sin for anything."

"So your parents believe that to lead the life of a penitent would be nothing to what you and your sisters suffered?"

"Yes Father"

"Whats the opinion of your brother?"

"O-K I did not ask him" "Your penance my little girl, and the penance your sisters were compelled to

go through would sure make history. I'm afraid you could make saints cry you. I've notice you little girls honor and obey your parents like Christ Himself did his."

But Father about the experiences of the past, We really did nothing out of the way to any of those spies that we know of and yet they themselves brought us there."

"And be sure Catherine that you didn't think less about your past troubles and you'll not need to worry. Think more and more about the Christ you are to receive to morrow, who was Himself a child

as you are and you will not need to worry As regards penances never do anything without asking your mother or any priest."

"Thank you Father" said the fairy breaking into smiles, which expressed the passing away of a host of scruples unburled herself hopped to the floor and skipped from the room.

Then entered Angeline. She too had fought it would appear with lions and lions of the spiritual world.

Father I've been looking over my past harrowing adventures in the bitterness of my soul."

Good gracious"

the priest exclaimed "
"and you've been making
choice extracts from some
of your spiritual read-
ing have you not?"
"I did see that in a
book" admitted Angeline
and it fits my case
exactly. The name
of that book is "Angeline"
To day she was dress-
ed all in white and
her hair was done
in a long beautiful
bob and she looked
so pretty to day
that Father Casey
felt greatly awed and
impressed.
To day like the
Abbeannadn custom
she was bare legged
and bare armed
and looked so
transfigured that he
was almost shy

of her man though
he was. He almost did
believe she really was
a angel.
"Good gracious he
exclaimed once more.
Father we want to
improve ourselves
but people say we
have been terrible
hypocrites all our
lives" went on the
Fairy of Heaven"
"Hypocrites" Father
Casey echoed
"Yes and (liars)
and also as jail-
birds and so on. They
even believe were
a we are spies try
ing to learn some-
thing about this Coun-
try for the sake
of our own. One
man said St August-
-ine was not near

as bad as we are"
"I know you pretty well Angeltine and I could easily prove that you and your sisters are neither hypocrites or liars."
"ah thats just it Father. and so many of the people think we have fooled you into believing what we are. When Webber George struck alice in the eye, the people claimed I did myself and kept it a secret from you."
"I do not think I would blame you if you did keep it a secret"
"neither does mama, she told me not to let all strangers know who we are."

"People" Father Casey observed "are not hypocrites when they dont go around and tell other peoples sins."
"But papa a Father" we always have to be dodging so that all people we do not know or trust will not know what is the matter between us Silas and Pagan. Both how kind Miss Manganet and Miss Serena were to us and forever so long we were compelled to keep back the truth and then Father I'm just surely worried sick about that wicked lie Webber George told you about me Father. I'm beginning

to think it was a mortal sin. Was it Father?"

Then the priest thought to himself the nearest thing to a sacrelege or that memorable occasion, was not the lie which Webber George told, but the cruel and angry words he had willfully spoken to Angeline, in his defiance.

"It was worse than a mortal sin" he answered "I never thought at the time that he was committing a big sin and-"

"Father" broke in Angeline "When he swore and spoke to me like he did I really didnt know what to say or do. I could have struck him but I didnt

but he's really afraid of me Father because I'm much stronger than he is. Yet its an awful hard thing for a little girl who went through what I did to have a boy say such things to me, and for me not to strike him, it humbles and hurts so. But I didnt slap him and Conrad said I should have shaken him like a rat and slapped his face a hundred times.

and then mamma told me over and over that I should not even let that boy know who and what we are or find out anything about ourselves."

"It would take the

wisdom of an older head than any person has to get out of such a situation as you have been in." said the priest. "Dont bother about that point any more, Angeline and what you do to that bad boy I dont blame you my dear so dont worry any more about it."

Ill not Father, but thats not all. all my time I've been here in the United States, many people believe I and my sisters are pretending to be serious and were not. They even believe I and my sisters are full of frivolity"

"Good Gracious" the (prest.) priest for a third time.

"Yes Father. They believe I and my sisters like to play tricks."

"Well I surely do" said the priest

"and they believe we love to tease people"

"So do I love to tease people"

"and they believe we love to be admired."

"They do"?

"Yes indeed. Its terrible"

"Angeline is it really true that you or your sisters never do anything foolish or anything you think wrong to gain admiration"?

"I think not Father. that is I— to be safe Father I'll say positively no"

"So there anything else Angeline?"

"Yes Father how can we
take these people who
are all so against us?
We have prayed and
prayed and so have
Pernod and our parents,
and we never know
what is going to happen
to us at any time!"

"It is a sad case, a
very sad case Angeline.
Those people I'm afraid,
have been told, or are
told things about you
little girls which is not
evidently true. Or they
are wickedly jealous.
nobody can do any-
thing with those people,
entirely.

There was a time
when somebody could
do something about
it but that time
seems to be past.
And besides I know

from what I've heard,
a great mayority of
people, in this neighbor-
hood, especially among
young women and girls,
are jealous of you, and
envy what you are.
and a great mayority
believe you went to
France willingly with
a number of strange
men, and helped
them in some crime
over there, for which
you were sent to
the prisons in
French Guiana,
and they believe
you only escaped
from there with
some runaway
convicts or compan-
ions to come here
and to seek the
shelter of this
country from France.

Therefore they look on you as jail birds. You must Angeline your brother or the police did not capture all of your enemies either. Two of the leaders are still at large as you tell me, and that gang in San Francisco, are well known and invincible.

"and you've no word about the gang who brought you and your sisters to French Guiana. Pernod said to me severals times that he is dumbfounded. The truely regal Glandelinian spies dont show themselves anywhere but hire criminal Chicagoans to do

their dirty work. Your brother I'm afraid can't help himself or you little girls entirely. He could do plenty in Abbeannia where all people are for him, but the odds are against you all here as so many people are for your enemies and against you.

Pernod feels the situation very keenly. He has come to me several times to tell me how hard he is fighting to keep you safe from now on."

"Angeline was weeping. "Poor Pernod" she sobbed "I'd give my life to m'onsieur to save him all this worry, and I'm going to offer my Holy Communion for him and that ought to count."

"It certainly should" said Father Casey

"And to day this afternoon"" continued Angeline growing suddenly radiant "I'm getting the gordon family to make their general Confession, and when I think of a general Confession Father do you know what I think of?"

"What Angeline?"

"Of the text Thou shalt wash me, and I shall be made whiter than snow. This afternoon I hope they are going to have souls think of it, whiter than snow."

And the Fairy of Heaven was gone.

Good gracious" Father Casey cried for the fourth time and would fain have elasped into med-

itation on holiness and innocence had not Michael interrupted him with the information that the outer office was filled with first Communicants who wished to see him privately and as some put it on important business.

But while Angeline had been thus busy in her conversation with Father Webber George looking in the half opened door had been frequently frowning at her and casting at her sidelong glances which would have scared her terribly if she had noticed them.

Angeline however

remained ignorant of the fact.

During the later school hours of the afternoon Wellver George was just as busy as he could be getting rid of his wicked anger. What he hated most of all was when Angeline had her hair in curls instead of braids. It was reverbal days now and still she wore the curls. This made him hopping angry. Then there was another thing that made him feel worse.

He had teased other little girls in school hiding the hat of one of them and pulled her hair, stole Angelines cake

upset Maryories ink bottle spilling the ink on her dress and put a crayfish in nells pocket. He had bothered other little girls in every way and grew more dreadful day by day. Angeline had stopped him violently one day and he didnt think it fair.

So while sitting in his school desk behind her and looking around the school room to observe that no one was seeing him he doubled up his fist and shook it threateningly at her a yet later he clenched both fists and waved

them in the air and the longer Angeline remained sitting in front of him the more did Webber George double up his fist the more madly did he shake them at the back of her head.

It was just a moment after this that Osmod coming to take Angeline home sat in the desk besides Maryse. Neither Angeline nor Webber George knew of his presence.

Again his eyes now lighted on the golden curls and he frowned at them as if they were enemies that had already done him all kinds of harm and was plotting new mis-

chief for to day. He was tempted to put hand on one of those curls, but he knew Angéline knew what she would do to him, and he was afraid of her.

But he did not know that Osmod was in the school room and at that moment looking lovingly at her sister. His love suddenly turned to rage.

He actually saw Webber George shaking his fist but to his affrighted eyes it appeared as if Webber was going to strike Angeline in the back with his fist.

Then like a savage he rushed at Webber

George grasped his two wrists in a vice like grip and gave him such a violent shove that Webber fairly flew away from his seat and crashed headlong to the floor banging his head against the rungs of another school desk.

Angeline had no idea of Pernod being in the school room until behind her she heard a sudden scuffle and Pernods voice bellow "You dern cf a rat so you'll strike my sister in the back will you and then she saw with startled eyes Webber crash to the floor, banging his head and

caught a glimpse of Pernods wrathful face. Great excitement prevailed throughout the school room Sister Dorothy had arisen from her chair somewhat frightened, and Pernods words were heard on the other floors of the school, and in the two school offices. Father Casey hearing the words and the crash had arisen to his feet and started towards the school-room followed by Michael and Patsy who had been entertaining him. "I- I didn't hit him" began Webber George- "Dont you dare lie to me or I'll smash your face in" roared

Pernod savagely "I saw you in the act and you would have if I had not been quick enough."

Angeline had now risen to her feet. She looked daggers at the boy who was slowly getting to his feet. He was bleeding from a scalp wound.

"If you had struck me in the back I'd have fixed you you dirty coward." she snapped "I'm a wild cat when I'm around. Get away from me you cowardly rat."

"I wasn't going to;"

"not a word out of you." Angeline shot back. "Do you think my good brother is blind. You have

been hating me since you first knew me, and would not change no matter how I tried to win your friendship. Well we're through. You'll never sit in that desk any more. Get your things out of there and get away from here" and she pulled his things from the drawers of his desk and threw them on the floor.

Webber George did not pick them up but while rubbing his head cried:

"I'll get even with you both for this. As for you master Pernod I'll kill you the first opportunity I get."

Pernod advanced twards him menacingly and Webber cried doubling up his fists"
"Dont you dare strike me. Go on and strike me, I dare you."
Pernod laughed scornfully.
"I'm waiting for you to kill me" he answered defiantly.
"Just you wait I'll get you in some dark alley."
"I'll be watching for you" sneered Pernod with true defiance in his eyes Webber said no more but started o picking up his school books with Angeline standing near him looking like a wrathful

little angel.
"I wasn't going to hit you" the bad boy protested.
"Get out of here" she shouted at her loudest. "Get out of here, you rat or I'll tear your cheeks from your face".
Poor Angeline had reached the depts o depths of vexation and bitterness for weeks she had been reasonable with him stood the many crosses he imposed unjustly upon her.
Since she came back she had tried every means to win his friendship but to no avail.
She now saw how it all turned out and this is

what had brought her righteous rage to the boiling point. And a cowardly act she could never forgive or tolerate.

"At what she said he answered!

"If you tear my face my Uncle will have you put in jail."

"Oh! is that so? I'm a cowardly rat like you?"

Webber had picked up all his books by now and without another word retired sullenly to an empty back seat, followed by the scornfull looks of every boy and girl in the school-room.

The Sister had fled into Father Casey's office. The

priest had heard all.

"He did. He did" said the Sister excitedly to the priest "I saw him in the act as if he was going to strike her in the back. Oh my God. The look in Pennods face before he rushed at him. An enraged tiger could not have such an expression."

"Be calm Sister be calm" said the priest soothingly. "Its all over now. I saw the most and heard all. That bad boy had it coming to him."

Some time the next morning Webber tried to get Angeline to make up. Violet

was with her at this time but angeline or Pernod had said nothing at home no Violet or her other sisters knew nothing of what had occured at this school.

"No we're (true) through." she said snippishly. "I and my sisters have lived lives of hell on earth for years and without hesitation have forgiven our persecutors. But for any one to attempt to strike me a cowardly blow on the back is too much of a 'cowand to make up with. That is like dragging my heart down into the dust. I have tried my best to reason

with you for your souls sake and you wouldnt reason. No we're through. If you had acted like that to me in my own country you would have been out of luck, and besides you threatened to kill my brother. No we're through." And then she with Violet walked away.

"But Christ said to forgive and:-

"yes" retorted Angeline "but it depends. There is such things as extremes. When He went Himself. Your action is an unpardonable second breaking sacrelege. "You attempted to strike me in the back. Pernod

wouldnt lie. He saw you. On some conditions we girls are under no obligations to make up. We are Abreannians different from you and our kind dont tolerate cowardly acts and besides you called me an awful name. And that is a dreadful insult, (son of a bitze) That is an insult to my mother who is as pure and holy a woman as any Saint could be. I was never born of an immodest woman, no we are through. And I'm going to keep my eyes on you from now on."

Chapter Five

In which Father Casey loses his temper. Pernod also loses his temper.

The day of the children's first Communion will in this story be a memorable and beautiful one in St Patricks parish. With the excitement of Pernods rage at Webber George being over throughout the school and in the early sunshine of that early October morning, innocence and "turtle dove" love and high desire issue from home and tenement in the shape of simple hearted little boys and modest little girls, and the streets so lately teeming and tenanted by all kinds of night prowlers and all the various following

or followers of dissipation forget the ugliness and the sin of darker hours and grow bright to welcome the living flowers of Christ.

Down Adams street in groups of three and four come little boys and girls clean and neat and pretty and unworldly in their attire. Down Halsted street comes another, down Desplains and up Desplains come others.

From north south and East and west they come and from every foot step blessings arise and make the city with all its sordidness and sin a thing of beauty to Him who loves children.

Men and women

too are on the street. Fathers, mothers relations, and friends and one can see that tender memories of other days like the present one have brought them (from) for the nonce near to Heaven because they have as it were become little children too.

The first communicants disappear within the walls of the school building and all is silence. Of all the communicants, Webber George was not among them.

Devoted sisters - how devoted - how long suffering I dare not attempt to express are at hand to receive and care for the boys

and girls, and the Misses Walton with several officers of the Young Sadlier Sodality see that each little Boy took his best and bravest in a white sash over his blue coat and that a white flower graces his youthful breast,

Going down to the office that morning before the Mass Father Casey was surprised when he found little Jenny Jenkins with Angeline and Violet awaiting him at the entry.

Jenny the reader may possibly remember was the little girl of seven who never "got up" on Sunday. Jennie had a wicked hopeless (beer barrel) mother who while

starving and stunting her children contributed assidyously the year round to the full supporting and enriching fortune of 3 or 4 saloon keepers in her neighborhood,

In the time not given to sleeping and the neglect of her work as charwoman she loved to hear the carmican climb, and to that end trained little Jenny very severely and carefully into the safe carriage of the little tin bucket- a very distant relation to the old moss covered bucket that hung in the well.

Jennies bucket was a stranger to the fluid (water) which

has made the moss covered bucket famous.
Outside of school hours the exits and entrances of life to Jenny Jenkins were the Saloon back doors over which one could read the hediously ironical inscription:
"Ladies sitting room"
All during the preparation for the great day Jenny had been on the waiting list.
Irregular in coming to school missing mass freely, showing little or no interest in making herself ready. Father Casey had often been minded to put her out of the class and have her content herself with going to Communion privately.

Even up to the day before the retreat the question hung unsettled. Then two of the good little Vivian Girls came into the vexed question and solved it.
It was the usual custom of any one of these good little Girls during this time, out of their own pockets to fit one poor little girl or more for the solemn reception of our Lord and on this month of October the lot had fallen upon Jenny Jenkins.
Violet and Angelina took the trouble to look into Jennys environment and they saw that it was not good.

In fact they really considered it impossible. Little girls as they were they were not the least bit afraid to communicate their impressions to the child's mother in no uncertain terms, and by great good luck Mrs Jenkins was sober enough at the time to follow their strictures.

The two little vivian girls furthermore laid down the law, and exacted from the mother certain concessions.

Then the two good little girls came to Father Casey.

"Father" said Violet- "this poor little child Jenny Jenkins cannot possibly get

ready at her own home to make her first Holy Communion properly."

"So it appears" Father Casey said sarcastically, "The fact is little Fannie of Heaven I'm so disgusted with little Jenny that I've about made up my mind to put her out of the class to morrow morning."

"Poor child. Surely you would not do that Father. She has no chance at all. She would be a million times better off if her wicked mother were dead"

"I'm not thinking of Jenny so much Violet as of the others in her class. She's giving such bad example."

"But Father added

Angeline" She went there next three days. We have arranged for all that.) and Vibert Father, scared her mother into letting poor Jenny stay with us from now till Sunday night. She will have plenty of time to say her prayers and get her rest and I promise you I and my sisters and Penrod will do everything for her as though she were our own sister."

"Little Fairies of Heaven shake hands You've solved a sure question that has given me no end of trouble and annoyance"

"And so during the three days of special preparation Little Jenny had been in time

for mass, regular to school and so her teacher told the priest a wonderfully changed girl.

And she did not know how it came about as the two little Vivian Girls never told anybody about the charity work they did.

Remembering all this Father Casey confronted the three in the vestibule, and what a transformation had come over the tawdrily dressed Jenny of the heavy dyed colored face and unkempt hair.

This morning her eyes were bright her cheeks faintly remin-

iscent of the nose and her white dress and veil discovered to Father Casey for the first time the pathetic beauty of her gypsy like face framed in raven black hair and wonder of wonders real holiness had touched the features of the little child touched them so that she looked then as sweet as innocence and as winsome as any child he had seen that morning.

But in contrasting beauty she was like a worthless weed compared to the two virgin girls in grace and beauty.

"Father" said Angelina, "here's Jenny come to thank you for all your kindness and I."

"Kindness" said Father Casey "Where do I come in. It was you who showed her kindness"

"Yes but you allowed her to go on with her first Communion. She's been with me and my sisters three days Father, and we can say that a nicer sweeter better little girl we would not want to have near us."

"And oh Father put in Violet if that little girl had half a chance she'd be as good as the best. We dread to give her back to her mother, (God) you should have seen her pray morning and night. Why last evening the little thing had almost

to be forced from her knees. "God bless her. Father she wants to say something to you."

"Father Casey" turned his eyes to the new Jenny Jenkins. The hardness, the boldness, were gone from her face and in their place was the sweet air of childhood of which she had been this long time robbed.

"Father" she said even her voice had grown lovely "I want you to pray for me that I may keep good. I know I have been bad and I'm sorry."

"But you are not bad and never was" put in Violet. "You could not help it when your mother compelled you to do

those things"

"and Jenny" added Angeline "what are you going to ask our Lord when you recieve him?"

"Father I'm going to ask him to die for me if I am in danger of growing up bad."

The childs evident sincerity moved Father Casey so that he could not trust himself to speak.

"And now Father bless me that I may keep it up."

The child of the worse possible tenement of the worst possible home of an absolutely impossible mother thought the tears to his eyes.

There were fervent Holy Communions made that morning but while many approached the holy table with like sentiment of faith and love I doubt myself whether any brought such touching humility as the little Vivians and that abandoned child of the tenement.

The mass with the Communion service lasted over an hour and the main attraction of the whole was the six Vivian girls

Daisy herself was still in bed at home too ill to get up. The fever she had would not leave her.

The little Vivians attracted every one. There were many girls

in there receiving Communion who had true golden hair but theirs were pale in comparison with that of the Vivians.

And they looked indeed like some special children of the celestial regions receiving Holy Communion with the Earthly children.

As it was said the mass with the Communion Class Service lasted over an hour and it was quite late in the morning when the priest partook of his breakfast.

For some reason or other Father Casey felt very tired and instead of going down at once to the school office he rested in

room. It was half past ten o'clock before he arrived at the office and there he found Angeline and her five beautiful sisters awaiting him.

"Why children" he exclaimed "haven't you gone home for your breakfast yet?"

"No Father" said Angeline. "We could not go without thanking you for all your kindness."

"Mama was here too" added Jennie "but the fasting made her feel sick and she is waiting for us at the Ideal Thompsons Cafetiere. Father she left you this" and Jennie handed the priest an envelope containing

as he afterwards discovered a large bill- "and asks you to use it for your school. And Father we want to thank you again, and we promise you we are going to do our best to increase ourselves in being good little girls."

"Thank you children but you are not angels yet and so I think you had better toddle away and get your breakfast."

"But Father we want your blessing first."

The priest gave it right willingly.

"And Angeline" Father Casey said: "am I to see you and your sisters no more?"

"Oh I hope so

Father it looks as if we shall be here till late next spring and I'm coming over here with Catherine every noon time and when we can every afternoon to see you".

"You will be welcome"

"and Father" put in Catherine "would you mind our going over to the music room when there is no one useing it?"

"What's up now?"

The little girls began to make all manner of facial and manual signals at each other and Catherine seemed to propose something to which Angeline strongly objected.

"Father" said Angeline at length "its a secret but we'll let

you know in good time"

And with this Father Casey had to be content. The six white robed innocents bade him a elaborate farewell, each one executing with perfect grace Angelines elaborate curtsey.

Are piety and angelic nature reconcilable? Are they even close together or far apart? Do they not in some cases go hand in hand?

These questions arose in Father Caseys mind for many a time during the day that followed the first Holy Communion Sunday.

Nearly all the children in their first fervor - greatly to

the annoyance of a number of mothers who like "Kiplings wampire" never could understand were making brave efforts to go to Communion ebery day at the sacrifice of getting up unusually early and concomitantly if not in consequence there was more of silvery laughter, more liveliness in class more happy faces in St Patricks School than ever before.

In the matter of being like angels Angeline and her sisters appeared to lead all the rest. But the same was true of their piety.

On Monday which was a holiday they went from the office

to the music room from the music room to the church and from the church back the office. and then do-capo

Any man or woman who did not like children would suppose that they visited the church to meditate mischief.

Michael was a much disturbed boy all that day. It was impossible for him to sink into the lethargy which characterized him during office hours. A lethargy, be it said which completely disappeared once he was on his native heath.

Michael could never get rid of his awe of these little girls

Angeline and Catherine presented to his untaught and simple imagination all the glory and mystery of Heaven. The two young missies had not been slow to discover Michaels point of view in their regard and they were prompt to avail themselves of what opportunities it presented.

Michael was drawing a salary from Father Casey at the time he was really working for Angeline and Catherine.

On returning from their first visit to the church Catherine assisted by Angeline took the lad in hand with unusual vivacity and characteristic energy.

in Father Caseys own office without showing too overt an interest the priest was able to follow the proceedings almost completely.

"Michael began Casey "what book is that you are reading?"

"Its treasure island" said Michael raising his head and then dropping it again. Michael was interested there was a good deal of shooting and killing going on in the fourteenth chapter he was reading.

"Do you notice" said Angeline

in a very loud whisper "How Michael reads That's the way our dear brother reads" He holds the book in both hands in the most correct position.

"and just see" added Daisy "the correct way he sits when he is reading. You'd think he was the son of some great general."

The lucky youth who had he been deaf could hardly have missed the import of these whispers dropped

his book, raised his eyes, and finding that the two fairies were considering him with real thoughtful regard, smiled broadly as if he was about to grin.

"Say does he not smile like our brother Pernod" continued Daisy in the same far reaching whisper.

"Did you ever see Webber George smile?" asked Angeline.

"He does not even know how to smile" said Daisy who was now well enough to be around again.

"Its a gingerly smile" commented Angeline. "You would think he was afraid of letting himself go for fear of crack—

ing his face"

"Perhaps its his curly hair" Daisy observed.

"Whats has his curly hair got to do with it?" angeline inquired.

"I was thinking" Daisy made answer "of part of a song I and Pernod used to sing:

There was a boy in our old town who dressed on killing style.
His hair was curled so very tight, he didnt dare to smile."

"Michael" said Angeline "Do you like Webber George?"

He looked at her queerly saying nothing.

"are you a friend of his?"

Michael threw himself back in his chair and looked as offended as he really was by the question. But still he couldnt find words to answer.

"Do you?" both little girls repeated

"Are you little girls really my friends?" he demanded.

"We would like to be more than friends" they answered.

"Then dont ask me those questions."

"Why?"

"I a friend of that rat in a hole? Do you know Angeline what he did when you were gone away to that hellish French Province, Guiana in north South America?"

"no."

"I saw it all. My little est sister had said to him "Oh you naughty boy, you missed Mass and it's to day is Sunday. He got mad and threw coal ashes into her eyes. I couldnt catch the rat. Mother was crazy. She took sick. The doctor had a hard time to save my little sisters eyesight."

"Oh that is too bad. and where is your little sister?"

"She's still in the hospital."

"When did it happen?"

"It happened in July."

"If I had known he was that kind of a boy, I would

never had never tried to gain his friendship." said Angeline. "So you had your troubles too."

The two little girls would seem to have hypnotized the office boy. The two fairies gave Michael ten minutes of their valuable time telling him too that on the first opportunity they would pay a visit to his little sister.

Then the fairies went to the music and left Michael as the priest noticed following them with his eye.

On returning from their next visit to the Church they took up Michael again to his evident pleasure. First Daisy

ascertained whether he wore a scapular, inquired as to whether he said his night and morning prayers went to mass and was going to ask him another question when the door man came and announced that there were two handsomely dressed gentlemen who wished to see Michael privately and alone.

Daisy therefore stepped into Father Caseys office but left the door slightly open.

Angeline who alone saw the men was shocked to see Egan and Siker enter the outer office.

"What had Michael

to do with them. For a moment she had a heart breaking feeling that the boy whom Edmond really loved was secretly in league with these two men.

But the conversation she overheard soon relieved her. Michael remaining at his office desk motioned the men towards an office divan.

Angeline and Daisy listened carefully.

"Is your name Michael McGuire?" asked Egan.

"Yes sir it is."

Egan looked at Siker. The latter pulled a newspaper from his pocket and handed

it to Michael. It was one of those newspapers telling of Michaels heroism in capturing the spy who was raiding Father Caseys office. Michaels (Pap) picture also was in the paper on the front page.

"See that" said Sikes with a scowl. "It was your doing. Are you any relation to those Yankee gutter snipes?"

"No but they're my friends and their brother is a pal of mine."

The two men exchanged quick glances "Whats your nationality boy?"

"Irish descent. Born in the United States of America and proud of it."

"Are you in the service of their brother Pernod in any way?"

"Not that I know of."

"Then explain that detail in the paper" It was Sikes who was doing all the talking. Fagan was silent.

"I caught him trying to break into Father Caseys desk. I thought he was a thief or a burglar."

Fagan was lighting a pipe despite the "no smoking" sign on the wall.

"Smoking is not allowed" said Michael.

Fagan sneered "Who's going to stop me?" he demanded.

"See here" boy he continued "We came here to tell you something. That man is one of our followers. You got him arrested. Thats the same as willfully meddling with the profession we belong to. If you want to remain safe you'll do your best to get him set free. We're dealing easy with you. We'll give you two months to secure his freedom. If you dont you'll suffer the consequences that's all."

Zagan spoke coolly while he smoked heavily.

Father Casey also heard every word.

"Who are you

men?" asked Michael.

"As you would know soon anyway" said Sikes himself lighting his pipe. "We are not afraid to tell you. We are known well anyway my name is John Aberdeen Sikes. This man is my leader John Zagan. We are chiefs of bands of Glandeliens spies and we can prove to any one that we are dangerous men."

"But when I caused the capture of that man I didn't know his purpose. I thought he was a thief."

"That is no ex-

cuse my boy. Well I will say again that we'll give you 2 months to bring about the release of that man. If the police wont do it for you then speak the matter over with Penrod."

The men arose bowed politely and walked out.

As soon as the men were gone Angeline and Daisy went in again. Michael did not look a bit effected by the visit of the men, nor cared.

"Michael" Angeline said "do you know that you remind us of our brother?"

"No" said Michael, "Do I look like him?"

"Not at all" said Angeline with a smile.

"What is it then?" asked Michael.

"A person who have and knows how to carry himself." exclaimed Angeline.

"I cant carry myself" answered Michael.

"You dont understand. You stand right like a soldier, you sit perfect and you walk right and you carry your head right" exclaimed Daisy.

Michael who had risen smiled broadly

"There you are" exclaimed Daisy

"You'd think" declared Angeline "that he was our brother in a new way."

Before leaving for

the music room, Daisy marked with little slips of paper some dozen prayers which she had prendously found in one of Fathers Lasances books of devotion and enjoined Michael to type write on his new machine two copies of each, one for herself and one for Angeline specifying carefully the size of the paper to be used and the ammount of margin and spacing.

All this to be done against their return.

And when they did return after an unusually long time in the music room and a still longer time in the church the type written

prayers done in Michaels very best style were awaiting them.

Daisy was loud in her expressions of thanks indeed she was so pleased that she must bring them to Father Casey.

Of course in the face of such enthusiasm Father Casey felt bound to examine them with a certain deliberation.

At that moment Webber George came into the priests office with a note. Father Casey detested him in his heart like a child detests castor oil. He saw an excuse to detain him.

"Go into the outer office" the priest snapped "I'm busy

with the little girls now."

As he obeyed he leered at Angeline who happened to be in the outer office. The dialogue in the next made it in the priests judgement worth while prolonging this examination"

Des Dis eyes were on the type written pages but his ears and whole attention were absorbed in the speakers without.

"master George snoopy," came the voice of Angeline" is it true what someone told me that you really followed my sisters Catherine and Daisy and my mother over to the

Deal Cafe and stood outside with a pencil and paper and wrote something down?"

"No it is not true. It is a lie, I never done it Angeline. Ermine alone."

"Who can believe or believe you. Its hard enough to believe you in everything you say. And did you not stay so long there with your nose flattened against the window that a lieutenant of police came over and told you to move on."

"Oh gee" growled Webber "George" who has been stuffing you? I didnt look in to see what she was eating or doing.

I didnt write anything down and there was no cop around."

"Master George" persued Angeline severely "is it true that when Catherine and my mother came here the second day to see the Catechism class that you shadowed them all the way to our house"

Angeline be it said knew her Nicholas Nickleby and in consequence the Crummles family.

"That's another lie" cried George hotly "I never thought of such a thing, oh and" and there was a sound of a chair thrown roughly to one side and of retreating foot steps not at

all fairy like. Webber George had incontently departed to nurse a furious rage

"They are certainly well done" the priest now said that the dialogue had come to an end "and the prayers are very beautiful"

That same afternoon Daisy herself waited on Father Casey.

"Father would you mind our having the use of St Patricks Hall to night from seven to ten?"

"I think it can be easily arranged"

"Oh it is arranged"

"Indeed"

"Yes Jerry knows all about it and Michael. And Father will you

come over Angeline and I, and my sisters have a surprise for you."

"I'll be on hand. But alone?"

"Oh you'll not be alone, Father. My mother will be there and Mr and Mrs Gordon also with their children and all those nice young ladies who helped the boys and girls on First Communion morning."

"At seven o'clock Father Casey entered the hall and took a seat between Jerry and Michael. There were fully eighty people present besides those mentioned by Daisy, all evidently expecting a threat. Angeline and her sisters were not to be seen.

Scarcely had Father Casey seated himself when Miss Margaret Burns the regular and accomplished accompanist at all the school entertainments, struck a chord and out skipped from behind the curtain at the rear of the very modest stage, the seven fairies.

Beautifully modestly attired one could see in their customs the skillful needle of Empress Vivian and the stage experience of Mrs Gordon the fairies all radiant in smiles made the famous Castrey the priest now knew so well.

Another chord and then the piano, and

the fairies were hard at it giving as wonderful a show as the best of moving picture actresses could ever accomplish. There were even men in the show.

The act was one of their most thrilling sky exposition in their career and lasted an hour.

The next number was the sailors hornpipe followed by the "hush" silt.

Then came after these graceful and innocent dances a song number which I am bound to say was unusally good beating any good singing the priest had ever heard before.

An intermission devoted to ice cream and cake, allowed the entertainers to change their costume and then for fully seventy minutes they held everyone spell-bound with selected folk dances of nearly all European nations, and their own.

Every one was very interested but none so much as Michael, He was absorbed.

"Gosh" he observed to Jerry sixteen distinct times." I wish I was a real actor"

"now Father" cried Catherine as the 7 little girls at the end came out and Daisy caught the priests hand

"now you know why we were always going to the music room. We got up the show just to please you. Oh Father were you not pleased?"

"I certainly was it was all of it, very beautiful very graceful. It was, the dancing especially over two hours in Fairy land."

"Why Father" exclaimed Catherine great delight on her expressive face "that's precisely what we were trying to be we imagined we were fairies"

"And you are fairies my children. You are fairies of Heaven. You angeline are the Fairy of St Patricks school, and your sisters

are the Fairies of the Skinner school."

"Mrs Gordon went over all our work. And Father we all knew those dances but rehearsed them before we gave the show."

"They're excellent in everything they do" commented Mrs Gordon. "I've never seen any children to whom dancing comes so naturally Father" she added in a lower tone "these little girls could go on the stage to morrow but for the love of God dont let them."

"Dont let them?" answered the priest in a low tone "there is no danger. On account of their

beauty a number of famous moving picture Companies have offered them positions with a big contract and begged them to accept But they flatly refused."

"Say Father" said Michael as they went down the stairs "It was great"

Wicked Webber George when he threatened Revenge on both Angeline and Pernod kept good his threat. He knew full well that the Mother Superior was a very severe sister very unusually strict and for even a slight offense scolded severely

This same Mother

Superior had once before been fooled by some lying or (lieing) person and would have expelled the little Vivian Girls from the school had not Pernod interfered and also told her "God help you if you ever even scold my sisters again for anything But since that time the Sister had forgotten this. She had no excuse however for scolding Angeline at this time either for she as well as the whole school and neighborhood knew what kind of a little girl Angeline was and also knew that Webber George

was a perfect Champion at being the most record breaking liar there ever was. He told the Mother Superior that poor Angeline the night had presented herself on the stage of the big vaudeville Shobhouse on Halsted street between Madison and Washington street, and with no clothes on at all danced the Highland Fling and other dirty and immodest acts, and then on the following morning went to Holy Communion committing a great Sacralege

He told her that when he reproached her about it she struck him in the eye

He really had a black eye but

had received it from another boy in a boxing match.

Angeline never even knew the Highland fling, having never been the dance or heard of it.

The boy told the lie in such a manner to her that the Head Sister believed it to be the truth.

Angeline was in the school office with Jennie that day. She was called by the Sister and what ever the Mother Superior said to her while scolding her unmercifully in too much to Louie here but Jennie was with Angeline and noticed the look of depreciation coming

The child was struggling to keep back the tears and so could not speak. Her silence the Mother Superior interpreted wrongly as is the way with all of us, when we every one of us allow our tempers to get away from us.

The Head Sister was looking at her and thought Angeline looked sullen, and defiant. Her anger grew stronger and she continued,

"So you defy me do you. After committing that immodest sin and Sacrelege? Better look out I warn you?"

Angeline was now weeping but the Mother Superior was too far gone to

notice. She still continued:

"Even good Father Casey trusted you Angeline Vivian and I thought I too could depend on you. And you have decieved us. Angeline Vivian I didnt expect anything like this from you, and I dont see how we can ever trust you again. The people in their opinion about you and your sister was right now you may go and may you try hard to mend your ways."

The poor innocent little girl gave the Sister an appealing glance. It was wasted on her any person including myself in a rage is a fool,

and the Head Sister was no exception.

"You can go" the Sister said but Jennie held Angeline as she said:

Sister Adelheid you are too excited or too angry or let her explain or get a wand in edge wise."

The Sister did not look up from her desk Angeline said nothing and for a moment there was an unpleasant silence. Then she spoke and her face was very stern and her voice most solemn.

"Jennie Vivian" she said "I shall talk with you after wards and alone but at present I shall say that

you are very bold and naughty to come to a school at which you are not attending, and really ought to be severely punished, for coming with your sister into this office without permission and then talking to me like that because I scolded her for that sinful act."

"She did not do that."

At that the Mother Superior grew angry indeed.

"What Jennie Vivian?" she cried and her voice kept rising higher "You dare take part with your naughty sister after all her bad behaviour?" "You had better look out

as the whole neighborhood does that Uncle George is the worst lion in this whole city after all what she and the rest of us went through it should come to this' come home angeline dear. Please come with me"

But when she looked at her sister who was standing very still she patted her on the shoulder and said'

"Oh bah. my dear little sister must not take things so much to heart. Didnt we get worst things than scoldings in the past? but why be down hearted about it? Well. Still on the same spot I see. We've got to go she said so"

I warn you"

"I dare do so. my sister is innocent"

"That will do" the Head Sister tried to say but she had lost her voice in her excitement

"Get out the both of you, Leave this office" She cried after a moment.

"Oh no we wont not right away" said Jennie hotly to the Sisters surprise "I and many others and also the priests of St Vincents Church can prove that Angeline never did that! How dare you scold her like that?" she snapped with a vicious stamp of her foot "You know very well

at that Angeline walked slowly towards the door slowly and wearily and not at all as she generally did. It made Jennie unhappy to watch her she followed still until they neared the door. and spoke encouraging words

"you must not mind so much just dont be unhappy about it. Be brave what ever happens."

Angeline nodded her head a little but so sadly that it went straight to Jennies heart. She stopped as she opened the door. and continued:

"Penrod shall hear of this Sister. Remember what he had

told you." Jennie looked like a loaded cannon as she glared at the foolish Head Sister. The Mother Superior got scared.

She remembered now Penrods drastic warning:

"I wont have any of my sisters going to your school scolded for anything. If I ever hear of it God help you Sister though you are for they dont deserve it. They suffered enough already."

The Mother Superior called to them but they either didnt hear or paid no attention.

Angeline was weeping but said nothing. Jennie brought Angeline home and then went to the Skinner School, where

her sisters was to tell him the whole affair.

Ide saw Jennie coming in a very image of bad tidings.

She took her place in the empty desk behind him with a truly alarming look.

"Whats the matter?" he asked

"Brother dear" she began very seriously "Youll all be suffering too Angeline has been terribly terribly lied on."

"But what Terrible lie has been told on her. Surely she doent do anything to be persecuted by any body" Pennod said quietly.

"Theres just one thing I must have to tell you Pennod though it may make me

blush terribly You've no idea the sort of wicked lie Webber George told the Mother Superior at St Patricks. Ill leave that for Michael Mc Guire to tell you. He even heard everything."

What lies to the Mother Superior? "Why what do you mean by that?"

"It cant be explained thats all. None of the acts of that bad boy can be explained Unless you believe that hes as much a little devil as the big ones can be." and she told of the scolding and of what Webber George had told the Mother Superior. As she told it he looked quite closely at his sister to

make sure that she was not out of her mind But he could see that she was entirely sane. He began to understand the whole situation.

And so it was that the Mother Superior had believed the dreadful lie told by Webber George and had scolded Angelina so harshly and which had caused all the trouble.

Pernod sat at his desk white with anger and at first was unable to think of any words that would express his feelings.

He called his others sisters to him told them Jennies story and then

began in a stern voice -

"Sisters the head Sister has dared to disregard to defy my warning. I know of only one punishment which would be severe enough for her because she dared insult our suffering sister Angelina. I shall order her arrest as for Webber George let us see if inside a reform school she will become so tame that she will never try such tricks again."

But his other sisters began to cry and wail "No no Pernod dear we must not punish the Sister. I'm sure she did not know what she was really

was doing, Webber George deciever her, and She believed angeline committed that horrid sin. We should see Angeline and let her decide what she would have us do."

Penrod got up and said somewhat sternly "Very well sisters I am willing But I too shall have a word to say to angeline. That Sister had deliberately disregarded my warning."

And with that he and they left the school room to go to her.

After Jennie had brought her home Angeline had crept to her room closed the door and threw herself down on

her bed and sobbed as if her heart would break Marjorie her friend was in the room and she was scared.

"Dont cry so please angeline" She begged. "Whats the matter? What has happened? Did the spies get your sisters?"

"No" she sobbed and between sobs she told every thing.

"Listen to me Angeline dear. The Sister will soon discover the truth. and make redress. just please dont cry so Angeline He's a bad boy that Webber George, I know Penrod will make restitution"

It was sometime before poor Angeline

could hold back her sobs But all the while she understood that mar your masters was comforting her and it helped her greatly or she never would have been able to stop crying.

Michael that same morning looked very heavy and sleepy.

"Whats the matter michael?" the priest inquired pausing at the door of his office.

"Father I was up late last night"

"Oh you were?"

"Yes Father!"

"What doing writing poetry or stories?"

"no Father I do not write stories or even poetry. Up at St Vincent Church show house, there was a grand religious play on and

I went down there. It was beautiful and made me wish I was in Heaven."

"Were any of your friends on the bill?"

"Father I and those Vivians were on the bill ourselves"

"Did they do any good acting?"

"Yes Father."

"What was the play?"

"It was a play of the birth of the Infant Jesus. They were little angels attending and adoring Him at the Crib It was such a beautiful sight The little girls brought tears to the eyes of every body."

"Did you play a harp Michael?"

"no Father I forgot to bring it along"

"What did you do?"

I sang a hymn"
you did?"
"Yes Father."
"What was it?"
Mother dear remember me"
"Who represented the Christ Child?"
I do not know. The little Vinians obtained the baby"
"And they acted as little angels?"
"Yes Father"
"Michael do you mean to sit there and tell me that those little girls appeared before the Cut as little angels and they brought tears to the eyes of a presumably crowded house and also impressed every one with the astonishing fact that they were seemingly real child

angels?"
"Yes Father. And everybody cried"
"What happened? Did everybody break down?"
"Please Father Yes. Pat Noonan was there and he up and said: "Surely they must be angels for real" and my gang was there and they said: "This place is holy and things like that. And then everybody began to whimpers to sob, and so on, and everybody was sorry when the show was over"
But Michael how in the world did you get such a pull as to take part in a class respectable and Holy Religious play like that?"
"I dont know Father.

That prettiest one Jennie Vivian got me in. But I too was so impressed by the sight of them, disguised as angels I could not hardly act. But I did my part nevertheless. Besides it was for the benefit of the good Sisters of St Vincents school I helped the little girls through everything they did They looked so lovely as angels with their golden hair white sleeveless gowns and wings that I even felt somewhat scared of them. After the show I found the little girls waiting for me. They were happy for what I did for them, and Angeline threw her arms around my neck and kissed me before Pennod who

grinned and then shook me by the hand. I couldnt resist and hugged her tight for a long time"

Michael dont you know that you are making good firm friends out of them. I have seen that a long time. Dont you know that they holy respectable princely children from a very powerful country and they could do a lot for you. Dont you know that you are chosing the company of children little girls who in other ways are real angels in their creation."

"Father I didnt know it But I do not regret it."

"I should like to

see you win them all
right. (Hand) He and
his sisters are the most
respectable children in
the world to my knowledge. I'm going to ask
them if they can do that
show over again for my
school, I'll call up the
Director of St Vincents
and ask the loan of
the other actors. Michael
tell Angeline to come
until you?"

Michael went to do
the priests bidding. He
overheard the scolding
in the Mother Superiors
office and hiding himself behind the door
to listen, heard it
all.

"That snake in the
grass Webber George" he
hissed to himself "I
wish I could choke him"

as he remained he saw
the two little girls come
out, Angeline weeping
As soon as they were
gone he returned heavy
hearted to the office.

"Father Casey" said
Michael "Angeline just got
a scolding by the Mother
Superior. Webber
George lied on her accusing Angeline of acting
in a show last night
totally naked and de-
ceiving Communion
this morning."

"What?" the priest cried
jumping to his feet.
"Thats true Father.
Webber George has been
at his worst lies
now. He told the
Mother Superior
that after the show
she remained on
the stage totally

naked and danced the Highland Fling. He even told her that Angeline also willfully allowed naked boys on the stage to hug her naked before a crowded house for the sake of winning two dollars, and Father can furnish the proof any time that that is a black lie. Shame St Vincents Church and you'll find they were acting in the Religious play") told you about" For a moment poor Father Casey felt sick. He had Michael who was his true and faithful friend struck him on the head with a club from the rear, he could not have astonished the priest more,

Angeline Vivian the daily Communicant poor Angeline Vivian the beautiful Child in whom the priest had truthfully discerned such holy candor, such holy innocence such refinement, Angeline Vivian being nastily and falsly accused of presenting herself naked on a cheap vaudeville stage with the cheapest actors and then allowing naked boys to do fornication acts with her while still naked.

It was incredible. "Michael" the priest said "Are you sure you know what you are talking about?"

"Yes Father He told that lie all right"

"And Michael "Did the Mother Superior believe it?"

"Yes Father. She scolded Angeline dreadfully. Her sister Jennie took her from the office"

Then a great anger surged through the priest.

"Michael get webber George to come here at once"

Saying which the priest entered his own office closed the door and fell to brooding. Had it been his own sister Father Casey could not have been more chagrined.

The pretty angel child had raised high hopes in the priest and now Webber George was now trying to fairly dash

her character and reputation to the ground. Honest indignation and righteous fury mingled with misery united justly to fill the priests heart with what was little less than the blackest rage.

But Michael came without Webber George. "He's not in school yet" he said "Then at is late as usual" and Michael left the priest to darkness of heart.

It was to be for him a busy morning - he was to leave in the afternoon for a three day in a neighboring city and so pulling himself together he got to work

and try as he would he could not even then banish from his thoughts the wretched reports throughout all the business of letter writing and recieving visitors, there was deep down in his heart a feeling of utter misery a sense of guilt of wrong, of injustice in keeping such a wicked dirty little scoundrel in the nice school.

A few minutes after ten o'clock the priest happened to raise his eyes and noticed on the top of his folding desk a big bouquet of beautiful american Beauty roses. He had seen them when he first entered, but had been too disturbed to give them any attention. Now for the first time he observed a beautifully designed card attached to the vase.

He arose and with languid interest gave it an examination. As said before it was a dainty card and the writing upon it was done with exceeding care. Then as he read it his heart grew heavy as lead.

"To Father Carey
With sincere love
From Angeline Vivian."

The poor little girl with her sisters going through a life of earthly hell, ill fed in French Guiana almost burned to death

by the terrific heat had spent her own money to show Father Casey her love and gratitude and (with) with those flowers scattering their fragrance over his head, he had heard how the Mother Superior had scolded her unmercifully for by believing the sacrelegious lies Webber George had told her.

"Michael" the priest called out "go at once to the sixth grade and tell the (I-I) Sister I would like to see poor Angeline at noon."

"Michael returned presently.

"Father" the Sister says Angeline was taken sick after

her scolding and her sister Jennie took her home. Pernod was there questioning the Sister. But he did not go near the Mother Superiors office. He sure looked wild with rage and was shaky."

Father Casey closed the door and settled down to make an examination of conscience. What for?

Being thoroughly humbled and ashamed, he believed he was able to see himself in the clear white light of truth. It was plain to him at once that he had been wrong done a lot of injustice to the school by allowing the bad boy

to attend it. He should have been called to order on the first complaints and ousted. This good school was no place for him. A reform school was better.

How easy it would have been for him and Angeline had he gently pointed out to her the danger of not having that bad boy watched. A few words of kindly warning and she would have thanked him and gone away all the better for the interview.

What a why had he been so foolish as to allow that bad boys to remain in school. And the rascal told the Mother Superior such a

wicked lie. The priests memory from this point went back to past years and other scoldings to innocent children the Sister had given. He could recall twenty of these outbursts but he could not recall a single case in which she had effected the least good while in reversal she had done serious harm.

Then he brought to memory the scoldings given him in earlier life. They were all as it happened in school. His mother the one whose influence over him had never weakened did not scold. Two different teachers had spoken

to him as the mother superior had to Angeline. and he too had been lied on. The scolding of one had given him hours of misery and made him at that time an enemy of that teacher, the other had almost brought him to abandon the vocation he had cherished from early youth.

Father Casey opened his desk and counted the number of complaints he had recieved about Weber George and which he had kept. To his surprise he counted five hundred.

He viciously tore them up and threw them with a vicious fling into the waste basket.

(G) Lord Jesus do not let him go too far and make him let or leave Angeline alone" he groaned and these words as he (utttered) uttered them were as good a prayer as ever he made for they came from a heart thoroughly sad and grieving.

Sister Dorothy was seriously offended for what had happened and seriously annoyed for the late hours he came to school and though in most ways she was an easy going Sister and seldom ever scolded any one she could not hold out when he came slouching in at (qaur) quarter to eleven.

She came to look on him savagely as

she said snappishly:
"Off with you to Father Caseys office"
He came in hesitatingly but on seeing Father Caseys face he became very grave and somewhat defiant.
"I can see by your looks you little advocate of the devel" the priest said bitterly "that you realize yourself without being told what a very wicked contemptable thing you have done to that good little girl"
"Yes Father I do" assented Webber a look of slight defiance on his face.
"There is no need then" the priest continued "to enlarge on that feature of it. Such

a lie told on any little girl in this school would annoy me to put it mildly immensely, but to hear of such a lie told on a little girl in whom I and the whole school have taken such a keen interest, and who saved the life of your little sister when she was dying of a very serious illness and told on a little girl who saved your mothers home from a mortgage holder and who is a little saint it is most shocking and scandalous. They all have been kind to your whole family saved you all from bankruptcy got

your Father a good steady paying job and other things that has been proven of. And you show your ungratefulness by treating Angeline in such an inhuman way.

And you know very well without being told that you have committed a great Sacrelege by the second lie and unless you make good restitution you may as well keep away from the Confessional as you'll not receive absolution."

The boy only looked sullen Father Casey's anger grew stronger.

"And" he continued more bitterly "you will cause for the Mother Superior a very serious trouble

because of your two most wicked lies. Her brother is dangerous to any body if they wrong his sister. He'll take it out on her by having his abbreamnian guard arrest her unless I intercede. In fact you've got us all into trouble. The Mother Superior was wickedly deceived by you.

Nobody can trust you. I'm going to expell you from school. To morrow dont you dare come here again. I'll write your discharge immediately and see that Michael delivers it to your mother."

He wrote out some thing and called for Michael.

Michael came, but seeing Webber George shunned him as he would a poisonous snake,

"Yes Father." and he sneered at George.

"Webber George is discharged from this school I have have written his discharge. I want you to see that it is delivered into his mothers hands personally, and he will not get a chance to run to his pussy cat aunt. I'll hold him in my office untill his mother comes"

Michael went off as if a dangerous creature was after him.

"But my parents will-"

I dont care what they will do. You

can stay in here till they come" and the priest shut and locked the door.

It was just after Webber George left that there was a commotion outside and the door opened.

In came the Mother Superior looking nervous and scared

"Oh Father" she said. "I've made an awful mistake. Oh her brother Esmod, he'll kill me. oh he'll kill me"

Father Casey managed to get the Head Sister seated.

"Calm yourself. Calm yourself" he said soothingly, "I'll explain everything to him when he comes"

"But he'll be too wild

to listen to anything you'll say. He told me if I scolded any of his sisters for even anything God help me."

It was awful hard for Father Casey to get her really quieted. She surely remembered those dire words of Pernod and she was scared.

She could not believe that Father Casey could appease that boy prince who was so fond of his sisters that he would not take the slightest offense against them.

She could not even understand how she had made such a mistake when she had come know by now what the little Vivian

girls really were.

"Now just look at this annoy note Father Casey sent me. Discharged from school because you told wicked lies on Angeline Vivian to say nothing of tormenting her in all other ways

And you fair to Heaven may have spoiled everything and made them all through with us. Ugh pretty mess. aint it And didnt angeline save my little daughter from death you little brat" cried Mrs Webber accompanying her words by as many swift blows from a stick as fast as she could strike.

Indeed wicked little Webber George was being disciplined and when not shielded by his aunt and he came in for such an ordeal he was not likely to bear witness thereto for several days for Mrs Georges hand was not fairy like nor Mrs Georges voice of such gentle quality that Webber could fail to hear it or incidentally the entire neighborhood.

I couldnt help it. I did not tell any lie on that girl Angeline Vivian. Some one else did. (he told the truth, he didnt tell the lie he wrote it) I were not doing a single thing to her at all and that hateful

Michael Mc Guire had to go and tell Father Casey that I did that. Stop hating me or hitting me you crazy loon of a mother aint it bad enough to have to be fired from school and bawled out by the old priest and be scratched all to pieces without being licked too" yelled Webber George in bitter protest between cursing and even blaspheming his arms upraised to protect his head and shoulders from the shower of blows falling thick and fast with each word his wildly enraged mother screamed at him.

"You did lie against

Angeline. You've no business to have been pestering her at all. And the bad boy you are is caused caused by your meddlesome Aunt She has no business to interfere in my training of you at all. If she'd have minded her business and let me train you like I should and attended to her own affairs you wouldn't be the bad boy you are now. And you wouldn't have got into a mute of trouble. And now look at this note.

Heres Angelines character and reputation ruined and you'll have to make reparation. Your pa is likely to pay for all this and I know. Those Vivians have been

good to us Heaven knows and you've spoiled everything by your ungratefulness. If it had not been for the Vivians I'd like to know how we would have chased the wolf from the door or where anything would come from" She wailed Mrs George storming with all her might about the room until every object in it started to rattle as though an earthquake.

"Guess if you didn't have round so much she would have more brains to make more money" retorted Webber George from the doorway where he had fled as soon as

"You are screeching and hollering loud enough to make anybody crazy."

Shut your mouse" stormed Mrs George making a dive at her wayward son and tripping over baby Jane who was toddling about the room, thereby giving George a chance to flee from the dash made at her.

He rushed away from his home and down the street crying partly with rage and partly with pain for red welts had risen upon his arms and shoulders which were smarting badly.

He had no very clear idea where

he was going his chief object being to get away from his angry mother and the turmoil at home. By chance he hitched hiked on the back of an auto which took him all the way up to Lincoln Park and soon was on the highest Lagoon bridge.

He paid no attention to any one and they paid no attention to him.

The clear October sunshine filled the frosty air and fell upon the unhappy little mortal but carried small comfort to his rebellious soul.

Aint just nothing but scolding and

banging from one weeks end to another I catch it in school and I catch it at home. Cant do a single thing unthout someone jumps on me - hateful old things. If Father Casey had not sent that note ma would never have known of this. Warnt it bad enough to get expelled from school without getting licked too? Ouch how they smart" and he rubbed his shoulders ruefully. Then he looked down into the Water far below and then he moved away to go somewhere else.

In the meantime

Penrod did not come He had been too busy trying to console poor Angeline. who had felt so badly about it Apparently Penrod seemed as calm as nothing had happened

Angeline between sobs and helped by Jemmie had told him everything Penrod though umplexable was reasonable He realized the unfortunate Sister had been basely deceived by the bad boy, and the seriousness of what the sin could have been had poor Angeline really done it caused the Sister to forget herself and scold.

Therefore he knew the good Sister was to

For if Angeline had really committed that sin it would have shocked him and the whole family into actual sickness and the Sister herself would have been sinful not to severely admonish her. And it would have been a great disgrace to the Royal Family.

But he never had, could never have believed that Webber George could have been so low as to tell such dreadful lies as that.

He even imagined he felt the anger of God in the air.

His mother was so upset over it she could not eat her dinner. Nor could her husband or the others and Angeline did

not come any more to school that day and Pennod for an hour after dinner while sitting in a rocking chair held poor Angeline in his arms quieting her shaking form and finally getting her more comforted than usual.

"Just dont be afraid of anything" Pennod said more kindly than ever before. "Dont you care nothing bad will happen."

Pennod still held her untill she was a little quieter and no longer shook so terribly. Then his father came and stood before them. He put his hand on her head and said:

"There you are my darling child. Everything will be all right again, now suppose you tell me one properly what Wilber George told the mother superion about you."

"He did not tell it he wrote it to her of course" angeline assured him. "and yet I never went to act in any immodest vaudeville either I and my sisters acted with Edmod in the St Vincents sacred show house on Sheffield ave"

"Yes I knold "Do you remember if you had ever tried to win the bad boy to repentance and make him see his wicked acts just as plain as day?"

yes but to no avail. I have saved his little sister from dying of scarlet fever when his family couldnt afford no doctor to take care of her. I then I got his father a good job and seen to it that his home was made beautiful for him, I and my sisters did lots of things for even him. I never saw anybody so ungrateful".

Angeline began to twist about in Edmods arms and to swallow down the lump that somehow would rise in her throat.

"I see And did you ever feel that he was your enemy?"

Oh no. We thought he was just a naughty boy When I first knew him he had a habit of saying very bad words which we hate like poison to hear. He turned against me because I protested."

"I see, sort of as if he hated all little girls I suppose?"

"No not that. He's crazy about his little sister. He did not seem to even hate my sisters and desired their company at times. But he hates me. When he did that to me to day it feels so heavy here as if you wish to cry Hard."

"Oh thats the way it feels. But who wouldnt. And did you

go and cry hard?"

"I did for a while But whats the use"

"I see. And is it true as Pernod told me that that little rascal attempted to strike you in the back"?

"Yes. Pernod saw him."

"Did you tell him you were through with him for good?"

"Oh yes" was the quick answer But poor Angeline could not go on. The thought of the bad boys slander our sacred & our lies the harsh scolding from the Mother Superior, the excitement she had just passed through. and what had happened through the spies, the

cowardly attempt as she thought of the boy to stuke her in the back, these things got too strong for her. The tears began to flow from her eyes in a perfect stream and in spite of all Penrod tried to do to comfort her she broke out into loud and violent sobbing.

Emperor Vivian got up from his chair. He laid his hand in a kindly way again on her golden head and said:

"There there dont worry any more my child. I'm sure every thing will turn out all right to morrow. If it relieves you go and cry to your hearts content That

wont hurt any body Penrod will make you feel better. If you can try to fall asleep in his arms. Then you'll be all right."

Then Emperor Vivian stole from the room. When he was back again with his wife and he settled into an armchair across from his wife and explained things to her, The Empress listened with eager attention.

"First of all that boy Webber Wilber George has shown black ungratefulness" he said, "Our little girl has been surely wickedly lied on. Without knowing it he wrote a letter

or a note full of dirty lies to the Mother Superior of St Patricks school causing Angeline to get a scolding that would have scared any saint within an inch of his life.
and also the little rascal had attempted to strike her in the back.
If we are not careful he may do worst things yet Something must be done in a hurry.
There's only one way to stop this - have Evans take the boy and his meddling Uncle prisoners and sent them to our Country to be tried."
The Empress jumped from her (chair) chair. She walked up and down the room

in the greatest excitement Finally she broke out:
"nonsence. Writing such a dirty wicked lie to the Mother Superior. Causing our little girl to cry her out? And all this in this city. Without anybody noticing it or suspecting it in the least The child still is not healthy Robert dear Do you think we are going to stand all this. No Robert thats too much to expect.
I cant do it and never shall You have Permod take the bad boy in hand, do anything to convince him of his error do anything he wants We cant let any one shock Angeline too

much. Her sickness which was caused by the heat of French Guiana is not one that can be cured by powders and pills. The child is not very strong yet and if all these bad things continue against her she probably will never get entirely well. Pernod will know how to correct that bad boy and so lets leave the matter in his hand, and have our son make the rounds of Lincoln Park this afternoon. That will help his poor sister forget such a thing that has happened."

"Why if that's what you think Anna dear then there's only one thing to do. and

we must get right to work"

With these words the Emperor put his arm in that of the Empress and walked up and down with her while they talked the matter over.

At two oclock that afternoon to try to get their minds off the wretched incident Pernod with his father took his sisters to Lincoln Park. They first went to the bird house and their absorbed interest for a time of different birds made them forget Webber Georges lies. Then they went to the animals

house. What they saw in the monkey house, was so funny that they recovered their usual spirits and at times laughed most merrily.

Yet Angelina though she did not say anything, once in a while still had some of those un comfortable chills. for the results of her recent illness from Deltonia.

While they were outside going to another place Angelina got another one of

those chills especially produced by the heat of the sun for the weather was very warm yet for that time of the year. Penrod noticed it and quickly got her to get into the bird house again with his father and sisters untill the chill was off.

Yet in this writing it is evident that God willed Wesley George to be punished for his wicked sins. He had graciously caused the little rascal after fleeing from home to also be in Lincoln park and Penrod and his sisters to come across him near the entrance of the Conservatory.

His sisters being interested in something were some distance from him with their backs turned to him but Pemrod saw him if they did not.

His father too was some distance off but also saw the bad boy and wondered what the (bad boy) good son of his would do.

The boy did not see Pemrod or his sisters and was confronted by him unexpectedly, Pemrod looked him over scornfully from head to foot. Traces of the whipping he had got from his mother showed very plainly.

Pemrod grinned scornfully, then his sister

turned their heads in surprise as they heard him say with rank sarcasm in his voice.

"Got a whipping at home (a) eh. Didn't get to your protecting aunt eh?"

"Yes I did get a whipping (but) know you dont care"

"I dont butt in on other family affairs" sneered Pemrod. "What did she whip you for?"

"Because I stole a piece of her apple pie"

"Pemrod could easily see he was lying or (lieing) Pemrods sisters had come closer and were looking daggers at him.

"You are a wicked ungrateful boy Webber George" said Gorcehotly.

"Doing this to Angeline after all what we had done for your parents and sisters. We are all through with you"

"So my sister Angeline appeared on a stage naked before a crowd eh?"

Pernod put in snippishly.

"I didnt tell any one that" said George.

"I know you didnt" said Pernod angrily in his loud voice. "You wrote it in a note to the Mother Superior. Thats black mail. A poison pen letter."

"I didnt write any one that note" lied the boy"

"You wrote to the Mother Superior and also that my sister recieved Holy Communion afterwards

I sent detective Burns to the mother superior for that note. That note saves her from an Abbeamian prison for scolding Angeline. Here it is. It is signed by you"

"I did not do any such thing"

"You did too"

"I did not. Semme alone or I'll sock you one" cried Webber George acting as (yo) if to swing.

"Sock me, an Abbeam man? You do and I'll batter your monkey face in" snarled Pernod in his loudest voice.

"Semme alone" (you son of a bitch)

Violet and her sisters paled, sickened

at hearing that. It was an insult to their holy pure mother. Pernod with rage.

"You don't call me that" raged Pernod at his wildest "Oh you gr-r-r-" and Pernod grabbed him around the neck with one arm in a tight hug shaking him and swung a vicious blow to the left jaw with the other.

Still retaining him he swung him around and hurled him backward against a small tree with such force as to cause the tree to quiver in every limb. He followed it with a swing to the nose that

brought a stream of blood and another to the mouth that loosened four teeth and cut both upper and lower lip. Then there came a powerful swing to the left ear and one to the right eye that made him see stars.

Pernod then paused breathless with blinding rage. Webber George knew that to fight with Pernod was folly. Besides if he did his sisters would come to his aid.

"Call me that and I'll dash your lousy red head against a stone wall. I'll dump you head first into the foul garbage box" continued Pernod as

loudly as he could be side himself with rage, "You wont call me that after heaping the outrages and insult upon my sister, I'll permantly dis'able you"

Webber George didnt answer a word, Penrod moved closer to him and still in his loudest voice:

"Call me that and I'll hand you over to Jack Evans. I'll tell Detective Burns, I'll tell him. You want me too. The idea of telling lies and writing lies on my sister and adding insult by calling me that. Why thats an insult to my mother. I'll stick you head first into a park garbage can".

a number of people especially boys and girls had gathered but Penrod was too excited to notice.

Webber George wiping the blood away from his nose and mouth moved slowly away Penrod let him go a look of vindictive hatred on his face.

He, followed by his sisters and father feeling dreadfully bitter started for the Conservatory. He let his good father and sisters enter first and then went in himself. There were people sitting on benches in the entrance room.

Webber George had come up to the door, "I didnt mean to say"

"Get the hell outta here you cursed rat. Get the hell out of here or I'll use this on you" and Pernod drew a long keen blade His eyes while he shouted was dialated and his face contorted with rage and fury.

"If you kill me you'll swing for it" said Webber George still standing there for in spite of what Pernod had done to him he was not afraid of him or the knife.

"I'm a dirty rat like you."

"Yes for a rat like me"

"I'm surprised you call yourself one."

"I'm not. I mean something by it. You may hit me

again but your the cat and your sisters are the kittens. I personally know likes and I again. When I can I'll go and see them. I'll get even"

"You dirty snake" cried Pernod "You betray my sisters and I'll—"

But George hastily walking away picking up a large stone.

"Follow me and I'll hit you in the head with this and kill you" snarled George and there was real true murder in his eyes.

Indeed it was a very sad occurance and Pernods sisters had never remembered their brother ever being so angry before. The bad boy

still holding the stone walked away still nursing his blood besmeared face. That now he could never gain the friendship of Pernod or his sisters even if he was repentant was evident.

For any one to call an Abbreammian such a name was really a very foolish and crazy thing to do, and usually dangerous too if the Abbreammian knew the pronouncation of the word and its fornication meaning. No Abbreammian ever had a mother who committed fornication and therefore to call an Abbreammian that is also an insult to his mother and he never forgives.

Pernod watched Webber George go away with a look of real hate stamped on his features "That settles it" he said to his sisters. Next spring we're heading back for Abbreammia. Boys aint like him over there. We're through. We'll go. And let any one dare ask me to take them along."

But we promised Marjorie Masters" said Violet.

Pernod didnt answer but held his mouth tight.

Outside of those few words of Violet, her sisters could not find word to say any thing But secretly they feared the worst now, for to

have an enemy in Webber George who is not to be reckoned with and who with the help of his Uncle might do them a lot of very severe harm, is very dangerous.

And Webber George was of a nationality whose men never takes a fist blow from any body without taking sure and dreadful vengeance.

Webber Gebger ancherstry did not strike at you personally but at those you love Webber George was that way too.

But at home his parents did not sympatize with him for what Pernod had done, but his mother gave him another thrashing for it.

Pernod did not realize that there was any such danger, despite the boys threats but he decided to be on the watch just the same and take no chances.

For he knew that the bad boys uncle was a man in power very (right) rich and also an unexplicable enemy to deal with if you made him one.

And he knew Webber George would tell his Uncle the first chance he got.

And if Webbers Uncle sympatizes with him he'll strike not at Pernod but any one of his sisters.

Justified as he was in punishing the bad boy he really

may have done a foolish thing for Mr Henry George the Uncle had never exactly been a friend of the Vinans, and yet adored his nephew like a god.

This unusual day passed quickly and Angeline was back in school as if nothing out of the ordinary had ever happened. And Pernod that night had not (sh) slept or ate any supper. because of the afternoons excitement with George.

As soon as she came into her class room Sister Dorothy told Angeline that the Mother Superior wished to see her. At first she remained in her seat not being afraid but resentful.

Abbreamnians are enemies of people that scold and to do so there is a death panelty as its looked on as a great crime breaking the law of "Love ye one another"

Finally Angeline went in. She was not timid but she was cordial and reserved, Between her and also her sisters and brother, the Mother Superior had built a wall if not of enmity than of seperation a wall of which 'blind anger had been the architect. In other words angeline was through.

The Mother Superior too had dreaded the coming of Pernod but he did not appear, yet she had

heard Angeline by Pennadon order was to quit the quit the school. That would mean a bad financial loss as Pennad had paid a goodly sum for her schooling.

What she could do to tear down that wall she tried, but she could not.

She tried to explain that she had been basely deceived, wickedly lied to by Webber George, that she had been ever harsh and even did not think who she was when she scolded However to be respectful towards the Sister Angeline told her not to speak of it. She could not see." she said with slight

earnestness hold a grudge against one who might make a mistake because she was deceived by a bad boys lying tongue.

The Mother Superior believed her, she meant what she said. but the wall remained. Yet the Mother Superior had lost it became quite clear to her, the influence over Angeline she once possessed as for her sisters they never paid the Mother Superior the visits they once did, They too insisted on Pennad withdrawing Angeline from the School.

For a time Angeline was easily

first in her class. In the use of the type writer she was already far advanced and as the sister who had charge of that department told Father Casey, she could if she wished become a speed specialist.

The next day there was reported a decided falling off in all her work. She grew listless and took little interest in class matters.

Of course she was still among the leaders, that could be seen without effort. (it was the fever bothering her again)

The Mother Superior then called her to account, gently indeed for she had learned her lesson in the school of

blundering and Angeline had listened to her respectfully, but unmoved as it seemed: though she also seemed perplexed over what the Mother Superior was speaking about.

She also tried to explain herself but the wall of reserve so quickly builded was not so easily torn down, nor did it seem as if it ever would.

And then it was from Margaret Dalton that Father Casey heard that Angeline had set her heart upon leaving her sisters and Penrod and becoming a moving picture actress. She was (out) on the lookout

Miss Dalton informed Father Casey also of opportunities to appear in charitable and other real or amateur entertainments and scarcely a week had passed that she had not been out at night two or three times.

Father Casey suspicious about Webber George did not believe it, and hoped in in his heart it was not true. Nevertheless to find out the facts he called Angeline to his office and revealed to her what Margaret had told him.

Father Casey studying her face saw the look of unspeakable scorn come in it. When Father was true she laughed and said:

"I'll be truthful Father. When we first came to this country I and my sisters not recognizing the advertisement displayed in front of the theatre went in. It was a filty immodest show. We stayed in a long time" She added sarcastically, "That long time was long enough to see the nature of the show. Believe me we got our money back. (they were in their seats less than half a minute. They sure gave their opinion of the show to the astonished audience as they walked out)

Angeline was silent for a moment and then she said: "We did recieve requests from moving picture companies

but we had sent answers that never in our lives would we become actresses for that is not our commission We have never given a look at a movie show since the day we were in one for a minute And why? be so loney as to leave all my sisters and my brothers to disgrace myself by becoming a moving picture actress Thats ridiculous. Besides next spring were leaving for home We should never have come here in the first place. We were never treated like this by Glandelinian soldiers fierce as they are.

It is my ambition

more than anything else to remain with my mother and sisters We have no desire to even see the movies, and that we do not know anything about entering entertainments of any kind"

Then he asked her questions about what the Mother Superior had told him. Na then could his argument bring bring her to understand what he was talking about.

She could not see or understand what other showhouse he said he heard she was going to become an actress in. Through all this Father Casey felt sure was some

In a protection against the bad it was up to him to commend the whole matter to God.

Almost simultaneously with the frequent lies about Angeline the old troubles began to nervait the Gordons. Their little children told the story of an impoverished home in their dress, in their shoes and on their faces.

Alice somehow or other contrived to dress somewhat neatly but upon her face there came slowly but surely the proof of poor food and the haggardness of late hours.

The Waltons and all their charitable friends had once more been called

upon. Again this factory where Gordon worked had been on fire and so he had not been able to get another job. The third factory that Gordon had been given a job. Pernod though he said nothing was suspicious. He knew that any person that he or his sisters befriended were considered enemies by his enemies.

Kind hearted little Angeline had got the Gordons the jobs. It must be remembered too that a place which Alice had selected for a new home had a bad fire. That fire had been investigated, but no sign of arson was found.

Then now when Mr Gordon could have got a job, he took sick and was forced to take to his bed. At the instance of Elsie the Viviano came to his aid again and Emperor Vivian gave him a job to keep him in what he does.

Then Father Casey and Webber Georges Father paid Angeline a visit and also to her Father, He was very much worried be cause of Angelines condition from the shock of the black lie on her and the continual effects of the blood fever brought on by the heat of the French (Guian) Guiana. There was no need to question him.

for he brought up the subject of the result of the bad boys evil ways himself and Webber Georges Father had come to apologize and try to make amends as he spoke there were tears in his voice. "Father" he said "I'll do anything you say to make my bad son behave himself. I and my wife who is still angry at and wont even talk to her son realize what a shame-ful thing he had done and we would rather lose an eye or a hand than let him go on as he has, my wife is going to sue Webbers Aunt for med-dling and spoiling her nephew. The

The lawsuit starts to
morrow. But those good
little girls would be better
off if they had stayed
in their country. And
poor Angeline is no good
at all. She has as I can
see never fully recovered
from that strange illness
she had inherited from
the heats of French Guiana.
Sometimes Father
I feel like killing that
meddlesome woman.
She has made my
brother what he is
because he is afraid
of her. Father I swear
to you that I'll have
my wayward boy
sent to a reform
school if it will do
any good."
"It won't" said Empera
trix. They don't
reform you in those

schools. It'll only make
him worse. Most wayward
lads sent there don't re-
pent, and they bring
his company may lure
him into worse deeds
when he gets out. And
he is of a revengeful
nature. My son Pernod
battered his face
terribly in Sinclair
Park one afternoon a
few days ago for call-
ing him a foul name
and he threatened
to get revenge by be-
traying us all into
the hands of Fagan.
He has not done it
yet but might. As
for Angeline she is
continually ill and
needs attention every
day. So often she
has those tormenting
chills. She

does not get any better and she does not get worse Father I dont know what to do Daisy too is not so well either"

"I know it sire and I am going to study out what can be done. On my way home I'm going to see Dr Kelly and I'll get him to give your two little girls a throughout examination after which we'll decide upon what is best to be done"

"Is he a very good doctor?"

He ought to be. He even saved the life of a child suffering from Rabies five months ago"

"From what?"

"Rabies"

"If thats positively true send him to me. He must be a miracle"

Dr Kelly made his visit promptly and with equal promptness reported to Father Casey.

"The psychological moment" he observed is a very much over worked term nowadays but much as I dislike using it I must say that is the precise moment you sent me to visit your beautiful little friends Angeline and Daisy Vinan"

"Have you found out anything?"

I certainly have and if you will

pardon the repetition I have found it out at the psychological moment those two little girls are still in the stages of heat fever since the worse stages of their illness"

And saying this the doctor smiled serenely

"Of course Dr Kelley if you consider the continued stages a merry jest I have nothing to say"

"I took that sarcasm Father, In this case while not exactly a subject for howling hilarity it is a matter rather pleasant to contemplate than otherwise When the colder weather comes with the approach of winter they must

contact with the cold as much as they can stand it and it then is probable they will never have the fever again. You know Father that kind of heat fever cannot be cured by any medicine known to science."

"It cant Docter?"

"no."

"Why?"

"Its not a germ disease It is caused by the great heat making a persons blood continually to the boiling point Had she and her sisters stayed much longer in that dreadful climate they might all have died miserably Its a miracle they stood the heat as they did.

They told me the humid-
conditions of the climate
is so severe that nearly
every thing you eat has
to be dreadfully salted
to prevent mildew
and moulding
That northern section
of South America Father
lies in a portion of
the earth that is always
hot to extreme and
what ever white people
live there do not have
the same energy as
those in more cooler
and temperate regions.
The weather does
not permit it. Nor
are they likely to
be free from disease
because the higher
temperatures and greater
moisture favor the
greater development
of disease and fever

germs and the wet
extremely hot tropics
have always been the
backward regions of
the earth
and also Father the
difficulty of reaching
South America has been
one of the hinderances
of its development and
as we know the great
nations of the earth
are almost entirely
in regions where there
are distinct winters
If these people go to
South America they must
cross the moist hot
belt or at least a
large part of it
Travel is more com-
fortable and convenient where such changes
in temperature are
not encountered.
If they ship freight

the added expense and inconvenience is much greater. For example in the damp hot climate of tropical South America iron and steel goods are likely to rust rapidly leather goods to mould wooden furniture to swell, and foods to spoil. Special precautions must be taken against such dangers on the way. So they were in a very hot country. It rains so much that nothing stays good. The other little girls have slight traces from the fever but will not need much doctoring."

"Why cant it be cured?" asked the priest

"It can be and I

did not say it couldnt. But there is no medical remedy for it and it is not a germ disease. The time Daisy was ill, I took from her a blood test and recieved a report from the chief chemist that no germ of any deadly kind can thrive one second in her blood.

But he discovered from the nature or condition of the blood that she had germless heat fever and wondered why exceedingly, I told him the full details and he marveled that they survived the heat of that country. He told me that when winter comes, their health will

come (Ala) back. There is a hospital for just such cases one hundred and fifty miles northwest from here. I suggested to their father to have his two daughters sent there but he for some reason that they dread will not consent. I then suggested sending them daily to St Josephs Hospital not to stay but to get injection treatment to restore their blood to normal

Empero Urians two daughters must go there and I have little doubt but that by next spring they will be completely cured.

Emperor Uirian says he'll do any thing you say and

you will say it if you please my way for their sake. As often as they go there for the injections, they will be improved, their blood brought back to normal and so on and there's a good doctor there not no old not no young, whose name is Mc-Kenna who will take them in hand. every time they go say once a day or once a week and see that every thing that can be done will be done.

It is possible that the two little girls will be well as soon as next spring comes as regards the Peltonic fever but they will keep

getting the injections until you tell them to quit. Ungeline needs treatment also because of the shock brought on by the Head Sisters scolding because of that wicked boys written lies.

That may need a longer treatment than the heat fever. And we hope for the best."

And on account of the good charitable wishes for the next three or four days the Doctor the Gordons and the priest too were busily engaged in consideration as to ways and means to keep the family on their feet without

the help of the bread winner who went to a hospital for his continued illness to such an effect that what at first looked impossible gradually came to seem entirely feasible.

To begin with Mrs Gordon would go out to sew in families each day the getting of the families being a detail which Margaret Daltonia would see to with the help of Ennods sisters.

The baby would be brought each morning by Violet to her own home and brought back after school hours.

As Mrs Gordon would be obliged to leave home early

and return late in the afternoon Alice was appointed by the Vivians as housekeeper. The pries readily excused her from class till nine o clock each morning and as the little gandons took their lunch at the school itself she would be able to attend to these home duties and at the same time keep up with her class.

And so it came to pass that Mr Gordon disappeared from the Scene of his many years of inactivity and the rest of the family entered upon a new order.

Mrs Gordon was a skilled seamstress and earned sixteen dollars a week. It was not a very large sum

but sixteen dollars a week recieved regularly is better than twenty five a week coming intermittently.

Miss (Dalton) Dalton moreover saw to it that the children were provided with clothes and Elsie and Alice got quite a lot of angelines and Petticoat clothes for these two were of the size and height of these two little Vivian Girls.

Elsie taking after her mother became the house seamstress and Alice became the house seamstress also and also developed wonderfully in the cultivating way.

In a way no longer encumbered by the help of Mr Gordon the family were free from want well nourished well dressed and it must be frankly stated loving Mrs Gordon as Mr Gordon as they all did they were never theless happier far for his absence, and so there being nothing to worry about Mrs Gordon happy of face, happy of manner recovered some of the youth she had been cut off from prematurely by her husbands bad luck.

In the meantime the wall of reserve between the Mother Superioress and Angeline still remained, and

did not grow any thinner It seemed that the head Sisters influence upon her in the matter of chosing her calling however seemed to be nil.

In vain did the head sister reason with her, her arguments lacked force somehow was it a punishment for her burst of temper she could not talk to her on the "stage" question with any satisfaction to herself.

Strong as the not her superiors arguments were in themselves she realized over and over again that in her presentation to Angeline they were pitifully weak

The Mother Superioress remembered at that time loaning her "The O Shaughnessy Girls" by Rose Mulholland a book which should be put in the hands of every stage struck girl.

She read it liked it but seemed to show that she saw no real reason for changing her purpose. Which the real fact was she was never thinking of any stage habits and despised all vulgar shows and the movies.

But when you unwisely or justly scold and advise anyone it will happen afterwards that he will act coldly towards you and apparently or

really discount anything you say, whether he was doing wrong or not. Though not your enemy he'd be like one, Angeline was the same way.

Though she was not doing these things she nevertheless paid no attention to the Head Sisters words just as if she did those things and would take no advice.

Of course she was no enemy of the Head Sister, but in other words was as a stranger.

In the meantime for truth Angeline despite her continued ill health was attracting a great deal of attention,

in charitable and Religious Societies as a result of which a big Religious Academy of very particular standing wanted to give her in consideration of her great unusual gifts of scholarship too which she politely wrote back that she could not attend a far away School as she and her family relations were leaving the country in Spring.

Her attendance every Sunday night.

At the evening devotions at St Vincent de Paul Church she was brought in contact with a number of little girls though not clear of small sins like Angeline was, were like her

in all other ways also boys whose acquaintance the priest considered she should have had long ago, and would have been better off for having.

Also she was called upon to be a member in the League of the apostleship of Prayer so frequently that she decided to join.

Angeline always invited Father Casey to the Religious entertainments in which she appeared, may more she sent Jack Evans who in his friendly way made him come.

This fact in connection with some remarks made by several of Father Caseys friends upon her

work as a real chanty child too, tempted the priest to suspect that taking her manners and everything else Angeline was living a life in a manner to cause envy or jealously in any good woman saint, and the suspicion was confirmed by various changes in her dress, carriage, and the way of wearing her hair.

"Angelina" said Father Casey on this occasion. "The great St Gertrude will kidnap you some day."

"That's all right with me" she answered. "I'm more interested in her than any saint I have read of."

The little girl was as it appeared to Father Casey to be

a little angel fairy from Heaven far prettier than any fairy of fairy tales.

But the steady unseasonable hot October weather was keeping her health down. The summer of 1911 had been a record breaking hot one and September itself had been fearfully warm all through. The fever was slowly coming on her again and Pernod who had been worried about it was told by Dr Kelly once that had she remained in the tropics a second attack if not fatal would undermine her health

that she would always be ill more or less. But usally a second attack is fatal.

One afternoon when coming for her in school Penrod asked down in the wash room:

"What's the matter dear? Why do you hold your wrists so much in that cold water?"

"I feel so queer" all the time" she answered, "I often have dizziness double vision and a strange awful upside down (fever?) feeling. Yesterday evening I stooped down to pick something up I dropped and got such a chill that I got scared, and it wouldn't stop. It continued all night

so I couldn't sleep. and I vomited twice. This showed them she had a renewal of the fever, and Father Casey who would do anything to see her in better health looked on helplessly and prayed to God that the little girl whom he knew to be so beautiful in the sight of God might not be broken down by another severe attack of the fever.

How he wished that the weather would grow cooler even cold for her sake. Father Casey was signing the quarterly reports one morning and paused with some ver

Angelines. On the first quarter the letter E standing for excellent was credited to all her studies.

On the second G — good took the place of all but one E. And now for the third quarter the G-s were gone and the letter M — medium told the tale of steady decline.

"I must have another talk with Dr Kelly" the priest soliloquized "Her health has gone from good to bad and now she is going from bad to worse and this confounded out of season weather and last Sunday night a July like thunder storm in October. Good God where is it to end. The Fairy of

Heaven going down in health I must talk to Dr Kelly.

Father Casey reflections were remorseful. He blamed himself for much of Angelines illness the thinking of (sin) which he fell to imagining such dark episodes in poor Angelines future health that he was obliged to check them as rash judgement.

Many a prayer had Father Casey said for Angeline as he signed her report he paused to breathe another. As he finished Sister Dorothy came in looking disturbed.

"What's the matter Sister?" asked the

priest observing her grave face"

"To Angeline" she said. She didnt study a thing to day but kept her head hidden in her arms most of the time. When I called her up to my desk she looked so white I got scared and had her brought home. Im afraid she's again got that sickness she took when down in French Guiana"

"It sure is that" said Father Casey, "Im greatly worried about it"

"Some of the pupils told me that she often held her arms in cold water and bathed her face in it too. The children say she complained of chills and of double vision"

After some more words the Sister withdrew. Father Casey memorized what the Sister said by writing. The ink was not dry on the paper when Michael brought him in the eleven o clock mail.

The address of one letter was in familar hand It tore it open and read

"Dear Father Casey

The night before last I was taken very sick and Miss Dalton on the advice of Dr Kelly had me removed to St Josephs Hospital this morning at nine o clock. Dr Kelly told me I did a foolish thing by holding my arms in cold water as I raised the fever But I had such a burning feeling and it seemed me, but temporarily.

Is it asking to much of you to come this far distance and see me to morrow Friday. I am almost ashamed to ask you you are always so busy working for Our Dearest God, but oh I do so want to see you for I am very ill, and the fever is serious.

Come Father if you can, Dont be scared though I'm not going to die. Dr Mc Kenna says I cant die never. What does he mean? And I wonder why.

Your worthy and grateful
Angel Child
Angeline Rose Vivian.

It was Sister Camilla herself the head Sister of the hospital who conducted Father Casey to the clean spotless room on the fourth (of July) floor where lay Angeline very pale and with

lines telling of the suffering on her face.

The illness Sister Camilla explained to the priest on the way was a serious one a mysterious burning fever of great intensity but the childs physical condition was so good that there was every hope of her coming out of it successfully with the coming of cooler and colder weather. Father Casey did not feel so cheerful about it for he had both read and heard that a person recovering from the first and worse spell of Heat Fever will always afterwards have frequent

attacks every now and then all the rest of their lives. On seeing Father Casey Angelines face showed unmistakable signs of joy.

"Oh Father" and then hands came together and then were flung out towards him "this is so kind of you".

"How are you feeling Angeline?" catching her two hot hands in his.

"I feel better now that you are here. I have so wanted to talk to you Father"

"If you'll excuse me Father Casey I will leave you with your little Guardian angel" said the Superiress "I know she wants

to open her heart to you".

"Father" said Angeline as Sister Camilla withdrew. "I've been thinking hard for the past few days. There was an awful fight going on within me all along deep down in my heart I feel that Welber George is very ungrateful to me and my sisters. He hurt me so the day he caused me to be unjustly scolded by the Head Sister the day I sent you those flowers. Yet I'm offering my sickness to God for that bad boys repentance".

Father Casey laughed mockingly incredulously.

"That Gutlersnipe repent. Can you expect my dear child of your good brother forgiving that little rascal after what he called him before you and your sisters and within hearing of your father. And Angeline that dreadful lie he told That sure hurt me bad too Angeline, and it was only some hours after I heard how the Mother Superior spoke to you so cruelly that I saw your flowers upon my desk"

"You never told me that Father"

"No I suppose not as usual in that whole affair of what the Head Sister did through Webber George's lie I

bungled everything But when I saw them my dear I understood through those flowers you had endeavoured to show your gratitude to me I sent up for you at once only to learn that you had gone home.

"But Father that unfortunate Sister believed the wicked boy and thought I deserved the scolding.

"But" you did not deserved any scolding Angeline in fact I feel sure you deserve perfect redress. And the Head Sister was so scared when she did realize her terrible mistake

She feared your brother Bernard. Did he ever warn her

of a penalty if she ever scolded you in any way for anything?"

"Yes, but not only me." He concluded all of us. He claims grown ups in this Country scold and punish children for lossy reasons only and because children can't defend themselves. And I believe he's right (It is true in most cases.) The trouble started when we all went to the school last Fall.

Some boy or girl played dirty tricks on some priests and made it look as if we did it.

We were admonished the first time and expelled from school the second time. Penniod proved our

innocence and saw to it that we were back and told the Head Sister that she had nothing to say over us in anything that we from paying heavy money to the school had the say and could come and go as we pleased and if she ever scolded any one of us for anything true or not God help her.

When this scolding came because of Webber Georges written lie Pennod realized that the Head Sister was basely deceived by the boy and did not keep his threat. But he said that he and the

Head Sister are through. He's going to withdraw me from the school and transfer me to the Skinner I hat'll be a blow to her I suppose. But I'll come to see you as often as I did."

"But just the same she should have spoken to you as I would surely imagine Our Lord would have spoken even if she believed the erring mate at the time, whereas she allowed herself to use cruel and unkind words. Her method was wrong. Did her scolding you make any breach between her you and your sisters?"

"Absolutely Father and the breach will forever remain. Sis-

ters aint like that in Abreannia. And all of our nationalty looks on a scolding from a foreign person as a very deadly insult that will be forgiven only after that party makes ghare restitution, of which if he dont he' dies. I if I had been scolded alone and did not have my sister with me at the time it may not have caused the breach between us and the Head Sister as the bad boy declared her. She tries to make amends for her mistake but I dare not repair our friendship to her as my sisters

even severely forbid me to even go to her office if she calls me. Period or my good father too wont allow me to go to her office even if she calls me. By middle of November I'll have to quit this school. Period made the head Sister give up the note. Period stated to but in privacy between me and him let me read it.

It was shocking, and yet Period at our advice was forbearing and would not have hit the boy if it was not for the dirty word he called our brother in front of us all. It may

not to most people seem to be an awful bad word in this country as we find its used so frequently, but to us Albredonnians it accuses us of having that having that kind of mother and therefore it is an insult which will never be forgiven.

That lie he wrote about me also will never be forgiven. It cant be. It was awful disgracing my modesty. Period wanted you to see that lying note and told me to give it to you to examine."

And she handed him the note.

The priest blushed when he read it.

"For the Mother Superior
of St Patricks School
Dear Sister

I found out that last night
Angeline Vivian went to act in
that big Vaudeville show on Halsted
Street She danced the Highland
Fling on the stage with no clothes on
at all with a strong light reveal-
ing her every motion.
During intermissions she
allowed naked boys to crowd
around her, to take her into
their arms, to sit on their laps
and so on. Then Sunday morn-
ing she received Holy Communion"
Yours truly
Webber Wilber
George.

Father Casey handed
the note back to her
"Thats a poison pen
note and he could
face prosecution" said

Father Casey
"He deserved a good pun-
ishment" said Angeline
But I and my sisters
did act in a show When
I undertook with my
sisters to appear in
that beautiful religious
play I really tried
to get you word so
you could come and
see it I didnt know
it would turn out to
be such a beautiful
play and I would
have given anything
for you to have seen
it It was the birth
of the dear Infant
Jesus and we were
the angels.
Still before the
show I tried to have
word sent to you
for I felt it would
be a disloyalty to

you not to have you come and oh how I wish you could have. I felt a lot of holiness in me that night and my love of the Christ Child that evening was overbearing How I wish I could hold Him long in my arms and have Him for keeps.

I was just crazy to appear in such a good show as that but that to win the admiration of a crowd. When I came with my sisters to the dressing room with my Mother and also my mother she did not know what the play was going to be herself.

We saw the baby that was to be used for the little

Christ Child and my heart leaped for joy it was so cute and I felt like hugging it. There were three or four little girls besides us there whose language was very polite and well refined and they were so good and friendly and kind as they could be.

Father I would have given anything if you had seen the play. oh Father I have never gone and will never go to such a place as Webber George said I did."

The Head Sister knowing Webber George lying way as she does should have understood most of this Angeline

And knowing you as she does she should have taken it for granted right away that you would never have taken part in any vulgar show under any conditions. I know that you are well aware, and realize fully the repute such affairs have among very good people."

"Oh" said Angeline smiling as though sickness had left her. "You though the Sister should have more sense. But she is in the kind that is easily deceived. Father Papa says Webber George deserved a good whipping which would probably have done him more good than any

scolding you gave him. You should have beaten him."

"Good gracious child. I never had beaten a boy or a girl in my life. Now if he had been sent to a reform school."

"Anyhow a beating would have probably done him a lot of good. And Father I myself would have rather got a hundred whippings than an unkind word from that Sister"

"Well Angeline the Head Sister has promised me this. She'll never speak unkindly to you again. She says she has done it twice and she has been punished."

"Father if I should

not get well."-
"You'll surely get well..."
"If I should not get well I want you to think of me not as the silly bad girl that Webber George wrote about me silly in my thoughts and ways but really as I am and the way I was the day I made my Holy Communion over here. Do you remember Catherine and me awaiting in your office?"
There was a little sob in the child's voice. She was thinking of the blessed day, the days of happy childhood simplicity and holy innocence, the days that are no more.
"I do remember perfectly my dear and I was very much touched that you and your sisters who are so near and dear to our Lord should think so much of me."
"Father if I dont get well will you ever forget me when I'm going home to my own Country."
"Angeline you surely will get well, but sick or well I shall always remember you as the Fairy of Heaven."
"I was thinking a moment ago about Webber George deserving a whipping Father that thought came to me a few days ago. Oh I was reading Freddy Carr. There is a description there

of the head of the College giving Freddy an awful trouncing. So you know Father I'm not much of a critic but to me that seemed to be a great passage. You dont find things like that as a rule except in Dickens and Thackeray"

"Angeline", Father Casey exclaimed "I believe you are a critic You have picked out what in my estimation also is a great passage"

"Well I read it and reread it and the more I read it the more it seemed to have a message for me"

"A message for you?"

"Yes. I was thinking

that though I and my sisters suffered so much how our Blessed Lord suffered when He was in this world. There a lot more that happened to us down in French Guiana than I ever had time to tell you.

I always felt that God wanted to chastise me in His love to sanctify me more and more that He would chastise me and that for further sanctification I needed His chastening rod"

"But you dont sin Angeline and-"

"And neither did He, but they treated Him like a criminal.

Nevertheless I began to wait for it. I felt that it was near. After the French Guiana Indian then Webber George lies and attempts to strike me in the back.

My past year began to take on an entirely different look. I began to (feel) feel this fever coming on again and I became afraid. It began like it did the first time I had it but progressed more slowly.

Spots before my eyes double vision colored halos around lights chills and burning hot feeling. So try to get relieve I bathed my wrists and the lower parts

of my arms in cold water. I did what they had done to me on the ship, wrapped myself in damp cool sheets but it only made me often worse. The relief was only temporary.

Then on last Monday night God chastised me. It was a night of awful fever. and through it all I never could get away from the feeling that God just because He was a loving Father was whipping me to sanctify me more.

And it made me have to bear it The burning

up feeling I got from the fever was awful and at times I felt as if I could not bear it. and when I got chills they wouldnt stop. but I knew that God was showing me His love."

"How did you feel?"

I thought for a while that I was dipped in oil and set on fire, or I mean it felt that way. I sure would hate to live forever with this fever. My mother and sisters and Pernod was around my bed, rubbing my hands and feet and doing all sorts of things. They thought I was unconscious but I was not. I was never so conscious in all my

life. I a father with the thought of the fever and of God's Holy presence I saw my past four months in French Guiana in all their ugliness. Pernod himself said, he saw more and more how wrongly I and my sisters had been treated he knew too how the fever was making me neglect my well needed studies, how even them I had acted through motives of holiness how I increased my prayers and became more sanctified than ever, God seemed to be nearer to me than I was to myself and I told Him that I would if I can

would be a more good little girl than ever before" The fever grew greater than ever after this promise but I did not mind it much for I felt the love of God wrapping me round It was that love of His which saved me during those months in Northern South America from anything really bad.

I saw how near I and my sisters had been to great great peril and how God had taken me by the hand and because I was in grave danger guided me without my knowing it away from impending danger."

"Wonderful" Father

Casey exclaimed taken no less by the little girls manner and marvelous manifestucation than by her power of expression. "God knows how to punish and how to chide."

"and now Father I'm going to try to be better than ever I was the day of my First Holy Communion and to begin with I should like to make a secret with you."

"Yes and I'll keep it untill you allow me to reveal it."

And so the beautiful little patient told her secret simply sincerely without the least trace of self consciousness.

There was a pretty

pathos in her attitude and Father Casey regarded her as a great little saint.

"And now Father" she said after telling the secret "I feel so happy now I dont mind the fever and if God wants me I'm perfectly willing to go. And Father can I trust you positively with that secret I told you?"

"certainly Angeline."

"and not reveal it until I give the word"?

"yes indeed"

"Thank you so much dear Father. and if I get well I'm going to be a more good little girl yet."

Then he blessed her and left her

fever racked of body but with the light of happiness shining in her eyes.

On the morrow he said mass for Angeline There were many dear friends friends who left a very warm place in his heart, but on this morning the memory of them was faint.

The patient little girl whom the Head Sister had so sadly misjudged, lying on her bed of pain and fever resigned, happy, ready to take the treatment for the fever ready to receive right willingly life or death as God

should chose she and she alone stood out clear in the presence of Christ upon the Alter and of all the surrounding angels adoring at the Holy Sacrifice, as the one for whom Father Casey was to direct all the mighty impetratory forces of the unbloody offering.

Towards noon time Father Casey managed to call up the Hospital after some difficulty. The difficulty was that the operator gave him first the telephone connection with an asylum by mistake a drug store the second time and the Dunning insane asylum the third time to his severe aggravation.

Father Casey wondered if it was a sin sometimes to swear. When he complained to the Head operator he got the right. It was Sister Camilla who answered Father Caseys inquiries.

"How is my little friend Angeline?"

"Is that you Father Casey?"

"Yes it is thank you"

"Well her condition is about the same but the treatment for the fever is being met successfully from Dr McKernan Gilmer stand point"

"Hang his standpoint" Father Casey bawled out with extreme fervor.

He could hear the Sister laugh, it was

reassuring.
I understand Father you want to know how it is from the childs standpoint Well her heart is very strong and all her organs are perfectly sound. But she still has the fever very high. Do you know that she thinks a lot of you"?
"That" Father Casey answered "is one of the natural mysteries which I have been forced to believe but do not understand, What I have done for Angeline I have never done for many another boy or girl and would do again for her under the same circumstances."
"Well she is grateful. While the doctor was treating her

she talked about you quite freely and in language astounding for a little girl of her age. She spoke as clear as a grown up. All her remarks came to this "that the sun rises and sets with you"
But how is she getting on."
"Not so encouraging. Everything that is being done dont bring down her awful fever. She wishes to see you again."
"Thank you very much Sister. In two days or more I shall try to pay her a visit"
It was not however untill Monday of the following week that the

priest was able to carry out his intentions. Angeline lying in bed and condemned so to be until only God knows how long was despite her illness chatting gayly with Teresa Dalton and no doubt Master Michael's ears were burning for he was the subject of her conversation.

With her were Pennod and her sisters and parents. Teresa had come with flowers, the room was rich with them. And other gifts to entertain but it seemed to be as the saying is the other way round.

It was Angeline who was providing the

entertainment with her sisters there the room seemed crowded with little girl angels dressed in their most cleanest and best attire

Only their arms and necks were bare, their hair shining unusually bright in the sunlight streaming through the windows.

Angeline was delighted to see Father Casey so were her sisters and Pennod every body she said was so kind to her mama came every day with her sisters and the school children nearly as often and some kind unknown person had written her

a beautiful letter. Miss Margaret and Miss Quinlan had come each morning, the girls and boys of her class had visited her in threes by turns and they had clubbed together and sent her such lovely flowers.

Michael had brought her a mince pie the nurse had been so kind the Sister in charge of her room kinder and Sister Camilla kindest of all and the Head Doctor and Surgeon was as good as Dr Kelly who came every day and poked fun at her.

This doctor explained the course and nature, strange nature, indeed of

the fever. He said that he could not foresee any immediate slack up of the disturbance but that nevertheless that nobody needed to worry about it as there was no real danger.

But Semrad was not so sure. He had told the doctor how greatly he feared that the horrors of prison life and climate of that part of South America had driven her into this greatly feared kind of fever.

He told the doctor of how he had heard that down there nobody ran over the fever as far as he could remember.

But the head

doctor soothed and comforted Pernod. He said that he was well aware on the one hand that the fever was odd and severe and yet on the other hand it certainly should go down sooner or later.

He felt sure that little by little with the right kind of blood treatment he could restore her to a proper condition and this was what he had in view all along.

He thought the case was worse just now because he simply had been unable to bring her blood back to normal and she would not allow any one to give her some of her own blood

by transfusion as he proposed. With that he went on to say how terribly he had been disappointed in the child refusing the blood transfusion. He told all the strange symptoms of the Deltona so far to prove not only that he would have to progress his treatments but that from every possible point a new serum must be used at the very beginning.

Dr McCanna said that he saw only one way out of this difficulty and that was to explain to her sisters

that it may be impossible to bring down the fever unless she accepts the blood transfusion. Thus he thought might be reason enough to put an end to the fever. But the doctor of course did not feel he could do this without the consent of him or his sisters to give a little of their blood to her as she certainly would not accept it from any body else and yet she refuses to allow her sisters to make the sacrifice. The doctor had been puzzled over this and so had told Pennod only and in great excitement of the

awful situation he was in and how it had all come about He had never treated a fever case like this in his life and said there was no remedy for it

So he said comforting things to Pennod and thought perhaps they would find that if his sister would not be so well advanced in a cure from this mysterious fever in some ways she might improve in others He felt they might even things up by being very careful about her treatment.

Dr Mc Canna also stated that

he could not foresee any immediate slack up of the fever but that nevertheless no one needed to worry about it as there was no real danger.

He claimed however that Angeline herself had heightened the fever by frequently as she said herself putting her bare arms in cold water which was a foolish and hazardous thing to do.

But he also said when the proper time comes the fever will go down suddenly and will likely never return.

"And Father" concluded Angeline, "you have just got to go and see real

sick in order to learn how much goodness and kindness there also is in this country."

"If that the case" said Teresa "I'd just as soon not know. I'm willing to take such goodness and kindness for granted."

Whereupon Angeline laughed in all the freedom of her former years she was cheerful despite the condition she was in. She was like herself again

A quarter of an hour passed quickly and as Teresa and the priest walked down the stairs together, she remarked:

"Angeline is more

of a fairy than ever"
"I think" the priest said
"of a fairy going through
a strange germless tro
pical heat fever in
the Temperate Zone"
"That's precisely where
the fairy comes in" re
torted Theresa "no human
being could go through
what she did and live.
I've read that this kind
of a fever kills all
who have it, and
there's no chance of
recovering. Dr McCanna
says the fever will
take its time on
going down but when
it does it'll drop
all of a sudden
and never come
back. He even be-
lieves she will be
sitting up in a
day or two and
on her feet in a week"

But such hopes did
not come to pass
as Father Casey learn-
ed from Angelines
classmates some of
whom visited her
daily.
A fortnight had not
gone by when Violet
herself entered Father
Caseys office.
Despite the fact
that she too had
had the fever while
in French Guiana
and worse than
Angeline she did
not show any
symptons of any
after affects or
of the fever return-
ing like on poor
Angeline and was
not a bit thinner
but was some-
what pale. It
was good to see

her again, to see her the same frank open hearted child she always had been and more so.

"Now Father" she went on after a mutual change of courtesies. "Since Angelina is still sick I want your advise. Tell me what am to do?"

"I am ready to give you advise Violet for I have been thinking and thinking until I have reached a very practical conclusion."

"Anything you say Father."

"To begin with Violet your mother has been worrying about what might happen to you and your sisters as well, especially since Period punished Webber George so severely for calling him that

bad name. It is feared that the boys uncle is a close friend of Sikes and Fagan."

"Period told me there is no danger Father. Fagan and Sikes have no followers now and they cannot cannot connect with Michael Bellion gang as they are not of the same staff."

"Dont be too over confident Violet The want of revenge necessitated by Fendrod beating him up will spur Webber George to do something we know nothing about He might write lies to Michael Bellion and besides good as you and your sisters are anything

can happen nevertheless and even the angels that are said to possess you people cant prevent everything to happen.

"It must be hard to believe at that" assented Violet "But we are always on our guard now. Oh Father do you think the angels cant wholly get away from the burden and responsibity of a large multitude of children. Do you think we should start home for our own country?"

"One thing at a time my dear. To go back to your own country is of your own chosing not mine. I see no difficulty in the angels protecting you as they have done but dont think can always have

supernatural powers unless given them by God. If they had these enemies of yours would not have been able to seize you little girls and take you where they had brought you and I also see no difficulty in what your good mother has been doing for you little girls but think of spinal issues. He cant do everything you know.

It seems clear to me that your brother done more for you and your sisters than any other boy any where has ever done for his sister."

"That is true indeed Father.

"Well now I have a plan, which is nt entirely a sure one but still I have enough faith in you Violet, to try it if you have enough angelic powers in you to do it."

"I thank you Father I'll do anything to justify your counting on me."

"First of all my angel child you must for the present at least not allow any one you dont know or trust to even see you or your sister any where, and keep out of sight of Webber George and his nefarious Aunt and Uncle."

"We have been doing that the moment he wrote that wicked lie about my sister Angeline"

"Secondly you must

again for the present drop your engagements in Religious Theatricals"

"Why Father?"

"You may be attacked by unseen and unknown foes while on the stage."

"I'll stop it willingly Father."

"In the third place when your sister Angeline gets well she need only come to school in the morning for short hand. The rest of the time in class hours she may give to typewriting alone. Sister Rosalie will give her (you) an occassional five minutes and she is to go on with her work without regard to the rest of the class.

"But that is what she cant do Father" Violet said somewhat angrily "you forgot that Penrod will take her from this school as soon as possible because of that scolding Sister Bonaventure gave her when she believed Webber Granger wicked lie"
"no he wont" said Father Casey "for my and her sake he wont do it. He told me so yesterday. all the children of her classes have gone to your home while you were away to school and begged him to allow your sister Angelina to still come to school. He couldnt refuse their pleas and told them not

to worry. He came to me yesterday at two o-clock in the afternoon and told me that he was not going to withdraw angelina from the school But he wrote a note to Sister Bonaventure telling her that she is under his jurisdiction that he can send her to Albreannia now as a prisoner any time he so desires, that she cannot escape and that any more scolding from her at any one of his sisters will not be tolerated and will cause her immediate shipment to Albreannia to face the consequences. But your sister

Angeline must keep away from her office. He does not even want Angeline to be seen by her. And her having Webber George watched"

"Oh Father" cried Violet joyously. "I think I begin to understand."

"You only think so Violet "But for your safty and the safty of your sister the plan is a dead secret I could reveal it to you as Penrod says you are the leader. Sister Rosalie knows it and is delighted. I know it and now I'm going to tell you But you must be sure to keep it all to your self."

"I will Father What is it"

The great secret roused Violet's enthusiasm to the highest pitch. She clapped her hands, she thank him, she danced from the room. Father Casey smiled as she deptrted.

Chapter Six

Introducing Mrs Lawson with very promising results with the Vivians.

For Angeline Vivian her return to school were strenuous days. Her fever had gone down suddenly as Dr McCanna had said it would. She was now perfectly well with no return of the fever evident. Father Casey saw little of her she was too busy but hardly a day passed without his receiving reports from various quarters bearing upon her movements.

Sister Rosalie the kind sympathetic teacher of shat hand was as enthusiastic as Angeline herself.

"The angel child" she remarked on

the occassion after a week had passed "has a most marvelous memory. She can finish all I have to teach on stenography by the first of November and then it will be only a question of getting speed. She for a little foriegn girl is the best in English I've ever seen the best speller in the class partly to her natural gift of imagination She is beyond all doubt the finest English scholar that has come into my hand since I ever became a teacher as for the typewriting you can blind fold her and put her into a very dark room

and she will do much better work at her age than the best stenographers in the best of bus business offices, with their eyes open. I really think Father that your little plan will work out."

Sister Marie a business teacher of the other branches in the business class, also brought in a fine report.

"I dont know what you two are up to Father" she said.

"Its a dead secret" Father Casey interpolated "But I hope you are not going to give Angeline her certificate or Diploma as having made successfully the strange course after one year, it would be a bad precedent. All the girls would want to finish

in a year and our plan of studies would be ruined."

"Sister remain calm. I have no intention of giving Angeline her diploma."

"Not that she isnt fit as regards the subject matter for she is. But because she has not gone through the fixed periods we require."

"She never will for the Abbeannan family leaves for their country next spring Sister Marie so all stand for the precedents"

"Leaving next spring. Thats too bad. This country is sure blessed while they are here. I never saw a little girl so good

so saintly she goes to communion with her whole family every morning and while she is the merriest brightest little girls in the class, she is also the most devout. But there is some thing strange about her. that I cannot account for. She moves about more like a spirit than a little girl She seems more like a spirit or a creature of Heaven than a child of this earth. I've seen her do strange things that would put you in mind of the supernatural. They say she is possessed by Holy angels maybe by God Himself Father I believe she is one herself in disguise. Sickness

we are often told seldom improves anyone. All the same since Angeline left the hospital she has been more angelic than ever. Once I was looking at her and I felt strange."

Miss Margaret Dalton the indefatigable also had her comments to make. "I have been going to the Visitation every week she told Father Casey one morning "and the cleanness, the good taste, the refinement in that dwelling house is simply astounding.

They keep themselves dressed like children of the blood royal. They are all little saints The Empress her-

self though rather worried at times is a new woman. With the children she is a child again and her laugh is as sweet and simple as theirs. Pernod is a brave little Prince and assists his sisters in everything and always goes with them when they go out. But the bright particular light of the Household are the elder ones Violet Angeline, Joice and Jennie.

In the one detail of cooking those four taking turns can make something out of nothing.

The meals are especially and unusually good and thanks to the art instinct of the four little girls

dainty too. And Pernod does the shopping and still the expenses for food are lighter than in many a family where the meals are far inferior. After supper all turn in and clean up it is done with dispatch. and then Violet gets her sisters around her and keeps them occupied with games or listening to stories and half past seven or so and then comes 'bedtime for Pernod.

He always retires the earliest and gets up the earliest. There are two good, good boys who stay there known as Jim and Andrew. I dont know what

Andrew is, but Jim is an Abreammian and cant speak no English. He is good but savage looking and dangerous if you do harm to the little girls. They sleep by day and are on strict guard duty by night and armed to the teeth.

When Pernod goes to bed the eldest of the Vivian princesses remain seated at the table with perfect electric lights behind them and go to work at their studies. Then they go to bed.

There is some thing strange about Pernod, though. He always looks mad about something and when I ask him how is Webber George he harrumphs

these days the side of his mouth is twisted into an angry expression and he looks at me in such a way that I'm deathly afraid to ask him again.

What did Webber George do Father, I thought wealth millions of money could not buy the happiness of that good but sadly unfortunate princely family but Pernod is not happy. And they did a lot of good for the Webber family. What happened Father?

Father Carney told as much as he had learned from Angelina.

Oh Father cried

it have been really possible. and he did so much for the Web her family."

"Thanks to you and your sister miss Dalton"

"To them and you Gauthier. They'd never have taken up the case if it had not been for you. And look how you have influenced dear angeline somehow her parents and mother and others turn about her. She always had a wonderful influence over her good brother many a night as I have since learned she gave up her studies just to keep him interested and entertained. She knew by intuition it may

be when his craze for her company was on him and then she dropped everything to care for him."

"Our Another light Gather Casey exclaimed. "this will account in part at least for angelines apparent neglect of studies after the first quarter of this present school year. Was he ill or something?"

"no Gather and sometimes" continued miss Dalton "she with her good brother has gone out at night to secretly bring her father home from a secret meeting somewhere. Her very mother was afraid to do

In all cases Miss Dalton Angeline is and has been a heroine. In fact she and her sisters are considered the greatest little heroines in this world."

The fairy of her home Father. But I had heard Father that one evening when Pernod and his sisters returned home from Sincoen Park he slammed the door so hard that everything shook. His mother had jumped up in fright from her sewing and wailed out loud. He did not tell his mother what was wrong and even his friend Maryone had jumped out of her chair

at the awful slamming of the door. But I never knew that Webber George was the cause. Did Pernod beat him for it?"

"Did he? Why Webber George had to be taken to a hospital clinic to have his badly battered face treated. I know that Pernod had acted that way for Angeline told me the whole details When he slammed the door. Angeline told me his mother cried excitedly

"Why what's the matter? What's the matter? What ails you Pernod dear? Why do you act so wildly?" Angeline

told me that he said "I cant tell you mother dear. It is something master George called me you couldnt stand it if I told you" after I had heard about it I've seen Pernod in the street on several occassions and his face was as dark as a thunder cloud. I had noticed he spoke to nobody. People who knew him agreed that he looked more savage that he took no notice of any one, that Webber George had been very lucky to escape from him. and also Pernod or his sister no longer appears at the house of the Georges"

Here Father (as I proceeded to tell Miss

Dalton of the little plan the secret known only to three, now revealed to a fourth. Miss Dalton was more enthusiastic than any of them.

"What a fine idea" she said "Father if my sister and I can help you in any way let us know. money or anything in our power"

"Thank you miss Dalton. What the little girl will need before the coming of spring is plenty of practice at taking dictation"

"Father what do you think of this plan. My sister Mary has charge of all our business

matters and just now there is a great deal to be attended to. The correspondence is heavy and probably will be so for six weeks. We could hire a typewriting machine and Angeline could give us a couple of hours a day. I am sure my sister would be delighted to have her do this and besides Angeline could earn a little money."

"Father Casey reflected for a moment. The Daltons lived full two miles from St Pat ricks school and surely Father Casey knew that her plan could not be carried out without Pernods consent and he would not allow any one of his sisters going the shortest distance

without powerful guardians.

"You would have to get her brothers consent on that" he said, "Her brother does not allow his sisters to go any where without guardians because they have many dangerous enemies who may do them harm."

"I'll tell him my plan" said Miss Dalton "I could be her guardian. You know I'm a very powerful woman and I could hold my own against any men."

"If Pernod consents how would from half past nine to twelve each morning suit you?"

"It would be just the right time. Many given all the morning I have hours to business letters and just now is not able to get through her work. I am sure she will be delighted."

Miss Dalton was right her sister duly acquainted with the secret said that Margarets plan was a solution out of a difficulty which had been growing each day.

Osmond was consulted by Margaret but for a time he did not wish to do so.

"It is an unusal thing you are asking me" he said. "I appreciate the plan very much, but as

you and your sister live over two miles from the school it seems a very risky thing to allow her to travel that far back and forth. She for some reason is the main "black spot" for my enemies and I dare not leave her out of my sight for a moment. I'm afraid to let her do that"

"But I'm so powerful a woman, it would take more than twenty men to forcibly get her away from me"

"I believe that for you look that strong. But you are a weak baby compared to Jack Evans, and my

enemies out witted him"
"But I assure you I can guard your sister. And surely even your enemies aint so low that they wont respect a womah"
She was startled by Pernods scornful laugh.
"You dont know them" he said shortly "But if you assure me she'll really be safe I'll try it." Then he told her frankly that she puts herself responsible for what ever happens to Angeline warning miss Walton to be careful for her enemies strike at her more than her sister.
Angeline was at once pressed into service and at the suggestion of Dr. Kelly Angeline wacked

thither and back each day with miss Walton thereby go doing away with the one weak point in the plan, on doing to wit the danger to the childs health from too much work and too little fresh air exercise.
The secret circle grew wider still retaining retaining its secret. Angeline had once referred to the stenographer of the Society who had offered to help her on the learning of the type writer.
The young lady in question was miss Florence Desmond and connected for years with one of the great law firms of

Chicago. Florence was not only an expert at short hand and steno graphy but also was familiar with a variety of mechantile forms and with those devices for method and order made use of in modern business offices.

It was Angeline who suggested making Miss Edmond acquainted with the great secret.

"You see Father she has been so good to me and my dear sister. It is to her also I owe my good success in typewriting. She has been very kind and besides if she knows of your plan she will do anything to help. She knows so much and she

has a gift for communication knowledge."

"a capital suggestion Angeline. She is often free from three to four in the afternoon and I know she will be only too glad to give you hints outside of sister Rosalie, matter which will be great help to you."

"And Father" continued Angeline taking out a little book. "please look at this"

It was something that looked like a savings account book but had no mark on it as ever belonging to a bank.

But there was the record of something in two sections written in two sections

written in Abbreannian
each dated May the 7th
and August the 13th.
"Good gracious" Father
"What is this?"
"Something I found
on the side walk Father.
It was lost by Sikes.
I'm getting suspicious
that something is
wrong. Of course we've
been helped a great
deal. I'm going to show
this to Fennod."
Capital Father Casey
exclaimed. "Now run
away child of (Heads)
Heaven, and tell our
secret to Miss Des-
mond"
There are many
generous whole souled
devoted people in this
world and it has
been Father Caseys
happy Fortune to meet
a Goodly number

of them. Of these
Miss Desmond was by
no means the least
She took Angeline
in hand for an hour
almost every day
with gratifying results.
The secret spread
further.
Miss Desmond
knew other women
most of them belong-
ing to the Young
Ladies Sodality who
were specialists in
various lines of busi-
ness.
With the permission
of the secret society
she got them in-
terested too. The whole
work of coaching
Angeline beginning
with Sister Rosalie
down to Miss Des
mond and three
capable young

women was distinguished by enthusiasm unselfishness and love. The little girl won the hearts of all. On October the 7th Angeline did not come to class. She was not ill the priest informed the regular teacher, she would appear the very next day.

The cause of her disappearance Father Casey added was a dead secret.

"How long asked Sister Marie who though saintly was thank God Human — how long is this mystery to remain unexplained?".

"In a few days" the priest made answer "all will be made manifest"

And so it came

about The morning newspapers four days later announced that at the Civil Service examination held on October 9th Angeline Vivian had been first with a percentage of 97. The business class was given a holiday.

It turned out that Angeline Vivian being only ten years old was ineligible but that bit of information Father Casey had discounted.

The glory for the school was all the greater while Angeline for the success of her purpose was vastly improved by the publicity given her abilities.

What was feared however was that Angelines school publicity might attract her utmost secret enemies, and cause such suspicions that they might attack her.

But the enemies did see that in the papers especially Sikes and Fagan but Fagan said:

"That little snipe is always up to something. But what should we care. We are through in everything and will not bother her any more. She'll see us no more and will be glad of it I know. Are we all packed up?"

"Yes"

"Well we're off to morrow for our own country. Her brother has whipped us, and we'll have to say whipped."

And the next day they were gone never to return.

One of the men who came into Father Casey's office to congratulate the priest was Dr John Robert Sawson also the finest scientist in his own particular branch he had ever known and the humblest man outside of one or two followers of the Religious life he had ever met.

Dr Sawson and the priest had been

though they met each other rarely good friend friends for years. One of the things which had drawn the priest to him was his exceeding kindness and true brotherliness to every man and woman in his employment

They loved to work for him he loved to look out for their interests. It had struck the priest that his attitude towards those working under was Christlike.

"Father" he said "I come to congratulate you on the honor won by your school by that young woman"

"I thank you Dr Lawson. Her success has made me and others very happy. But you have one

detail wrong. She is not a young woman."

"not a young woman. Why the newspaper says she is. Are there any boys going by the name of Angeline. I've got a young man in my office whose last name is Angeline"

"no but there is only one girl. Angeline Vivian is a pretty child of 10. I've seen no child as pretty as she is"

"Indeed. Why that is past for astonishment. Let me congratulate you again."

"Yes. But there is a fly in the ointment. Because of what she is her hidden secret enemies that threaten her safety

and no matter where she goes she cannot feel secure. And she cannot always obtain protection. She and her sisters were seized and sent away twice despite which her brother to tried to do to prevent it."

"And she and her sisters needs stronger protection?"

"Yes"

"How is she in English from the fact that she is an Abbreannan?"

"Good far beyond the average for a little girl of her age she is a great reader and for her young age speaks an excellently as an educated business woman. She knows her Dickens

and is now in love with Thackeray. Even in poetry she is well read."

"Father you interest me more than you imagine. How about her spelling and punctuation?"

"She is so good that I would not hesitate to send her to any printers office as a proof reader."

"Excuse me Father. I'm afraid I may be bold but could I see the little girl for a few short minutes?"

"Certainly it would be a pleasure."

The Fairy of Heaven presently entered. Dr Lawson gasped at her extreme beauty and

innocence. She was still radiant with the joy of her recent success the more so as she knew that her own triumph was a triumph for the school.

Health and happiness marked her features she was well developed in beauty for her years and dressed like a good self respecting tasty modest little girl.

Dr Lawson in his gentle and cordial way quickly made Angeline at home with him. He saw too that she was not shy nor timid nor was she distrustful. He said very little but his questions were so cleverly put that

Angeline within 20 minutes gave both men a very fair idea of her range of reading and her literary views.

Dr Lawson possibly because he was a doctor a literary and a scientific man showed a skill in questioning which Father Casey could not but admire. It is a pleasure to study clever men in action.

But she too was cleverer, and answered all her questions as if she was an angel doing it. So tactfully did he proceed that Angeline would not have thought that she was being examined

by a man who was specialized in drawing out other peoples knowledge had not her angelic instinct told her.

"Good day Dr Lawson I am very pleased to have met you and I hope we shall see each other again" said Angelina in leaving the room with of course her great curtsy to Father Casey

Father Pardon me I am taking up your time."

"Do not mention it. I have not lost a moment of time since you came in."

"I am ashamed to impose on you but could you give me some of that little girls family history"?

"Gladly as far as I know it." Father Casey said.

"Father" said Dr Lawson after the priest told him the facts set down Ch in this narrative) "I think that God sent me down this morning to see you. I was going along West on Adams when in passing from Clark to Desplaines I recalled that you were in your office as you once told me, every morning I felt an impulse to call on you for a moment you know. I've not been here for over two years. Reason however ruled out impulse. Reason said "You have no business there. And Father Casey must be busy. I was about to abandon the idea when suddenly there

flashed through my memory a news item concerning the success of a little girl in the civil service examination. I've always been interested in examinations, in fact I've been on examination boards off an on these last twenty five years."

"And you are considered an expert" the priest ventured to say

"no better than the others. Father only I am always so anxious to find out what young people know"

"I could see that a moment ago" said the priest.

"Some examiners who are much cleverer than I" ("oh yeah") "continued Dr Lawson "simply seem to be trying to find out what

people don't know. That is not hard. We are all ignorant in so many ways. Why Father if you were to go at me in that direction to say the least you could keep me making professions of sure ignorance for the next 24 hours."

"And this" the priest reflected "from the best informed man that had entered his office since his last visit. A man moreover who in his own line of research is second to none in the Western Hemisphere."

"But to return to our mutton. I came here to congratulate you and I find a very beautiful little

girl here good as gold refined, frank, saintly and with I believe just the qualifications to be able to outwit all her enemies if she only makes the attempts to do so."

"Whats that?" the the priest said.

"Father Casey you know that I write stuff of a singular and lighter nature now and then?"

"I have read several of your novels and with great pleasure Dr Sawson"

"Thank you Father Well I believe I've heard a lot about her and her sisters and from what I have heard and believed I thought it was time for me to take in sail and I wrote down a lot about what has happened to them

and put it into story form I have by reading papers followed every thing that has happened to them. The situation for them even now is rather stiff and they scarcely can go out safely without strong reliable guardians in consequence.

Therefore I know that things have come to a pass where even their brother may have to look out for his own safety I think I can do away with much of routine office work and I intend writing another novel if it pleases God to give me a few good inspirations and to put in order for

publication a number of scientific papers I have had plenty of stenographer girls very good ones all of them but they were only business stenographers. As I intend to dictate my entire novel and possibly others later I want some one to help me on that matter."

"Good gracious" Father Casey exclaimed "That beautiful little girl from what I have seen of her and from what you have told me would in spite of her age be just the sort to be fully protected and a little girl who has the literary sense like her should be made as safe to her brother and sisters as jewels locked in a banks

safty vault."

"I am not a literary fellow as you are Dr Lawson but it has often struck me that Angeline Vivian has in her the stuff of which holy writers are made."

"I think you are right Father Casey. And if you are I shall be a very happy man. It will settle a vexed question indeed and I shall be very grateful to you."

"Not as grateful Dr Lawson as I am to you."

"Is the little girl free yet."

"At once"

"Well I can easily find out whether she will do for my way of pro-

tection.
"Could I try her in the outer office?"
"Certainly and I hope she will get the protection."
"You know Father I am not a Catholic but no man outside your faith respects it more. How any one visit Montreal and the old Canadian settlements without revering the Church which made those people what they are. Your little girl I assure you will be safe guarded in her religion."
"You need not tell me that Dr Lawson. Some of my Sodalists have worked for you and I am free to say that I know of no man

in Chicago to whom I would so soon trust Angeline Vivian."
"No one has ever paid me a nicer compliment All I can say is that I'll try so to act as to deserve it"
Angeline was again examined. She took his dictation for 15 minutes and ten minutes later returned with a bundle of paper. Mr Lawson went over several pages slowly very carefully while Angeline waited in a thrill of expectancy.
His face as he went from page to page brightened. At the seventh page he stopped.

"There is no need to go further" he said, "Father I congratulate you again. She for her small age knows punctuation better than I do her paragraphing a different from mine is why good and her spelling is excellent. The little girl and her sisters can come under my protection at once and if she is worth the protection of any good reliable people she is worth my protection. What do you say to that Angelina. You'll get my protection and so will your sisters."

Angelina looked at Father Casey and then at Mr Lawson She had grown very pale. Suddenly

just like before she rushed to his side. "Oh Father" she cried and pillowed her head upon his arm. Gently conducting her to a chair for he feared she was on the point of fainting Father Casey accompanied Mr Lawson to the vestibule.

"That little cry of hers- oh Father" (she) she said in a low voice: "and that little gesture of complete confidence on your rounds of the examination She has just unwittingly told me that in addition to her literary knowledge her splendid memory her quickness in taken dictation and putting it on paper she has

in spite of her 10 years the real sweetness, the innocence the delicate purity of a little angel of Heaven. Father how do you Catholics triumph so over heredity and environment?"

For the answer to that Mr Lawson you must go to our Dear God in the Blessed Sacrament That little girl except for some compulsary or compulsatory interruption has received Christ every morning"

"God keep her innocent and bright"

And so the great man departed leaving Father Casey very happy and thankful.

Father Casey was sitting in his room at five o clock in the evening

on an early October typical day. Darkness had come early for it was still raining lightning and thundering heavily.

Dressed in street attire the priest waited for an expected visitor and thus waiting meditated. Many things had happened since angeline got the promise of what he considered with fervent thanks to God a sure protection from her secret foes.

Little gypsy faced gypsy haired Jenny Jenkins had lost as the saying is her mother early in September.

Strictly speaking it was no loss at all.

Mrs Jenkins, one of a class, had drunk to an extreme excess all her life with the usual result result a very short span of years.

There was no mourner not so much to speak of, at her funeral save Jenny her one brother and an older sister who bade fair to preserve the tradition of her mother in the way of beer consumption in season and out.

It is true there were also present in the Church six or seven old cronies of the deceased women with swollen and reddened faces rouge having no part in the colouring and watery eyes whose presence was made known where

ever they went by a circumambient atmosphere of stale beer.

Thanks to the thoughtfulness of the older sisters they had celebrated the wake as they would celebrate a baptism, or a marriage, or a misfortune or anything untoward or unusual, in terms of beer.

During the mass they nodded and slumbered visions of the foaming glass doubtless making pleasant their unaccustomed devotions.

There were no mourners except the children nevertheless out of regard to Jenny Miss Milton went to the

graveyard. How she really brought it about no one knows, but somehow she recieved the older girls consent to bring Jenny Jenkins to her own home, and from that day to this Jenny has made good the promise of her first Communion.

She is the leader of her class, regular and gives promise of growing up a credit to the good woman who gave the child her first home and next best thing to a mothers love.

Violet Vivian herself is a little prefect of the St Agnes Sodality, a Society for the School Children recently established.

So great was her reputation for holiness that she was elected to the office by practically a unanimous vote of the two hundred and fourty members.

Having the same vivacity of angeline she is like her in all ways.

All these things and more of no special interest to the reader was he meditating upon, with a thankful heart when the porter duly knocking informed him that there was a tall man in the parlor waiting to see him by timely appointment.

The man arose as he entered. He was a striking figure about six feet clear of eye ruddy of cheek with slightly grizzled mustache.

It was hard for Father Casey though he had been expecting him to recognize in the finely dressed man the friend of the Williams Mr Gordon.

"So its you" Mr Gordon" the priest exclaimed grasping his hand.

"Yes Father. Here I am nearly two years older but I hope a changed man in health. I am better and stronger now than I have been any time these ten

years and with the help of God I'm going for the sake of the little Vivians to render them all the aid that is possible."

"I never imagined" the priest said "you could look so well."

"Oh Father what fools what beasts their enemies have been. For every one of their enemies there should be a life-time of self examination. These little girls have had their struggles to exist especially since they came over here."

"Are you satisfied that their brother has conquered all their enemies?"

"I'm afraid to say

yes Father. but before I leave this room Im going to take an oath to aid them and to show them my gratitude for what they did for me and my family."

"Mr Gordon" the priest said I believe in the end they will win out"

So long as they are not known or seen by their enemies at all they are safe and therefore they need protection. Of course two of their enemies are gone now others are imprisoned, they have not been molested since they came back from French Guiana."

"and do you feel fit to do anything for them right away?"

"you mean to act as a detective?"

"yes"

"No Father. The doctors say those little girls never should have gone into that sort of work against the enemy over there, or over here either, and yet for all the time they have been over here they have been struggling hard at the studies they so badly needed for the reason they came over here for.

Their parents are unusually good Father, they even

are though you may not believe it refined."

"I do believe it"

"and though I dont like to talk about it or about anybody I know quite a lot too of the history of Webber George's uncle. He was the black sheep of his family. At eighteen he ran away from home and then happening to get in with some very bad companions he chose their work plastering to keep up with them. It is a fact Father that he actually spoiled that boy (Before) Because of that awful word the boy called Pernod, he and his sisters are through with the Webber family.

If it was not for dragging his mother into Court Pernod would sue. He blames the boys parents for allowing the uncle to spoil the boy. He says they're cowards afraid of the uncle. With my help though the little girls will have a fair chance to go back to their own country happier and with safety after they complete their studies. Some days please God once that they get on their feet they can go back to their own country without interference from any one. No matter how

nice and refined the good Abbeannian people are' the priest commented 'they will be proud of you when you give them the assistance you promise!'

'Father I have been bursting to ask you how they are?'

'Dont you know?'

'For over a month I have heard nothing of whether they will always remain safe from their enemies or not. Angeline I know is doing some sort of work but she has given me no details. She told me not to worry that she and her sisters were well provided for. I often wondered how'

'Dr Kelley has had his way in the

matter of news Mr Gordon. He thought it better all things considered that you should be kept in ignorance of many things till Angelines health was considered fit to let her do the right things again. In a few minutes however you will know all. Come we will go together'

'First Father let me make my firm and solemn and binding promise to God to help protect her and her sisters.'

'Father Casey is no prophet but I dare predict that Mr Gordon will be true to that promise unto death. Together

through the driving rain the two men walked down as far as Halsted street and Adams. Mr Gordon would have gone on westward, but the priest caught his arm saying "We turn South to cross the street here."

"Are we not going to where they live?"

"Yes, but you're going the wrong way."

"Where do they live?"

"At 201 Halsted Street"

"But Father Carney who is paying the rent!?"

"They own the place" the priest answered.

"But how could they do so?"

"All to be known in good time" the priest answered.

They arrived

immediately at the three story house on the corner of Halsted and Adams.

There were lights in every window and as they put foot on the upper third floor steps the door was thrown open, and there framed in the doorway stood with outstretched hands the radient fairy of Heaven.

"Oh Mr Gordon" she cried. Joy was the note of that cry and sprang into his arms. Then forth from every corner of the big room rushed Mother and the rest and all of them catching Mr Gordon by arms and legs

and clothes bore him with shouting and hugging and kissing and laughter into the home. Never since Halsted street won its name did it witness such a joyous reception of a friend. The empress and princely children clung to Mr Gordon with the same intensity and affection all circumstances considered as if he was their own father, and this scene made the priest rub his eyes.

He did a lot to keep them against the men who were immoral monsters heart breaking friends. who will do anything no matter how cruel it is to gain their

selfish designs He had been strange as it may seem to those who have read this narrative a fond devoted father clinging like friend. One by one holding them at arms length Mr Gordon a veritable transport of joy, gazed upon the empress and the rest.

He looked and saw that they were bright healthy and happy.

Presently sinking back upon a sofa he covered his eyes with his hands

Happiness had unmanned him.

"Now you may know the good Mr Gordon I used to talk to you about "whispered Angeline "He is himself now

Empress Vivian who had slipped from the room now returned from the room appeared with the Daltons and Miss Quinlan and with them the party was complete.

"Where" said mr Gordon after a cordial exchange of greeting did you get all this beautiful furniture?"

"Ci fairy brought it" the priest made answer "and this is not all. Come up stairs mr Gordon."

They all went up in a body and admidst chatter and laughter and bandinage Mr Gordon saw the Emperor room the room of Angeline that of her sisters clean neat and through

good big and strong with the kindest of hearts."

"And so Angeline he will remain to the end. I feel sure that from now on everything for the Gordon family will be all right."

"That's what Dr Kelly says Father and the doctor says that McKenna is willing to stake his professional reputation on my sisters cure from heat fever and Dr Kelly adds that while the spies were to blame for our excessive undeserved punishment at the French Guiana penal Colony in the beginning for the last four years our trouble has been almost purely from being spies ourselves."

simple in appointment in the very best taste. It was a true home wealth could not do more.

"I should like to know that fairy" ejaculated Mr Gordon.

"There she stands" Father Casey said pointing Angeline "The Fairy of Heaven"

When Mr Gordon for the first time heard how Angeline had come to earn her peculiar appellation, he hung his head, when from Miss Dalton he got the story of angelines success in the civil service examination he hung his head lower when he was told that Angeline by 'what seemed the special Providence of God will secure true and powerful protection for herself

and sisters, he covered his face with his hands and when finally Father Casey told him that Angeline & serene and gentle sister some who had thrown themselves at his feet on the floor by him, gazing up at him with simple unaffected love he raised his head.

A great awe had come upon his feature, and he said in tones the impressiveness of which no one will forget

"God sure has been good to them but why has he been so good to me?"

"Mr Gordon interrupted Angeline" you are invited to my

party."

"Party my dearest friend"

"Yes Mr Gordon, my birth day party. I'm ten years old to day and no little girl ever felt happier on her birthday than I do now. Come Mr Gordon."

And she led the happy man down the stairs and into the dining room. Surprise had been piled on surprise that one would think that Mr Gordons power of emotion was exhausted, but the candles on the table, the lights above the flowers and the sheen of glass the color designs the repast itself forced Mr Gordon to gasp. Much as taste and money and exceeding care had done to make

the dinning room a thing of beauty the prettiest detail was furnished all unconsciously by the four librarians Angelines four class mates and partners.

Two of them blushing and bowing and smiling stood at the entrance to the kitchen bonnetted and aproned as cooks two of them like wise blushing and bowing and smiling stood at either end of the table, meat handed, breadboned and fitted out as typical waitresses It was a party within a party. Assisted by good little angels they

were to take care of the rest of them, and their own turn to come were to banquet together, recall old days, not forgetting you may be sure Webber George with his Japanese snuff.

The hours passed happily and then leaving the girls to carry on the festivity, Margaret Dalton, her sister, Miss Quinlin and the priest took their leave.

Angeline was busy at the time in entertaining her school mates and the priests and his friends did not like break in upon their lively chatter and gay laughter

As the door closed upon them they were all filled

with a sense of thanksgiving and a feeling of having been with the supernatural.

"So much for beauty and environment" the priest said.

"You conquered poverty through their help Pat Her" said Miss Quinlin.

"Not at all. I gave up" said the priest. "It was the Vivians and Margaret and her sisters."

"No it wasn't that" they protested. Margaret added. "We don't work & hope for earthly reward. And we all find charity work rather hard and often ungrateful. But even from a natural point

of view the joy of the Vivian family has given us makes up for any number of seeming failures."

"We plant and we sow" the priest commented, "but it is God who gives the increase."

A cheerful silvery call caused them to turn around.

The Vivians door was open and out on the step stood Angeline holding in her hand the birthday cake the ten candles burning brightly. Behind her in the shadow they could see four of her sisters grouped together with arms around each others shoulders.

But by an unstudied effect the

light of the candles burning clearly for the wind had died away fell full upon the smiling happy beautiful face of Angeline and the smoke of the candles wrapped her about as a veil.

Her unnatural golden hair shown brilliantly in the candle on the light.

"Good bye, good bye" she cried.

"Look" cried Teresa Dalton "Look. did you ever see so pretty a picture. that back ground of girls with unusually bright golden hair the sweetest children that ever drew breath standing out in all their loveliness,

Angelines name is once more justified."

"Our Fairy of Heaven" said Miss Quinlin. "and what kind of hair has she got. Its so strangely golden that it shines like the golden feathers on the neck of a golden pheasant. I've never seen such hair on any child before."

"There is something strange about it" said Father Casey "Her hair beats in golden color the feathers on the golden pheasant. I asked Angeline one day some time ago if I could have a small lock of her her. She allowed me to cut off a curl. I have a friend who owns.

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a golden pheasant and I compared that lock of hair to the feathers on the neck of the golden pheasant. I've never seen such hair on any child before myself. Her hair is as fine in appearance as the threads of the feathers and is just as glossy and smooth but somewhat more brighter and shiny. I believe God had some special intention of his own for making hair on her head like that. But the great and strange coincidence is that her sisters has the same golden hair. When I first became

acquainted with them, I thought they either were Spanish or Italians "Aint their language the same?" asked Miss Quinlin.

"no indeed. It is similar to the Latin in our Catholic prayer books, and mass books" said Father Casey. "When I read mass out loud they understood everything. Only they and their mother understand & speak our language The other Acadian Indians who are their companions only speak their own. Their guardian Jacque Evangeline and Angelina Arceneaux speak it, but very poorly. Angelines hair is nearly like Angeline Evans & her sisters

too. Though good as the Evans, She is very froward in her ways and quickly gets angry. She is feared by all who do not like the Evans. She is more dreaded than Edmond and can do more if she is prepared. And she is strong for her age. She could knock a fence down with a heavy base ball bat. They got another golden haired Acadian by the name of Jennie Sumner. I have not seen much of her but she too is strikingly pretty

But she cannot speak our language" I do not really believe their beauty is natural said

Teresa "It is caused by something that God wants for a special reason all his own"

Chapter Seven.

A letter from Angeline Riches.

Seated at her desk on a bright Wednesday morning of a very early October the principal of the school which is called the Spinner was gazing with a look of weariness upon the enormous mass of papers, pamphlets and letters piled up before her.

The gaze and the weariness lasted but a few moments then she fixed her eye glasses firmly upon her nose and set to work at distributing. While slipping the letters from her hand to a table at her side, she scanned

their superscription dropping some to the right and a great many to her left.

The larger pile thus formed was made up of letters addressed to the little students, the smaller of those addressed to herself and her community.

From the letters the principal went to the pamphlets magazines and newspapers and here the waste basket came into service. With a dexterity born of long experience the principal could ascertain in most cases at a glance and without opening their wrappers the general character of the enclosed missives.

Before she had done with examining

these, the waste basket had recieved a very gracious supply of mo account current literature. The morning mail thus sorted the principal touched her bell, in answer to which a young woman, her private secretary entered the room.

"To the vice principal please" said the main head of the school pointing to the mail of the students. The secretary bowed took the mail in her hands and withdrew.

Having thus narrowed her field of labor the principal addressed herself to a more careful examination. Again

taking up the letters she selected her own. Opening those she skimmed rapidly over the first five pigeonholing three or four and dropping six into the waste basket

But the seventh letter gave her pause. It was enclosed in a dainty scented square envelope and was a very lengthy production.

Setting aside the evidence of the perfumery the communication was evidently the work of a little girl from a far away place. It was written down and across the page in perfect writing but in such broken english where many words could not be pronounced. The principal

sighed she had struggled through such letters before. Nothing could be skipped nothing taken for granted not infrequently the most important part of such missives was to be found where crossings were thickest.

She began then the reading with mild resignation. Suddenly an expression of awakening interest came upon her features. As she read the third page a smile began to flicker it blazed into a flame at the fourth and blazed on merrily to the end when she exclaimed:

"So its about those little Vivians"...

She laughed

quietly and added
"I must see the vice principal at once."
"Miss Howard" she exclaimed as she entered the vice Principals room a moment later
"Have you room in the junior division for a boy by the name of Webber George?"
"I certainly have but I'm not so sure about the boys and girls I have the class room that Pernod and his sisters are in. There is something wrong about that new boy and he has been expelled from six schools since he began going to school They all shun him and the children there will shun him when they come to know

him. But other children have often tried in their innocent but abrupt way to find out whether these little Vivians going to school here are really and truly real."
Well it would appear that they are real enough though they do appear supernatural. Just read this letter" Miss Howard took the scented envelope drew out the enclosure and this is what she read—:

Letter on next page.

Dear Miss Howard
Principal of the Skinner school,
Dearest Madam"

I have this letter written by someone else so you can read it as I am very poor in English.

It is after reflection and thought and many tears, that I address myself to your good kindness.

I have seen it that these little Vivian girls have found themselves dear principal, forced to face trials which alas but one week ago I could not so much as fancied.

When my darling princess friends were taken and sent to French Guiana I thought they and their good brother must part forever.

Ah dear Principal if you but knew what that meant. No one but their Mother and Father and Brother can appreciate the grief which filled their hearts

And their brother in the

picture of his father. They are more lovely and innocent than the very angels themselves and has never committed the slightest sin all their lives not even for one day.

Whatever they do know and they have gone quite far a in spelling and botany including the language of flowers their mother taught them herself.

And in her teaching she had addressed herself to their hearts rather than to the heads. They are not at all like other little girls of whom it may be said that there are many of them uniformly rude and full of sin and has not the refinement of Heavenly princesses

They are docile amiable cheerful, happy as the day is long, the sweetest little girls imaginable.

All(their) Her little ways are lovely beyond words. They are ever ever generous to every body in which they resemble both father and mother. are as sensitive as they were in the days of their own babyhood, and really conscientious to a degree approaching unusual holyness.

And yet, I am not after the fashions of most people blind to all their doings and ways.

These little girls are just the least trifle impetuous, and yet very considerate By those who do not understand them they might ever be called unusually over considerate.

And they are so unusually open to reason, a little talk of kindly and considerately given and accompanied with a little coaxing will never fail to bring them to their senses.

They never needed to have been subjected to corporal

punishment by their parents or friends because they do not commit the slightest offense to deserve it, the dear little are high strung to the highest pitch against all sin are not a bit nervious, afraid of any thing or anyone, and yet their spy enemies, have tried to kill them, or injure them for life, by such barbarous treatment as sending to that "Paradeze of Hell," in French Guiana.

They look like awfully delicate little girls in form and other appearances, but are really strong and can handle any boy or girl who bullies them.

Because of their enforced stay in French Guiana three of them contracted a severe illness. Here the fond writer goes into a detailed account of all the various ailments and heat formed maladies, mentioning

incidentally but at some length the Deltonia fever which by an especial Providence Angeline had narrowly escaped death in its most frightful forms. As these details have already been written there no need again to detail them.

"Now dear Principal of the school in view of what I have told you must see how necessary it is, the greatest care be taken of these little girls and shield them safely from these dangerous spies. These little girls should by all means receive the protection of this whole Country They drink a glass full of (silk) milk at least four times a day twice in the morning and twice in the afternoon and once in a while in the evening.

Sometimes at dinner if they have company they drink a small glass

of port wine."

"You should see their golden hair too" muttered the principal

"The Virgins are staunch Catholics. I am a Catholic and all my friends are of the same faith. I do believe they will all go to Heaven. Violet and her sisters are extremely religious and they go to your School because they understood that the moral training there is Excellent Miss Martin whose nephew Earl Calenmeiner attends your school gave me an excellent account of it.

I do not know Earl personally though his lamented mother and I were the best of friends and I feel that Earl whose reputation stands very high will be a very suitable companion for their brother so far as anybody can be a suitable companion for one who has such a home training as

Pernod a his sisters have enjoyed. If there are any good Catholic boys and girls attending your Public School supposing of course that their manners made some such approach towards refinement as we have reason to expect of boys and girls of the better class, so I see no objections to Pernods associating with them, under due inspection.

I am so agitated dear Principal that I find it almost impossible to put my thoughts on paper with any appearance of order.

I should ere this, explained to you my reason for being obliged to write to you about these sweet little girls.

It is inevitable yesterday I recieved a telegram from Angelinia Agatha, Catherinia Stute that at Dounda the situation is the same, but that strange to say, both sides are in a precarious position. Of course I must

start by the next steamer. Gladly would I like to bring the little Vivan girls along but they intend to stay there in America untill they learn learn what they came over here for.

But they are in constant unseen danger over here and if the spies were to capture them again and sent them to some other hot country, with the little girls being so sensitive to heat that it would be literally flying in the face of providence to imperil their precious health again, maybe their lives by that misfortune.

This parting is very difficult but it must be made.

Again and again I beg you to bestow every attention upon them and a little friends prayer and my blessing will accompany

you through life. Thanking you in advance for your kindness and asking you to overlook the inaccuracies and blunders of a well nigh distracted girl friend I am, dear,

Principal

Your most earnestly and beseechingly

Angeline Richee."

"Such little girls" the principal remarked, "hardly requires requires testimonials as to their character."

"Not if they are anything at all like what this Abbie annian girl writes and makes them out to be" asserted the vice principal. "Let us hope that they really are little angels in the eyes of

others than their fond parents and friends. Meantime it would be good to write for references. If you have no objections I shall attend to that part of the matter myself. And there was no objection.

On the next morning at about the same hour the school porter brought the principal a card.

She read with a smile

Master Webber George
Chicago Ill

"I'm on my road to meet this new comer" said the principal as she encountered the vice principal in the

The principal was a woman whom long experience as a disciplinarian, and a superior, had schooled in the control of her emotions.

But as she entered the parlor and glanced at the new pupil she started backward a slight exclamination forced itself from her lips.

And she had reason for being astonished. She had counted upon coming face to face with a small delicate fragile golden haired child attired according to the manners of a mamma's darling. Instead of all this she found herself facing an overgrown tough willful looking boy with close

cropped sandy hair large course rounded features and something like a squint in the left eye.

This was the instantaneous impression which caused her the involuntary betrayal of her astonishment.

A second look embraced further and more interesting details of the new comers personal appearance. He was dressed like a millionaires son. The first sign the principal noticed was that the lads face bore remarkable signs of having recently been battered by

Some of his teeth were gone and what teeth he did have were large and as far as they came into evidence too for the boy wore a sinister smile such as nothing but a large mouth and much fatuousness could effect.

The appearance of his ears which protjected rather boldly from the head caused the principal to regret that the boys mother had seen fit to allow her son to be so closely shorn of his auriferous locks.

His nose was small of an interrogative turn and so much out of proportion to his mouth

as to give the moon faced youth an ugly and comical expression.

Yes there was also an appearance in his face that made the principal secretly dislike him, and feel queer.

Indeed he was none other than Webber Wilber George. Thrown out of St Patricks School by Father Casey, his mother was compelled to send him there with instructions to the principal that she or the teacher can punish him as they please if he dont behave.

Webber was standing and his pose failed to show that he had made any special studies in any lessons,

He had braced himself firmly against the table in the office his feet were rather far apart and over his vest his hands held firmly a slouch felt hat which on encountering the principals eye he began to turn about in his large heavy fingers which at the same time his smile already broad beyond the average widened to triple and disclosed teeth which are rarely seen by people who are not dentists.

"Master Webber George I believe" said the principal.

The smile vanished like the passing of a light

"Yes" came the reply in a tone of which the pipe of youth struggled

with the lower notes of a changing voice to the manifest disadvantage of both.

Having acquitted himself of this monosyllable Webber fastened his eyes upon his hat and fell into the same fatuous smile with an instantaneousness which rather disconcerted the principal.

It was as though the light again reappeared.

"I am glad to see you Master George" said the principal holding out her hand.

Webber George ceased smiling and glanced with evident distress first (an) at the proffered hand and then at his hat.

It is difficulty as far as the principal

could make out was to shake hands and at the same time continue to hold the unchanged upon his vest.

The principal after an awkward moment took the hat from Webber greatly to the "dear childs" relief and laid it on the table.

Then Webber shook hands.

I was under the impression Master George, from the tenor of your mothers letter and the details that I gleamed from it that you were a much smaller boy."

Webber turned to look at his hat. It was still on the table. He grinned at it and then facing the principal he said:

"no".

The principal had noticed the boy was not shy nor bashful He seemed to get an inspiration from this remark for he added:

I was, but I'm growing fast."

"Like a weed" suggested the principle with a smile which though accompanying her words was really evoked by Master George's naive explanation.

"Yes" answered the new boy and he added "I've growed right smart lately.

"But your mother writes of you as though you were a child of six or seven and you're 12, or 13"

"There a mustake there" said Webber George you must have got the wrong kind of letter. My mother only wrote a short note. I'm thirteen going on fourteen."

"Indeed one would take you to be fifteen at the very least."

"Yes" assented Master George turning twards his hat and giving the principal an opportunity of noticing that his coat was rather loose fitting below the collar. "But I've growed. The old woman" continued the youth talks about me same as she used to when I was very small. I've growed right smart lately."

"The "By the" old

woman, I take it you mean, your mother."

"Yes" assented Master George stolidly.

"Why dont you call her "your mother?"

"In answer to this Master George looked at his hat for a moment and then in another burst of inspiration clapped it upon his head. That for a boy of his age he evidently was a tough, the principal could easily see.

The principal gently remched the hat apparently to the relief of master George.

"Why do you call her "the old woman?" he persisted.

"Because I always

call her the old woman. That's so so help me"

"Do you know Pernod Vivian and his sisters or not?"

"Yes that is the old woman known his old woman."

"He doesn't respect his mother including some 'one else's" the principal thought. to herself"

"If Pernod heard you call his mother "the old woman" he'd crown you"

"I'd like to just see him hit me again. We are enimies"

"I heard he battered your face once for writing a lie against his sister Angeline.

"Yes but he'll regret that. I'll get even"

During this whole of this animated

dialogue Master George had gone from smiles to seriousness, and from seriousness to smiles and when speaking of Pernod he scowled. In fact Pernod had a dangerous enemy in Webber George. If he really intends on revenge he does accomplish it.

The effect was not unlike the turning on and off of a search light, Before speaking he became solemn of face and having delivered his remarks he lasped into his famous grin. (Usally) Usually for any one else he would'nt smile under any conditions.

On the rest now that his hat was in the principals hand he moved neither to the right nor the left but still raced hurriedly against the table with legs wide apart he kept his eyes fastened upon the head gear which appeared to have some extraordinary fascination for its owner.

"Well if you come along with me" said the principal "I shall take you to the prefect of studies to be examined for your class. By the way you are big enough for the senior department but acting under the impression left me by your mothers letter yesterday

I had assigned you to the division of the smaller boys and girls. However as you are but fourteen the arrangements may stand. Now come with me master George.

Master George without changing his position stood gazing intently and smilingly upon the hat.

"Is there anything else master George."

Gimme that hat." he retorted curtly.

The principal restrained her features very well as she returned the valuable article to its owner. She saw he was not friendly, nor afraid of any one even over him.

Master George at

once put the hat upon his head and then followed the principal into the passage.

When they arrived at miss Edwards room master George before entering after the principal carefully laid his hat midway upon the threshold which done he seemed to be somewhat more at his ease.

"Miss Edwards this is master George who proves to be a much bigger boy than we were led to expect. After you have examined him for his class you might put him in charge of miss Wright."

"Are you determined to study hard my boy?" asked miss

Edwards taking master Georges hand.

"Yes" said master George and he smiled valiantly and stingerly at miss Edwards.

As the principal turned to leave the room, the new comer awoke from his smiling trance and ejaculated—

"Say" upon which he began fumbling in his inner coat pocket. "Here" he added producing a sealed envelope and tendering it to the principal "That's for you!"

When the principal reached her room she opened the envelope took out the enclosure, and with blended

feelings of amazement and perplexity, read the following:

To the Principal of
Skinner School.
Dear Madam
This letter will introduce to you Master George a boy of a most estimable and cultured family. He is a God fearing lad too, of a very pleasing address and eminently qualified to enter and adorn any school in the city of Chicago.
It is against my will and my advice that he ever again be sent to a Catholic school so I sent him here where I trust nevertheless that his sweet qualities of heart, and his excellent 'Parents' will be duly recognized and appreciated.
I regret too that removed thus early from the refining and elevating influence

of another school he may perhaps lose that happy combination of frankness and ubanity which has thus far been the salient trait of his budding character. Hoping that he will recieve the care and attention to which he is entitled and trusting that his religious view will not be unduly influenced as he is a most impressionable Child:
I am.
Yours respectfully.
Henry Michael
George.
His "Uncle."

Pennod was returning to his class room when Miss Edwards beckoned him aside.
"Pennod I believe there is an acquaintance of yours in the parlor".

"Who is it miss Edwards?"
"Did you ever hear of the boy before?"
"no miss Jennings I dont think so. I suppose he is a sort of a war doll isnt he?"
"Her his mamas darling" and when miss Edwards said this, she turned her face away so as to conceal a smile.
"Go to the parlor Penrod. you must try to take care of that dainty little boy till he feels perfectly at home"
Then Penrod went directly to the parlor and on facing the new comer he gave a start much more perceptible than the principals had been, and gleping forth the gasp of astonishment turned it to rage and dislike. He faced his enemy Webber George.
To the astonishment of miss Edwards Penrod turned very red, compressed his lips and putting his hands in his pockets strode out without saying a word and with something of a swagger.
She followed him and laid her hand on his shoulder.
"Whats the matter Penrod my boy?"
Penrod paused, his face turned a shade paler and the ominous frown deepened upon his forehead.
He committed some serious offense against my sisters

which had gone too far, and ended up in calling me a dirty name which we Abrea-nians are not supposed to forgive" said Pernod bitterly. "The worse of it is that if I did forgive, it would do no good, for he, my enemy and planning revenge against me" He spoke low because he was indignant.

"You mean the new boy."

"Yes miss Edwards, I mean the new boy. His name is Webber George. He tormented my sister angeline. He wrote wicked black lies about her. And then when I talked to him about it he called me an

ugly name which also was an unforgiven insult to my mother. Even before that I had been very much disappointed in him. Even when she first knew him his conduct had pained and annoyed my sister."

Ever since that day Pernod had been called that name he had never felt the same. On that day he had been shocked beyond measure.

The name he had been called was so unexpected, and as Pernod saw the matter he could not even sleep nights and

sat up in bed saying ever so often, "I wont wont take it".

"He saw the matter so undeserved that he had beaten George up first with a bitter sense of outraged justice.

As he had gone home and to bed that night he had brooded.

"That settles it" he had said, as quivering with rage he sat up in bed "I'll never make friends with any more foriegn boys and girls as long as I live. I'll show those George devils that they cant walk over my sisters as they please and insult my mother"

And he had fallen

into a train of ugly but justified resolutions the wretched outcome of the insult also to his sisters and mortified pride.

When Miss Edwards told him he was to be placed in Miss Dwights class he scowled and walked away. The morning class was soon to start. Penrod to the surprise of the teacher and all the pupils was standing by the school desk of Webber George. Violet in the seat in front.

"Webber George, Get your things and get out of that seat and go in that empty one there".

Penrod had repeated this twice.

"But the teacher

put me there and-:"
"Get out of that seat or I'll knock you out:"
Webber George arose, the eyes of all the school children on him.
"But why cant I sit here?"
"You know why. You are sitting behind my sister Violet. I wont have you near her. You'll do to her what you did to Angeline at St Patricks. Theres an empty seat there Take your things and get out;"
Webber George looked at the teacher for help. There was a frown upon her brow.
Every one in the class showed manifest signs of surprise, curiosity and uneasiness.
"Pernod is right"

she said severely. "I made a mistake in putting you there and should have known better knowing you as we all do expelled from six schools. Go change seats this very instant."
Miss Dwight very seldom spoke in reproof to her pupils. She was a kind hearted woman was crazy about children. But when she did speak her admonitions carried weight. The boys and girls valued her kind words and loving her dreaded her displeasure. Besides she knew Webber George more than any one did and

she so detested him that for a time she had been angry at the principal for putting him in her class room & she had made a firm resolution that she would take no misbehavior from him.

There had fallen a strained silence in the room, as Pennod ordered George out of the seat, even Pennods sisters were awed into silence and then the teacher had spoken in Pennods behalf and one could see by the expressions on the faces of the students that the scene was a curious surprising and painful one, and very unusal.

Pennod himself

had first given a start when he saw George in a seat behind his sister, and then a look of pained surprise had come upon his features changing to a scowl as he arose, walked up to Webber George and ordered him out.

At the teachers admonition he obeyed but with an air of pained surprise and defiance which confirmed Miss Wright in the impression, that the rebuke was well merited.

She did not like that boy at all nor his looks.

Then the class work went on as usual and yet with a difference.

The boys and girls were serious and subdued in a manner and the little undercurrent of pleasantry which often exists in a class along with perfect order and attention and which certain professors of sunny temperament find it to their account to foster was congealed for that day.

"It was like the funeral without the carriage ride said Roger Havner to his brother Edwards as they came out together into the play ground at recess

"So it was" assented Ed. "A boy doesnt know how much fun he's having in our class till something goes wrong,

and then we know it by not having it. Anyhow the nerve of the principal taking that dirty rat in our school. I'd better behave himself or we'll mob him. But whats come over Penrod anyhow. these last few days and week. He used to be a friend of that rats parents and sister, aided the Webbers when they were down and out and being in danger of being thrown out into the street because they could not pay the rent. Yesterday when Webber George passed a lot of us kids in the yard we all sort of spoke to him except Penrod. And the worse

of it was that Pennod walked right past Webber George and took no notice at all of him and George acted the same with him. But we saw that Webber George flushed and we could see that he was annoyed and angry for he stood and shook his fist at Pennod.

Something has gone wrong with Pennod He does not seem to be the same boy at all that he used to be. I do what has often happened to his sister since they were over here he never was very lively but now he is positively gloomy. He is the best friend I ever had and it makes me blue to see him

like this. I am really puzzled about the whole affair. Ida the most popular boy in the school."

"There is something wrong wrong between Pennod and the newcomer and I thought there would be a row soon." said Rogers "since the last two weeks Pennod it seems has got to be very negligent in his studies and from being the leader he is now getting down to the foot. I dont think he has given a good recitation for the last two or three weeks, and I never expected to see him get up and before us all and Miss Dwight

to order the new boy to get up out of that seat.

"I feel very bad about the whole affair" continued Ed "Pennod and I have been chums and besides liking him I respect him more than anybody I ever met. Of late he hasn't been with me. He's always in the recess room before going home with his sisters and does not do anything but read and take notes. I have felt like having a good talk with him a dozen times but the chances have never afforded itself and I have been too careless to put myself to a little trouble."

"You ought to talk to Pennod Ed if you don't, I'll do it myself though I don't know him near as well as you do."

"All right I'll do it though I'm afraid that he will hardly be in any humor just now for anything I have to say."

"There he is over there in the recess yard, catch him and strike while the iron is hot."

"I say Pennod" said Howard a moment later as he placed his hand on Pennods shoulder and fell into step with him on the walk running beside the recess ground,

"What's the trouble between you and the new boy? I heard you used to get along so well with him and his family.

and now its all at sixes and sevens between you."
Ed paused for an answer but none came He looked up presently into Pennods face and then he understood.
Pennods face was quivering with emotion and there was a suspicious moisture in his eyes.
"Oh I say Pennod dont take it so hard" pleaded soft hearted Ed. "We have always been slightly suspicious of Master Webber George and then ~~may~~ many of us knew him before he came to our school and I suppose he did something mean to your sisters. We had heard what he done to Angeline and what he had called you in the park. My brother and sister

were in the park at the time and saw you punish him. He always did get a good scolding now and then you know and I suppose most of us deserve it every time."
"Do you think he will really keep his threat for revenge?" asked Pennod
"Since you ask it" returned Ed. "I must say I do. All the boys and girls think the same. He told me he wont ever make up any more, and if he ever catches you hanging around his sister he'll kill you!"
Again Pennods features were convulsed, he struggled for a moment, and

then unable longer to restrain himself he broke away from his friend his astonished and dismayed companion. and seeking a retired spot gave full vent to his emotion. This was Pennods third month at (K) Skinners and Ed Howard was the first and only boy now who had ever seen him shed a tear.

The few minutes of the present recess upon promished to be of importance in the shaping of Pennods life.

Matters had seemingly come to a head. Pennod had been a student at the Skinner school ever since he came to Chicago.

During this period he had enjoyed the popularity of the boys and girls, and the respect of the teachers. He always as we know is a lad of a somewhat serious turn of mind. remarkably earnest in every thing and very noticeable for his piety and practices, his religion in a manner that surprised and edified all his friends.

Indeed his simple and frank piety had always put to shame all of the more negligent Catholic boys and girls of St Patricks school. His conduct in the church and at prayer was such that none of his companions had been as long as he

During this period he had enjoyed the popularity of the boys and girls, and Ed Howard was the first and only boy who had ever seen him shed a tear.

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matters had seemingly come to the right point. It was a long time before any one learned that he was an Abberannian.

He won the name of being a deeply religious lad early in his first few months at the Skinner.

Pennod had found that most

of the boys and girls going there were Catholics but went to this school because no Catholic School was in the immediate neighborhood.

It once happened during the celebration of Holy mass in which according to the custom of St Patricks Church all the children attended.

A boy next to him was behaving rather lightly and several times tried to secure Pennods attention.

Pennod with his eyes fastened upon his own book of devotion refused to recognize his companions advances.

After he had recovered himself somewhat Pennod awaited

the coming of Ed Howard Delavan. Ed Howard came up and Penrod said:

"I'm going to ask you an honest question and I want an honest answer. Will you give it?"

"Why of course" returned Ed.

"Do you really believe that Webber George could revenge himself on me for punishing him when he called me that awful name?"

"Not on you personally I dont think. But he might try something on your sister Angeline."

"If he tries to harm her I'll send him off to my own country as a spy prisoner" returned Penrod with flashing eyes, and considerable vehemence.

"But what makes you think he would try anything on your sister. He has no right to abuse her under any condition."

"Well then I cant for the life of me understand how anyone had the (idia) idea of putting that sewer rat in our class room. I'm not forgiving that sewer rat never even if he does repent and falls on his knees to me. We dont forgive any of his kind who uses such language at a person. I want to erase him out of my memory and I certainly will never again darken the door of his whole family. But the worse of it is Master George

sister is in this same class room, and I try to show her respect out of consideration for the opinion of the Catholic boys and girls around me, yet Webber George rares at me and threatens to kill me the first time he see me near his sister or talking to her. His eyes looks like he means it. He hates me like a poisonous snake. I can see by his looks he's really dangerous. I dont understand my position Ed."

Webber Georges sister had been passing near at the time. She overheard Pennods words and she started with dismay and surprise and the words scared and

humbled her. And it had mortified her to see Pennod force her brother to change seats. Her face flushed scarlet. She looked dumbly and with pitiful distress at Pennod for a full moment and then walked away with tears in her eyes.

"Ed" continued Pennod when you spoke to me about Webber Georges behaviour to me and my sister you said among those things that He was treacherous" Yes he is. Do you really mean that under any conditions you wont forgive him"?

"Indeed I did" answered Pennod bitterly, "but here again comes that

sister. You said among those things that Webber George will secretly be watching her and all she does. Here she comes. I cant refuse her. I wonder what she wants?"

She stopped in front of him. She had bobbed hair and was well dressed all in red. "What do you want Nancy?" Pernod demanded coldly.

She did not answer Pernods question and indeed couldnt think for a moment Then she said:

"Pernod when you spoke to Ed here- " shunning us all at home because of my wicked brothers ill behavior against you and your sisters you said you would

not have anything to do with us any more. Is that true?"

"Well Im not exactly settled on that subject. Im fact he wouldnt have me come to your place."

"Well I hope that my brothers disgraceful conduct had nothing to do with your intention. It to been bothering me ever since"

"What intention?"

"Staying away from us always. You dont come to see my father mother or any of us any more. Mother punished my brother for calling you that when she heard of it and approved of your thrashing him like you did. But is it your intention of

staying away from us because of him?"

"Suppose it would be what then?" asked Pennod.

"Well perhaps his conduct towards your sisters and you along with the conduct of some of his friends too may have been the cause. Now you know Pennod it could not have been our fault that my brother is like that. no matter what wrong Webber does our Kuthinsky aunt and uncle defends him and wont let mama and papa punish him. Now you know Pennod we kids of America are different from Abbeanmian kids and even here all us Catholic girls

and boys believe all right, but we are young and giddy I suppose and dont think. Some of us trifle at times during Mass even without thinking what we are doing. Sometimes a boy actually doesnt know that he is fooling. There a boy here now who seems to be most irreverent in the Church during Mass, and yet I know that he prays hard and all the fellows know that he would dnt do anything wrong for the world.

Yet if you watch him at services you would harkly think him a Catholic. You see the whole cause of this trouble you are really having

is because my brother is jealous of your sisters. Webber just loves to swear and he got mad at your sisters because they chided him for using profane language and the like. He dont like to go to mass on Sunday he hates to be a Catholic hates to pray and so on. You see—"

"Hold on" cried Pernod. You neednt explain the way some some of you girls and boys carry on. I wouldnt understand any explanation anyhow. I didnt make no resolve to keep away from you people though I have been of course doing it. I told you before I wont come because of him. But your parents are partly responsible

for his behaviour. If your Uncle or Aunt was interfering in their rights to raise the boy as they should your parents should have brought the matter to court. The court would have settled that in a hurry. The fact is they are afraid of the Aunt not the Uncle for some very good reason. I'm keeping my eye on these people, as I know they're tools of my spy enemies many which are still at large. I made a promise that I and Webber George were through. And I'll have to say that makes it probable that he wont permit me near your house.

and he told me once if he ever caught me with you or talking to you, there would be the deuce to pay"

"Do you really mean that?"

"I resolve that I do mean it"

"You do!?"

"Yes. There he is with Earl over there and he sees us. You'll get it when your with him"

"I'd like to see him try it" she said flashing an angry look towards her brother "I can lick him"

"Yes? well that's surprising. Next spring we're going back and will even forget that ever were ever here"

She went away tearfully. Esmod was unconscious of

the fact that he had wounded a dear girl friend deeply. But he was so angry over what Webber George had done and said, that he could not resist the desire to take spite out on the whole family.

Here he made a great mistake. The person wholly to blame was the Aunt and he should have made her come to time.

Late that afternoon Mr Webber George himself coming with little Nancy who was crying wished to see Esmod and his sister Angeline in private. However at first Angelina

Anoding who answered the doorbell in person refused to admit him.

"I wee nos admeet youse" she said Hotly "youse spile ze son and-and-" there she stopped and turned for she heard Pennod calling down to her in Abbre annian. She answered and then turning to the man and child sneeringly waved to them to enter. When they were in she closed the door with a slam and said bitterly

All ze saught I'll be letting ze in but I'll tell youse how I think about zese dings. Your

son he ees fourteen yeers old and ees going on ze downward pawth. Heem ees spized so far zat your wife she can no do a ding, and ze son know nothing but swearing at ze decent persons. They tell me down een ze Lincoln Park he call Pennod ze very bad name, and yet heem ees supposse to be your son. If he was een mine hands I'd geeven heem ze mouth and watee treetmeent wez his mouth. Eet ees your duty to God to see zat heo ees well brought up. And when a boye can have ze religious training zat your son can, and lets

heer brudder or meddle-
some seester stand in
the way zen look out.
We can make youse
all pay for all zis. Webber
George, weel go to ze prison
yeet!"

"But surely it isnt
our fault" said the father
humbly."

"Eet ees, youre could
sue zem. But I tell youse
we wont geeven een. Zee
people say are all on
our side. Zare eesnt a
seengle man een zis
part of ze great ceety
bor who wont help
us, an who eesnt against
your son. And eef youre
wont zat ding to
come before ze court
perhaps zen youre
just look out mr
George, zare are some
matters about zat
boy conduct twards

Angeline which could
be warmed up? are
zat youre would not
like to heer for wance
youre name to do with
ze law zem lots of dings
comes ouid zat eveem
everybodie has forgot.
Youre are let his
Uncle and Aunt take
heem and spile heem,
never let heem come
eento my sight. I
neever want to see
heem with such ugly
features and such
wods in heer foul
mouth as he had
zat day een (Lincoln)
Lincoln Park. Geet
up stairs now, Pen-
rod ees waiting
for youse!"

In a few min-
ute was admitted
by Penrod, who
coldly directed him

and nancy to be seated.
After he and nancy were seated he said:
"I have come to explain this or the reason of this trouble with my wayward son. So would you like to hear how it happened?"
Penrod hesitated a moment. He looked at Mr George from top to toe. Then he said dryly "Tell it wherever you want to I dont care to hear it. If you have anything to say tell it to Angelina. She was the one offended not me" and his eyes flashed like fire.
Mr George turned to her.
"I'm did" "I'm deed I would" she said. "It's a long story

little girl and you and your sister Angeline are the only persons I've ever offered to tell it to"
"Is it about your son you say?"
"Yes"
For a moment Penrods face flushed with genuine displeasure at these words. He had come to look up to his sisters with an admiration which was made up of great reverence and unusual love such a love between brother and sisters is rarely seen. It supposes on the part of him who admires a strength of character, a sincerity and

a manliness that are seldom found in one person. And so he did not like to hear of Webber George again he was seeing enough of him as it was.

But Angeline said: "Well let us hear it."

"It's a long story as I said and not particularly interesting in itself I wouldn't think of telling it even to you only I know and value the interest you all have recently taken in the welfare of our family when we were in dire distress and therefore feel sure that you will be interested."

And with this some what awkward introduction master

Georges father told his story.

Now as master Georges earlier life has to do with was is to come I shall tell the reader the bad boys history as his father related it to Pennod, and Angeline with certain details such as the honest father modesty forbade him dwell or dirulge to even any of his most bosom friends.

Webber George was the son of a true Catholic father and a protestant mother who was to become a convert to the faith very soon. They were good parents and the mother for good reasons would be

a catholic as soon as the priest she consulted recieved her into the Church. As a matter of fact the aunt was more to blame for what George was, but the Uncle a brother of Webbers mother was hardly a Catholic even in the loosest and most strained sense of the word.

Mr Idenny michael Webber the Uncle had been baptized in a Catholic Church which was the beginning of his Catholicity - and the end. Trained in a sect arian school he had contented himself with asserting that he was a Catholic because his parents were of

that faith. In practice he was of no religion at all. Three years after leaving School he married an accomplished and independent immodest acting stripteese of Vaudevilles who liked the highlights and things of this world.

Religion of any kind to her was as Castor oil to a willful child. It was shortly after her marriage that Idenny fell into habits of dissipation.

Between him and his passions there stood no bar of restraint in the shape of religion.

Webber Georges mother was a

devout woman and to her her brother was the embodiment of Catholic teaching and practices.

She was shocked by her brothers evil courses and attributed to the fact that he had never attempted to practice his religion The gentle lady was horrified at the wild excesses of her brother and had tried every thing to convert him. "By their fruits you shall know them" she argued and in consequence the Protestant Church to which he attended ere came to her a sense of horror and reproach Brooding day after day over the sad

wreckage of this situation she almost became (any) an enemy of her wayward brother. As Mr Webber George said his son had at first spoken of Pennod to him nicely and respectfully.

Mr Webber said that he even remembered that even when Angeline was ill Pennod had been with her through all those dark days and from day to day gave an attentive ear to his sisters pious teachings and counsels.

Upon her brother her c tender devotion and deep religious spirit created a lasting impression and his young

heart was attuned from the first to exalted standards of unusual goodness such as only a tender and pious sister can awaken.

Insensibly too the boy caught something of the austere gravity of his sister.

He had little of what is called light heartedness. There was a seriousness about him which accompanied him even in his sports and amusements. And Mr Webber knew this.

Mr Webber also knew that Penrod seldom laughed, hardly ever smiled; Mr Webber also remembered the day when Penrod had been summoned to the bedside of his sister Angeline before she had been

taken to the hospital because of her fever. He held her long to his bosom and after the first passionate almost incoherent greeting of love she recovered herself, and he still held her in his arms and in terms that had been carefully weighed and studied laid upon him some holy injunctions in regard to his spiritual welfare.

"And now my dearest brother" she had said finally "I ask you to give me your solemn word that you will be true to my dearest sisters no matter what happens as you always used to be?"

"With his arms

still encircling her
Pennod had robbed out
the words of promise
and they had come
from his heart. No
more was said. There
was a last tender em-
brace and then she
was taken from his
arms and sent off
to this hospital.

Pennod had attributed
her recent illness to
all what Webber George
had done. He didnt
at all listen to the
bad boys father though
Angeline did.

At the age of 10
Webber was sent to
St Patricks school
after having been
expelled from St
Vincents and since
his entrance he
had proved him-
self in many ways

to be a thoroughy bad
boy beyond measure.
A leader in his class
he was for dispute
his evil ways he
nevertheless was
very studious a lit
eral book worm as
to call it. He also
had been a leader
in the schoolyard
up to the time of
the opening of the
present story about
him the boys
record was still
very badly tarnished.

Then his troubles
had begun in
earnest.

It was evident
to any one that
he was no longer
the close and con-
scientious student
that he once had
been. In class

his attention flagged, in the school yard he was rough and dreadfully cross with every body. Anywhere he went he no longer took a leading part in the sports and games, because nobody would allow him to play or would refuse to play with him in a word a decided and most disapointing change had come to Father Casey. The priest had been most concerned.

To him his school was everything no wonder then that the conduct of Webber George had wounded him deeply.

He had intended calling the bad boy to account privately and

was awaiting a favorable opportunity when Webber Georges written lie about Angeline precipitated matters and caused his expulsion. The scolding and expelling thus given had been received in such a way that Father Casey was deeply and sadly mortified. His hold upon Webber George, Father Casey felt sure was lost forever. Webber George had gone beyond the reach of his influence.

The bad boy he reasoned had deliberately thrown off the restraints of discipline and chosen a downward path.

Even before going to the Skinner school Webber George in all

possibility had made no
attempt in the past few
days to conceal his grow
ing dislike of any one
strictly Catholic. The frank-
ness which had characte
ized him in his inter
course with his teacher
had been replaced by
a coldness and a re-
serve which could be
interpreted in only
Pennod himself. Pennod
himself although of a
highly nervous disposi-
tion was a boy of
more than ordinary
prudence and tact in
dealing with all his
friends, he rarely
made mistakes of
judgement and in
the present case
accordingly he had
no suspicion that
anything out of
the way could really

happen as a result
of his squabble with
Webber George And yet
his sisters were in
peril.

Before Webber George
came to the Skinner
school Pennod and his
sisters had made as
was their custom a
retreat of three days.
The exercises were
given by a widely
known missionary priest
a man who could
thrill by his eloquence
in the pulpit even
those familar friends
who in their common
intercourse of life re
cognized in him
as his salient traits
a marvellous simp
licity and lowliness.

Pennod partly
through a craving
for the desire of

hearing a man famed for his burning elo-
quence, attended the var-
ious instructions and
from the first words that
fell from the good fathers
lips were rapt and fas-
cinated.

Pernod at that period
had reached the stage
of physical developpe-
ment when his right-
eous passions are wont
to awaken too strong
a dangerous activity
against the enemies
of his sisters and
drive in all their
strength.

Yet nothing could
ever taint the stream
of their innocent life.
He feared never-
theless that his sis
ters were facing
devious perils which
were unseen.

never yet in their
lives had anything
for them run smooth
and safe. Pernod
indeed was badly
frightened, he dreaded
their unseen danger as
much as he dreaded
the worse sin and yet
do what he might,
he saw daily some-
times hourly, it sprang
up like some hedious
monster foul and
diabolic, as he knew
it to be in reality.

Sometimes in the
solemn watches of
the night in the hours
devoted to study now
in the intervals be-
tween play and class
and at home now
in the classroom
itself that vision of
peril for his sisters
hovered about him

and before him and despite his resistance still hovered still came nearer and nearer. The day that preceded the beginning of the retreat was the most troubled of his life.

It was a day out of which he came free from continued worry for a time but not wholly comforted and hopeful nevertheless from a long bitter fight with temptation to pack up all and go home to Abbeanna with his sister before completing the studies.

He went to bed weary and despondent Though a conqueror poor boy and in the silence of his own bedroom at home there seemed to sound in his heart a voice: "You cannot protect

protect them. You cannot keep it up for them. Think of it. It will be the same fight day after day hour after hour with this great difference that as the years grow older the perils and misfortunes for your sisters will wax stronger and much stronger.

It is impossible for you to keep on for them."

It was the voice of the tempter the lying voice which perverts truth in every possible way. It was the voice of him who when he cannot conquer the very strong soul by direct attack strives to weaken it by discouragement.

Next to virtue the devil hates cheerfulness. And yet Penrod successfully turned his ear from that voice for he suspected the source from whence

it came. And thus fighting he slept. He fell asleep feeling very miserable and unhappy.

In that place where things are seen not as they appear but as they really are I doubt not that these unhappy days of Pernod's was regarded as full of beauty and sovereign merit and if his guardian angel could have (been) communicated what he knew to the sleeping boy Pernod's face dejected and troubled even in sleep, would have grown radiant with joy.

When on the following day he heard the Reverend Father depict with the vividness of the practiced and eloquent missioner

the hideousness of sin and describe the methods of fighting against it, when above all he warned his young hearers against sadness and raised them to confidence hopefullness and cheerfulness

Pernod was carried away with enthusiasm. Every word from the Fathers lips seemed to be directed to himself every word struck home. At the close of the retreat he obtained a personal interview with the Father from which he came away at once strengthened and troubled, strengthened, for he was resolved to fight bravely for his sisters to hope confidently troubled, for he felt

bound on the one hand to keep true to the promise he made to his sisters about Webber George, and on the other bound, bound as I say to inquire more closely into the doctrine and discipline of the Catholic Church which approved itself to his mind and heart as being the true Church of Christ.

Thus the retreat while drawing Pennod away for the time being from his terror of what might happen to his sisters had nevertheless plunged him into a phase of doubt and distress all the more painful that through a natural reticence he could not bring himself to consult or advise with any one.

Absorbed then in these

mental trials he had found it exceedingly difficult to fix his attention upon the daily affairs of life and almost impossible to give his mind for any length of time to his studies.

But that fortunately did not cause him to lose out in his studies for he was still the most prompt to answer and what he did lose out on he made up for in other ways.

At last came the day when he recieved for the first times since coming to the Skinner School the real surprise in the Class room of seeing Webber George seated behind one of his sisters.

He had been struggling hard on that eventful morning to pay attention to his studies, and although although he was writing out a lession at the moment of the surprise he had not missed the single fact that the teacher had placed the bad boy there by a mistake.

There are some students whose attention is at the highest point when they are apparently engrossed with something else. Pennod at this trouble some period belonged to this class.

When Pennod had seen the boy in the seat, and fearing he would do something to Violet if he had the chance, he had

immediately risen from his own and ordered Webber George out of it. Of course the teacher had placed him in the seat without thinking or even knowing who he was, but nevertheless when she saw that Pennod would not have him sitting there behind his sister, she knew there was something wrong and siding with Pennod had told George herself to go to another seat.

When Miss Dwight fastening her eyes on George said: "Yes George I mean you. Go to another seat," the bad boy was shocked. This rebuke was

to him so unexpected and as George saw the matter "so undeserved" that he did not exactly go to the other seat but left the room with a bitter sense of an outraged justice.

Boys of all kinds are like men. They are prone to identify a principal with the exponent to judge all the truth or falsity of a person by their likes or dislikes and for those representives with whom they came in closest contact.

"That settles it for good and all" he muttered quivering with rage as he paced up and down the deserted playground. He or his sweet bellied sisters cant do this

to me. Pennod ought to be named Pen on the nod. I'll get even if I get killed and God sent me to Hell for it. I'll fix Him too see if I wont. I defy Him. He aint nothing to me. I'll get even with em all and continue to get even as long as I live. I'll show that pie faced brother of those Vivian toadstools that he cant walk over me as he darn pleases."

And he fell into a train of ugly wicked resolutions, the wretched outcome of pride, fierce hatred and overweening love.

In a night sense of the word he did not exactly hate Pennods sister though of course

he certainly did not feel at all friendly towards Angeline. Angeline was the only one who had often gently admonished him for his bad habit of cursing and swearing for willfully missing mass on Sunday for abusing and picking on girls and so on. Pernod himself be it remembered was or is an unusually good boy but even the most good boys have the passions of their own kind. Pernod was a reasonable fair minded boy too but even reasonable fair minded people are sometimes carried away by their feeling, and it

simply cant be helped. His own resolution not to forgive Webber George in view of the circumstances was illogical and petulant but it was a strong resolution for all that.

These interior struggles and feelings Pernod did not tell to Edwards. He gave many of the facts set down in this chapter but ommitted or unintentionally misinterpreted the underlying motives. Edwards in consequences though he now comprehended his friends position better, was by no means able to understand the exact state of the question.

after recieving the kind sympathy of his best friend Pennod returned to the classroom still sore and angry, still determined to show by his manner how aggrieved he was by paying no attention to Webber George.

"Why I thought you were a madman darling" blurted out a boy called Earl as he shook hands with Webber George on the playground during recess.

"I'll bet I aint" retorted the new comer "I'll teach you boys or girls a thing or two before you're much older. Say where did that molly coddle Pennod Vivian

get such pretty sissies for sisters?"

"What did you think? that he bought them from a Chinese slave trader" answered Earl submitting his hand to the artless admirer. "Are they really his sisters?"

They seem to be. Better ask them."

Pretty as they are I wouldnt take a quarter for them."

"Dont you like them?"

"I dont exactly hate them but I'm at odds and ends with their brother. He hit me badly once and sometime I'll going to challenge him to a fight. I'd like to know what they

really are. Want to do me a favor? I'll pay you for it."

"How much?"

"I dont know exactly. What ever I can get I'll give you thirty cents now. My parents are well to (do) do."

"What do you want me to do?"

"Find out who they really are and what their bobbed haired imp of a brother is up to."

"I dont want to do that."

"I'll give you fifty cents" "Are you really very anxious to find out about them?"

"Yes I am."

"Do you intend to do them any harm?"

"No" he lied, "I want to find out something to get even with Pernod."

"Well I'll do it if you wont do them any harm, you cant any how I'm sure."

"Thanks. Youre the kind of fellow I'd like to meet. You dont get something for nothing very often nowa days, can you find out right away?"

"Well you beat any one I have ever seen" laughed Earl. "You dont think Im going to run away do you?"

"no but you might forget or change your mind. People often do. I've been fooled that way lots of times. So if you

could get that information for me now—"

"Wait till dinner time. We go to the washroom just before dinner and they'll be in there, and then I can speak to one of them and ask if he is their brother".

"And you'll stick to your promise?"

"Of course" answered Earl with a touch of real annoyance in his voice.

Meanwhile Master George had been surveying a little girl passing him with undisguised interest. His eyes fixed themselves on her extraordinary golden hair.

"Do you know who that girl is who passed us just now?" continued George unabashed.

"no" said Earl shortly "I did not see her pass. Have you been examined for the class."

"Yes I'm in the third grade."

"What?" gasped Earl. "Have you not been studying all your life?"

"I guess not. I can't say in Catholic Schools that crazy Vivian girl Angeline threw me out. What kind of a school is this army now?"

"It's the best school I ever went to" said Earl.

Penrod at this very moment passed them. He saluted Earl, but gave George the blackest look possible. He was still badly chafing under the sense of wounded justice

caused by Georges bad words, Pernod looked at him so sourly that Webber George felt a qualm of conscience as soon as he saw Pernods angry hateful expression. He had naturally called Pernod such a thing as angry impulse.

And now that Pernod was through with him he knew that his wicked words were the product of spite and not of reason for which Pernod will never forgive him for. unless there is true sincere perpetual repentance and restitution

"So Pernod put you into a tight fix did he?"

As Earl put this

question he noticed Webber George examining three or four girls standing in the middle of the playground with strangely bright golden hair who were looking at him and Earl with hostility and suspicion.

"Yes with Pernod in the school and I a new comer wont have much liberty here. You will see pretty well that he wont hold me in tight"

"Why what will you do?"

Before answering Webber George walked over to the entrance of the playground looked at the little girls standing

in the middle of the courtyard cautiously he watched them.

"Because" he said coming back and advancing dramatically to Earls side: "Because I'm going for to get even with him. You dont catch me letting him beat me up and get away with it - not if I know it"

Earl was somewhat dismayed. He had not intended to encourage his new charge towards a step so extraordinary and unusal. Nor was he in a mood courageous enough to retreat from the idea as he was not so friendly towards Conrad either

and looked on all girls no matter how pretty they were as "no account baby dolls" and sissies. And scarcely eats. In a word because he had a nagging sister he was not himself.

"How could you get even? You know a dozen boys at once could not lick him."

"I'd dare to fight him at any time"

"Maybe you would. But he is as strong as a big man though smaller than you are."

"I will get help. I wont fight him bare fists. I'll get him kidnapped somehow so his sisters wont

have him with them."
"But that is striking at them."
"I dont care."
"What will your mother and their mother do if you do that to Pernod? Especially your mother. I hear she is awfully severe and often you run away to your uncle to escape her lickings when she is angry."
"Her? I wont let her a no one know I did it. She wont know the difference."
"If you are found out and the police get after you where will you go then?"
"I have friends lots of em" said George darkly all I want is about ten fellers to help me. Can you find ten fellers?"

not in this school. Pernod is pretty popular here. Besides I dont care about helping you to do things to Pernod anyhow and it couldnt be done."
"You said you did not like Pernod once didnt you?"
"Yes that is true"
"If you mean to stand by what you said I dont see why you are not willing to help. Are you afraid to trust me?"
Webber George as he spoke put on a very belligerent air.
"Of course Im not afraid. But you could not get ten persons in this school not even one to help you. They are all his friends and they'd all mob you

if you suggested that to them."

Well you could get outside help couldnt you?"

"All right. I will then I can. But you got to pay me for it."

"All right I will" said George taking out some silver and selecting a quarter

Earl literally (cluct) clutched the silver quarter, pocketed it with an appearance of precipitation and then gazed hungrily at the money still remaining in George fingers.

"Couldnt you lend me a little more. You've got lots."

Webber George could not concede an expression of annoyance. By way of answer he handed Earl a

half dollar and then another quarter and then returned the rest of the money to his pocket.

"Oh come on" urged Earl "give a feller another quarter cant you?"

"Earl Preston" said George looking the beggar straight in the eye "you are an out and out shark"

"I know in another time anyhow" Earl pleaded with outstretched palm. He might have read disgust in Georges very emphatic silence but he did not.

"You're a nice fellow George I'd never thought you'd be so stingy."

Here Earl who had fallen into a whining tone came to a sudden pause. There was something in George

flashing eye which cow
ed him, he added:
"Oh you neednt get
mad, I was only fool-
ing. All I wanted of you
was seventy five cents
or so and youre pretty
cool for a new comer"
Suppose we come outside
and take a look at
the school As you are
a new comer the sights
of the school will
do you good."
"All right. nothing
like business I wont
to know where I am.
Say you'll get me
a chance to get to
know the other kids"
Webber George could
not get himself to
say children.
"Of course" observed
Earl as he pushed
open the playground
fench gate and

the two walked out onto
the sidewalk "theres
a half holiday to day
and as its Friday, I'll
introduce you all around."
"Many boys and girls
here Earl?"
"In Miss Wrights
class room there are
about sixty nine mill-
ion or nearly one hun-
dred billion through-
out the school house"
"What are you tell
ing me Earl?"
"Didnt you ask me
how many bucks
were in this school
house?"
"No I asked you
how many kids
are there"
Kids?" What do you
think we are babies
of old goats? Well
in my class room
there are about eighty

children and nearly 1,600 in all the other class rooms."

"Thats so?"

"Yes indeed"

"And where do they all come from?"

"Only from the city."

"I suppose most of them are a pretty green lot" continued George in a very loud voice.

There were five or six of the senior students grouped on a street corner near the school who happened to catch this remark Then they made some remarks in return which luckily for Webbers George's nice piece of mind and still more luckily for their own safty the new comer did

not hear. Before dinner time George's artless speech had been rehearsed to nearly every student large and small in the Skinner School.

These things spread very quickly in any school.

Earl meantime answered ironically.

"Oh yes the boys and girls of Skinner School are noted for their greenness."

The irony was lost upon his companion.

"And are the kids tolerably flush just now?" queried George in a whisper.

"I cant say I'm sure. I dont ask my friends of their own opinion of Conrad or his sisters"

"But you see I want

find out about him as soon as possible. I am not no fool. You dont catch me trying any thing too soon. or too quickly. That only sure bungles every thing."

"There what do you think of that?" cried Earl forgetting his vexation and our troubles in a burst of admiration as he and his companion came out upon the side walk which commanded a view down Jackson Boulevard looking east.

They both witnessed a sight which would win admiration and enthusiasm from any one. whose eyes were alive to the beauty of things.

Before them stretched the wall of houses

towards the east and mean them was the playground. To the right and left of the two boys standing on the side walk there was the various traffic but the main thing they observed was Pernod with his sisters grouped about him.

"Isnt those little girls extremely beautiful ejaculated Earl" just look at their strangely bright golden hair"

"Their hair beats the golden feathers of the golden Pheasant doesnt it?" commented the poetic George.

It sure does."

"Say you wont tell that Im getting even with their brother will you?"

"It's none of my business. I think though if you wait to get acquainted with them long enough you may may change your mind. Most of the boys here like the little girls and adore their brother. I used to like him myself until lately and then still I don't exactly hate him. But things between us have changed. We'll go down the street and speak to the girls if you don't mind."

"Oh nothing doing Carl Those girls are against me now The old woman says you're not a Catholic?"

"Who?"

"The old woman"

"What old woman?"

"The old woman of course.

You mean your mothers

do you not?"

"No I'm not a Catholic and I'm afraid I'll never be one—"

"That's right" said Webber George with some enthusiasm "I hate Catholics myself though my parents are, and want me to be one. I hate to go to mass, for I like Sunday all to myself. Mass is all humbug any way and Holy Communion is a farce. All Catholics are a narrow set and the enemies of our public schools and other institutions. They are ruddenly mutty priests who are most ignorant men. They become priests so they can live off the

contributions of all who go to church, so they wont have to work, and they trample in the dust the starry flag for which our forefathers bled suffered and died and under which liberty smiles upon a regenerated world. "no sir" he added dropping from what was evidently a quotation to his usual elegant speech "you dont catch me attending any more at a school where I am thrown in with fool hardy Catholics and priests."

"youre talking nonsense" answered Earl, indignantly "The Catholics are not enemies of our public schools and institutions who told you they would

trample on our flag they dont go around parading their patriotism without rhyme or reason like a lot of slackers and hypocrites who are not Americans at all. If shouting for the American flag counts the Catholics would not be at all comparable to some people in America, but when it comes to fighting for the flag the shouters flee to Canada or behind their sweet hearts apron strings and the Catholics take the field. The idea of you talking about not going with Catholic boys and girls. The boys here are gentlemen, many of them

are Catholics though they go to this school and the little girls are ladies."

"Aw I thought you said you were not a Catholic."

"I'm not but my best friends are Catholics and my teachers have been all Catholics and I'm not such a fool as to believe what a lot of ignoramuses say against people whom I know personally."

"It could be proven that they are idolators" continued Webber George "and hello what's this?"

They had reached the main front entrance of the Skinner School on Aberdeen Street. It was at this time

when Genyer sister was pleading with Pennod and George saw that.

"Why that's Pennod with your sister Nancy and it looks like she's pretty high with him you see" explained Earl. "But it's the first time I've ever seen him speaking to her."

"How in the world does she dare do that. If it was his sisters she talked to I would not mind I warned him to keep away from my sister I'm going to fix this."

"But Earl caught his arm.

"Don't start anything now please. Pennods sisters are close by and they got "hawk eyes" on you. If you do anything they'll

Just then his sister left Pernod and came twards Webber. As she reached him he stopped her.

"Say didnt I tell you to keep away from—"

She yanked her arm loose from him and snapped:

"Oh yeah, mind your own business George or I'll tell mama what you did."

But he grabbed her again and held her in a vice like grip.

"I dare you to tell her" he growled. You stay away from Pernod or I'll kill him and you too"

"It said it in such a fierce voice and with such determination that she was scared into submission. Pernod came

up to interfere on her behalf but Webber George swung a left at him which narrowly missed growling.

"You keep away from my sister here after or I'll use a knife instead of my fist. and besides to day sometime I'm going to make you fight me for what you did in the park. I didnt give it back to you because your meddling sister were with you. But to day this afternoon I'm going to give it to you good and proper."

He let his sister go and she ran for the shelter of the school.

Pernod snarled at George and went off.

Why what small kids they are" exclaimed the new comer as the lower first class junior students came flocking from the school into the yards and streets homeward bound.

"That's what they're expected to be" said Earl "These are the young-er children you know you are the biggest boy on this side I think"

"I can lick any boy here even if I really want to fight him and I'm going to and to day" said the modest youth surveying the whole division with the eye of scorn.

"no doubt" answered Earl dryly.

Why most of

them are in knicker-bockers and a lot of them have baby collars too. And the the little girls are bare legged and bare armed"

"Yes they are dressed the way boys and girls of their age are usually dressed. How would you expect them to dress? Wear their pants on their necks their shirts on their boots, their shoes in their pockets and carry bowie knives like you do"

"You like to critize everything I do dont you!" sneered George. "You better look out"

"But you critize everything you see" answered Earl.

"Where the two

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were thus commenting on the appearance of their schoolmates, Pennod and Haines came strolling past them arm in arm. They had heard a part of George conversation.

"Come over here Pennod and Roger" called Earl. "I want to introduce you to Webber George Roger"

"What greenies they are" whispered the knowing George in Earls ear as Roger advanced smilingly to take George hand and bid him welcome. Pennod stayed at a respectible distance walking back and forth He had intended to coach their animadversion in a whisper but this his

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voice as had been said was in the midst period of transition and the whisper was loud enough to be heard by Pennod at that distance.

Even Eddie had formed his opinion of the new comer.

Webber George with his hat perched on the back of his head (the hat is a derby) his arms akimbo and his mouth somewhat open looked at once confident and countrified — a combination which to the smaller boy who who has been for some time at a dancy

city school invites teasing on sight. I know myself I the writer when I went to the same school as a boy I and others teased a boy or even a girl we didnt like". And on one occassion we teased one pretty badly whose reputation was none too good either though she was not as bad as Webber George. "Its a real pleasure to me to meet you" said Ed with a smile and a twinkle "Are you recovered from your loniliness and grief at leaving the dear ones at home?"

"Confound you you little rat I'm not a milk sop' (cry baby) " returned Webber George in a lofty defiant manner, and with a scowl.

"No? Well I aint a rat
nor a milk sop either-
my name is Ed Delavan.
"And this fellow is Roger
Haynes. You know Pennod
there though you dont
like to speak to him.
You heard of Websters
reply to Haines. did you
not?"
"Hear what?"
Ed repeated the question.
"No I cannot say I
did."
"You dont say. Well Roger
Haines though he spells
his name somewhat
differently is the uncle
of Haynes the great
preacher and orator
and his grandfather
signed the Declarat-
of Independence with
a blue lead pencil."
"He did what?"
Signed the Declar-
ation of Independence

with a blue lead
pencil"
"What did he do that
for?"
"Signed the Declarat
ion? asked Ed naively
while Roger and Earl
and even Pennod were
struggling to keep their
countenances. Why he
signed it for his health
I suppose and he
used a blue pencil
because his parants
thought he was a
human blue pencil
and was brought
up that way"
Webber George glar-
ed at Delavan whose
pretty face was
all saubrity.
"You little fool" he
roared. "Im no dumb-
bell. It was signed
for our freedom and
with an ink pen.

a little poll parrot like you talks like a goose"

"maybe I do, but sometimes a goose is wiser than you think. Has Earl shown you around the school yard and neighborhood?" continued Ed.

"Yes he showed me most everything."

"Did he not call your attention to the associations which links this place with the dead and buried past?"

"Do you mean a life insurance company."

Here at Rogers exploded and Earl and Pennod too turned away their faces while Violet alone came to see what was going on"

"What are you laughing at confound you you are all mouths and no ears" roared George.

"He was laughing at what I said about the past" explained Ed "It is dead but buried too"

"You're perfectly healthy from the neck down but hang a piece of crepe on your noggin you're brains are dead" cried George angrily.

"Oh yes. But to be serious if I were you I would not lean so heavily against that tree."

"And why not?" demanded George with a frown.

"Because" answered Ed "that is the very tree to which President Woodrow Wilson tied his horse when

he came visiting here from Washington".

"Is that so"

"Oh yes very much indeed now just come down this way" said Ed moving towards the south wall of the school. "You see that large foundation stone a little above the line of the others in the wall?"

"Yes. What about it you little snipe"

"Come on and get near so that you can touch it with your hands you neednt take off your hats boys the weather is turning chilly. now this stone is the most precious relic this school has got".

"I dont believe in relics" growled

George with a slight upward turn of his lip tilted nose.

"You mean in the Catholic sense I suppose at that" retorted Violet herself.

"Yes that is what I mean".

"How a wayward Catholic like you talk. We Catholics honor the bones and garments, and all the things which belong to those of their dead who are particularly good and holy, but some very fine people who are not Catholics think we Catholics are very foolish."

"That so" said George sarcastically. "But protestants dont mind honoring

the remains of dead people either provided that those people were great and famous in the world ever, like Washington Lincoln Andrew Jackson Lee Grant Rogers Clark Nathan Hale Marion the "swamp fox" Napoleon and others for instance. And again for instance they'll travel far to see and hona a sword worn by Washington Lee or Grant and if they owned it they'd put it in a glass case But they would not care about looking at a Bishops Crook to show it reverence not even if the Bishop were the holiest man that ever lived. But any

one with common sense know that the only ones really great in the eyes of God and man are the Holy men and women Saints and no one else!"

"I guess that's about the size of it miss Violet" replied George thoughtfully He did not quite catch the drift of Violets remark and so returning to change the subject and return to the main question he continued turning to Ed-

"But what about this stone?"

"It's a great relic as I was saying. You see that space on top where it is so worn?"

"Yes what's the matter with it?"

"Why it is worn by the Kisser which all patriotic Americans have given it"

"Are you sure?"

"Yes"

"Positively?"

"Indeed"

"What is it?" urged George becoming really interested"

"It is the stone on which sat for over four hours by actual count the servent of General Grant, while his master was fighting the battle of Cold Harbor. If you like you may kiss it but dont make too much noise about it."

George gazed at the stone with an air of stupid uncertainty

upon his face.

Better take off your hat if you want to "kiss it" Suggested Ed.

When George uncovered and leaned forward to press his lips upon the stone the boys broke into a roar of laughter.

George did not kiss the stone.

He turned round and his face was flushed with blind anger while there was a look in his eyes that should have impressed Ed with fear.

But Ed went on laughing while his companions kept him company - Haines and Earl were actually doubled up.

Of the laughters Pernod and Violet were the only ones

who preserved any semblance of self control. At the sound of laughter her sisters came hastely forward to see what was up. Then George gave utterance to some very bad ugly words which do not sound pleasantly to the refined ear and which have not very fortunately found their way into even the most ambitious dictionaries.

Happily the laughing trio did not hear them. Neither did the Vivians because of the uproar. And in fact Violet was the only one who was watching George and it was a good thing that she was for with a loud obscene oath loud enough to be heard by every one this time, George made

a dash at Ed with the evident intention of knocking him down.

Violet who was nearest sprang forward and caught the clenched fist raised to strike her little friend. With more vile language of the street George turned upon Violet.

"I'll do you up too" he shouted, trying to make a grab at her hair and pull it to make her let go.

It was of no avail and he struggled hard to get his hand free, trying even to kick her in the leg.

But here Daisy and Angeline quick as cats came to the rescue and the belligerent new

comer was a prisoner.
"You're afraid to fight me. You're a little cow-and" he roared addressing himself to Delavan. "You need three pie faced sissies to defend you yet I will thrash the life out of you. Set me go at him you darn cross sissies" he howled cursing them furiously and he struggled most desperately to free himself but could not for even Daisy herself was stronger than he was though as she did not know it.
"Do you really and truely want to fight" asked Ed.
"You can just bet your life I do I'll lick all of yot including that nat Penrod,

howled Webber fiercely fighting to get free and succeeding in kicking Angeline in the knee but to no avail.
"Am I to understand that you challenge me to a fight big boy?"
"Set me at him you three confounded meddle some sissies, let go of me" screamed the pride of his mother struggling still harder to break loose from Violet Angeline and Daisy
Hold on keep quiet" said Ed. "I'm perfectly willing to fight with you according to the rules of the school If you promise not to hurt at me they'll let you loose and then we can arrange the terms"

"Go on fighting terms with a little milk sop like you. A little runt like you could not stand one round with me. You're a little fool. But if you're willing to fight I'll promise I'm going to teach you a lession, and I'll fix you three meddlesome girls too."

"Let him loose girls." They did so but kept close to Ed

"Well to begin with we'll fight with gloves with boxing gloves in this play ground. According to Ruler here there's to be no clinching but it must be boxing all through. Haines and Earl will be referees and time keepers if you have no objections and we'll have it out after dinner"

"I can't I could catch hold of a little runt like you and smash you on the ground and wipe up the earth with you?"

"Not much, I shouldn't like that at all. Besides its vulgar. That's the way alley rats go and fight."

"You mean to say I'm an alley rat you crazy cat?"

"Of course not. Well we'd better go to the wash room if we want to get cleaned up for dinner. Around here we call it a boxing contest. If you call it a fight the boys and girls will laugh at you. Pennod are you and your sisters going home to eat like many will?"

"No we'll eat here."

"I say" said George to Earl on the way to the washroom "Those meddlesome Juan girls are strong by gosh. They held me like strong men."

"It cannot have escaped the observation of the reader that Master George's carriage and language before the students were quite different from those which distinguished him in his interview with the principal and the vice principal of the skinner school.

In the company of the students he was easy but not eloquent, in the presence of the faculty he was neither while his angry smile if rebuked for something was actually a

horror to the eye and a trial to the nerves.

This smile was indeed Georges idea of "company manners."

In recording the various pearls of wisdom which in the course of this narrative are to fall from Georges lips, the writer takes the liberty of putting down George words not as the "charming" new comer actually pronounced them, but as he would have pronounced them had he been better acquainted with the prejudices of educated men.

The writer that is myself also softens on occasion the slang the

provincialisms and the variations from received idiom, which George throughout his interesting school career let fall with prodigal and artless profusion.

One cause mainly of the boy being bad, and a foolish one at that was because he was angry at God for not having created him into a girl which he wanted to be more than anything else.

He believed too the girl had many advantages which the boy did not.

and exactly he was not exactly a homely looking boy though he did have a tough rough neck appearance and was really very

strong. Ed was foolish very foolish to decide to fight him, for he could not be able to stand one round with him, but he did not know Georges strength.

And yet Ed escaped from the fight in a manner as we shall soon know.

George was jealous of Girls because he was not one.

The reader may think this strange but the writer knew. quite a number of boys who would give anything to have been born a girl while many girls wish they had been born boys.

He did not exactly hate Pennocks sisters

he hated Pernod very much and felt loathing him when he was around. Had the Principal Miss Stanislaw witnessed Earl and George's meeting, doubtless she she would have been puzzled extremely.

Even as it was she was at a loss to account for what little she had seen.

In the experiences of long years given to school work she had met with not a few rude boys and girls whose parents were of ordinary refinement, but in every case there was always to be discovered in these children some evidence of real home train-

ing. The case of Webber George seemed to stand alone. The boy, in look, in gesture in carriage in full 'language was a boor.

There was nothing so far as extremes went to show he had known a refinement, that also it could be easily seen he was spoiled by somebody if not by his parents there was nothing which would lead one to suppose that he had ever before entered a parlor.

In the vice president a principal room as Miss Turner had subsequently deposed to the head principal, George had

gone on smiling in the same silly ways. When he had no answer he smiled before answering he smiled after answering he smiled again then da-capo.

The interval over he seemed to find it impossible to leave the room.

It covers the student who does not know how and when to bow himself in or out is to be found not infrequently among those who make some pretensions to manners manners not other wise.

Chapter 8.

Webber Georges shows "beautiful" table manners. The boxing contest.

If anything a new complication was added to the mystery of Webber Georges want of politeness by the apparent letter, from the boys uncle who as we have enlarged upon Georges sweetness and nobility.

Against the wishes of uncle and mother was the boy himself.

While the principal sits in her study turning over all these things there comes by the noon mail another letter which satisfies her that the problem is not at all

Insoluble.

Post office department
of Chicago Ill
October 7 1911
Dear Miss Stanislaw
Dear Madam
Mrs Webber George has requested me to send you a word of recommendation in regard to her son now entrusted to your charge.
I have to say he is a good boy, will appreciate kind treatment and is of excellent talents
I feel bound to tell you however that he left for your school in a fret and a very rebellious mood. Some of the boys and girls here have told him dreadful stories of Catholic schools and besides he does not want to have anything to do with Catholic priests
He threatened to run away from one school so keep an eye on him.

Once he feels at home you will find him a good docile boy.

Yours truly
James Henry Geary
Post office inspector.

Ah reflected the principal this explains much though it does not clear the whole case. For all I know the boy while in my presence may have been looking to see whether I wore hoofs wings and horns. No wonder his manners were so poor. That hideous smile of his must have come from pure fiendishness. That he is a little fiend you can see by his looks. Coming here in such a frame of mind it is just natural

that he should show the roughness and rough corners of his character. Well I will not judge him yet. If she only knew. And she at once went to the Vice Principals room to hand her the post office inspectors letter.

In the School Children dining hall meantime Webber George was assigned to a seat at the table over which Pennod himself presided.

A whisper had gone round among the boys and girls in the washroom that the new comer was a tough that he claimed he could lick any one of the senior even. and at once he was Christened -

"Roughneck George"

Blessed with a very good appetite. George was rather original in his methods of satisfying it He was no eater, no. Tell him he should fast and he'll let you feel his fist. in your eye.

If he wanted something he stood up and reached for it. and his eagerness to get the food which he desired was artlessly shown.

Some would have thought all that all the other kids would have grunned or giggled, but instead they either looked distressed offended or scornful.

"Hurry up with

with that potato dish cant you" he growled at his neighbor Peter Horner, a tiny weazen faced youth with small bright eyes.

"Say please" answered Peter holding back the dish and gazing up pertly into the big fellows face.

Armed with his fork the "rough neck" with a fierce scowl at Peter pushed him pettily aside reached forward and stabbed the largest potatoe there.

"Oh-h-h-h-h" came a chorus of mock horror from eighteen of the boys and girls seated around the table while Pennod looked at him as if he

thought George was crazy.

Their groaning was cut short by the ringing of a small hand bell.

Paying no attention to the sound the "rough neck" bellowed out:

Quit ringing that bell. my meals are paid for"

A silence had fallen upon the refectory at the bells tinkle and this speech fell upon over one hundred and ninty one merry ears, the owners of which broke into a jolly laugh.

George by his conduct was making a fool of himself.

"sh-h-h-h" hissed Pennod in the

"rough necks" ears. "Look over there!"

George who had just stabbed another potatoe with his fork, turned and saw the dining matron who was standing beside the readers desk gazing at him with a countenance of disapproval.

On catching the boys eye the matron put her finger to her lip.

"Cant we talk Earl?" he croaked, the nearest thing to a whisper within the range of his voice.

"no that girl on the stand over there is going to read. We are supposed to listen while we eat"

"I'd rather eat while I listen."

"The Badgers of Belmont by Maurice Francis Egan" cried the reader.

"I've seen Badgers in one of those menageries of Lincoln Park." croaked the roughneck to Earl. "Have you ever"

"S-h-h-h-h" hissed Earl who in common with all the youngsters was deeply interested in the fates and fortunes of the jolly little Badgers.

Luckily for George he was hungry so consenting to hold his tongue provisionally he addressed himself to the contents of his plate and for the most part bolted down his food.

When he wanted anything he reached

fact or if that were out of the question he got up out of his chair and went for it, the last time spilling some gravy on Jennies head and clothes.

"Confound you Webber George sit down and stay in your chair or I'll knock you down" growled Pernod, "you act like a Cousin Hogg and sloppy dub."

"Yes Pernod and I'll help you" said Jennie decidedly. He was getting dreadfully on her nerves. This latter performance and their words heard throughout the dining room caused the matron to tell Webber George pretty sharply if he dont stop acting

like a frog he'll be chased out of the dining hall.

"Woman" he bawled "mind your own business. "and you too" he added turning to Pernod. any time you'll knock me down I'll like to see it. For good reasons I wish to see you in front of the crowd at the boxing contest."

He continued the same way when he desired anything and literally in front of Pernod stabbed with his knife a piece of meat which he then happened to want.

Pernod made a grab for the fork

but was unsuccessful. and narrowly missed a blow on the face when George swung a vicious left. The first came accidently in connection with the matrons eye as she tried to interfere There was great consternation in the dining hall but George looked so ugly that no one dared to interfere.

The matron went to report him and have her eye attended to.

Thus far in his school career of a few hours Webber George had done nothing at all to receive the respect of any one and never noticed

that Penrod and his sister were looking at him like angry leopards about to spring and tear him to pieces.

He was going to get up again to reach for something in a dish near Violet, but her face looked so foreboding as she rose to her feet and faced him with clenched fists, that he politely recovered his seat and asked for it.

She slid it with a bang against other dishes.

On finishing his meal which considering his hearty appetite he accomplished with a promptness and despatch wonder-

ful to behold, he put a tooth pick into his mouth and employed the remaining time spent in the dining room in examining with lively satisfaction a pair of cuff buttons his uncle had given him that morning.

After all filed out George was stopped by Violet and Jennie.

"Your action in the dining hall was most disgusting" said Violet.

"And you spilled hot gravy all over my head and made a laughing stock of yourself before every one else" added Jennie "This sure shows your bringing up. And if you ever make a sibing at Pernod

again we'll arrest you which we can do, and sent you to our country and have you held untill we Return there. And there we'll show you what it is to trifle with him look at my hair, and my dress. I'm a sorry sight to behold. Next time I and my sisters will trounce you good."

"And after school to morrow, which is our wash day. you're coming home with us and wash all of our clothes for spoiling Jennies dress" said Violet.

"I'm no washerwoman, I wont do that"

"Oh yes you will." said Violet very coolly and decidedly

with flashing eyes like Angelines. "You ruined my sisters dress full of grass, and for that you'll clean all our clothes or we'll all punish you. You may try to fool us and hide some where but if you firmly decide to refuse, dont you dare come near this school to-morrow."

"all right. all right. after the fight with Delavan."

"no you coming to morrow. and the idea of picking a fight with that small boy. no such vulgar fist cuffs were ever seen in our country. a big strong boy like you should protect smaller boys. You may bow

him because you cant back out now but I hope he wins and puts you to shame shame before the whole crowd, I and my sisters will be in the front of the crowd to see to it you do it fair and square."

"And remember" said Joyce "you come to our house to morrow at four thirty with this sheet of paper I'm writing out it'll be your admittance. We'll have every thing ready. And dont think you can fool us or we can find you."

"and after all I mean as you are when the work is done, you may eat supper with us. But

you'll show good table manners or I'll leave you keep you" put in Dairy-

"Oh Bernod" said Ed Delavan to the boy prince after dinner "we are going to have a little fun in the school playground. — "Roughneck George wanted to fight me and I told him I'd do it with boxing gloves. There will be two fellows to see we dont clinch and so there'll be no harm done. It will be an ordinary boxing match. The fun of it is that the "roughneck thinks" its a regular fight to a finish" I dont like the idea of it" said Bernod. "you are

much smaller than he is and he is very strong for his age and as good a boxer as any professional American prize fighter. If you do not know the art of boxing I would not take the chance Ed."

"I'll be careful" said Ed, but Bernod's words sort of unnerved him.

As Eddie a moment later entered the school yard he glanced about with a flush of pleasure upon a scene that was almost picturesque.

The center of the playground was shut off from view by a circle of boys and girls.

Within the ring were Earl and Roger Haines and Penrod. And in the extreme front of the ring were Violet and her sisters. Earl and Rogers were engaged in dressing the "rough neck" for the contest.

Rogers took the liberty of feeling George's muscles. He gasped with real astonishment and dismay.

"Oh what a biceps" he cried, "Eddie you better not take a chance" he added. Then one by one and in perfect order the young gentlemen who had formed the outer part of the circle or ring advanced and touched with exaggerated mock reverence the "rough

neck arm

"He does not eat potatoes by the pocketful for nothing I'll say" piped Peter from his perch on a window sill. He looks like a potatoe too but only has two eyes."

Webber George who had been strutting about like a fighting cock and receiving these attentions with ridiculous complacency flushed angrily at the remark.

"You little dumb fool" he exclaimed above the laughter caused by Peters remark "I'll pay you back for this" "before to night"

"Go on and put your gloves on" said Delavan "Say boys" he whispered to two or three" pass around

the word to make the circle wider and give me lots of room just as soon as we put up our hands."

Some delay was occassioned by the unsuccessful attempt of the "Roughneck" at the suggestion of Roger Wainer to turn his glove inside out before putting them on. Roger grinned and slipping over to Ed whispered-

"He couldnt tell a boxing glove from an air pump. Just keep turn away from you and there'll be no trouble."

At length the two were ready and stepped into the ring. Ed. small very the "Roughneck" being nearly a foot and five inches

taller and at least fourty or fifty pound heavier. Really for Ed it was almost folly to tackle George. He knew little of the art of boxing. George was a professional and in a big hall at Clark street unknown to any of his acquantances teached other boys boxing lessons at whatever price they could pay.

And with one hand fifty pounds was nothing for him to lift or carry.

At that moment Webber George saw Pennod staring at him. He remembered the drubbing recieved from Pennod in Lincoln Park and how he took it and didnt fight

did not fight back because Pernods sisters were close by and might go at him. Here if he could take back his challenge and change fighting partners was his chance to get even.

I do show up Pernod before his sisters. He was sorry Angeline was not there.

In fact Webber George was a terrific fighter, and no one had ever been able to stand half a round with him yet. He also knew to fight Ed after all would not be fair, that he could lick him easily, too easily to make a real show. He decided to back out if possible.

I have changed my

mind" he said "I dont want to fight Ed Delavan."

"What afraid of little me?"

"no. I want to change partners. I'll box Pernod instead. I owe him something any way and I want to pay back"

No one had ever expected this announcement. Pernod looked at his sisters to see if they approved.

All the others looked their disapproval. But he looked at them in such a way that they didnt know what to say. However Pernods sisters nodded and the boxing gloves were handed to him by Ed.

The two unwillingly shook hands as was the custom before boxing and then took up their positions.

"Ready" cried Earl.

"Yes"

"Go"

With putting his head down Webber Georges hands began to work like the arms of a windmill. and his blows came raining continuously upon the very place where Pennods face had been when he directed them.

But Pennods feet were quicker than the roughnecks arms he was dancing what looked like an Irish jig and at the same time warding off the blows with an ease that showed

that he too was a well professional boxer But when Pennod changed his tactics and came at George with a storm of blows the latter also warded them off and danced the same way.

In half an hour the rain beat on one side or the other and for that half hour the dancers danced

Then Pennod received a staggering blow to the left jaw but simultaneously his arm had shot right through Georges guard and his right hand glove came in contact with Georges eye.

Both went staggering backwards at the same time but Pennod

was the first to recover himself and got in a blow under George chin that sent him sprawling on the ground.

However George quickly got on his feet and watching his opportunity caught Pennod on the nose with a stinging blow, but did not draw blood.

Pennod came back with a blow to the left ear which again knocked George down sprawling. It was a painful telling blow and it roused the enthusiasm of the boys and girls, and Webbers anger.

The rains became fiercer than ever while Pennod faster than ever danced round and rounded

the ring but it was a rain which did not fall where it was intended to reach. So far as the roughnecks intentions were concerned the rain was a draught.

Just before the end of the half hour Pennods arm shot out again and the glove caught Webber on the same eye for the second time with telling force.

Simultaneously Pennod got Webber on the chin and both sprawled to the ground at the same time.

Time was called and Webber was very slow in getting up, finding Pennod grinning

in a sinister manner. George was breathing heavily.

"You're as equal a fighter as I confound you" panted the latter.

"Maby maybe so" answered Pernod sarcastically "but you did not get square with me yet."

"Yes I suppose so but just wait until the next round, I'll learn you a lesson not to attack me in the Park even though I did call you that. I may call you that again and still a thousand times and thats what you are. You'll know who you're trifling with next time.

Pernod glared at him most sav-

agely

"So the famous "roughneck" sang out Peter Lamy from on high.

"Wait till I get you, you little swamp adder" cried George.

Round two.

In the next round the man did not fall quite so heavily & so terribly George's animation seemed to have been transferred from his arms to his breathing which had become very heavy and very rapid and Pernods right hand found Georges left jaw three times out of his five attempts knocking George sprawling

every time. George though so mean and tricked was as game as a fighting cock and was on his feet and at Penrod again with the fury of a tiger. He never attempted to clinch but swung to right and left, one blow getting Penrod on the side of the neck and four blows out of five attempts of his own getting Penrod on the nose but not drawing blood. and he did not fell him.

Then Penrod himself did ~~not~~ attempt to clinch but was promptly restrained by the referees.

In the third minute of this round George struck out with usual

veracity and Penrod recieved three swift blows to the face and one good one to the chin but one of his came with sledge hammer force to George nose and sent him sprawling like a log.

He got up in a staggering manner and waiting till he steadied himself again made at Penrod.

Again both recieved a blow that sent each sprawling to the ground simultaneously.

Both got up almost at the same time and George put in a left hook first under Penrods chin which felled him again.

Penrod arose up

immediately and George recieved an upper cut that sent him crash ing through the ring of boys and girls.

He came back again elbowing them out of his way and coming at him again knocked Pernod down with a right again under the chin.

Then for fully five minutes they literally took turns at knock- ing each other in the same fashion with upper cuts.

Then Pernod got in two blows at once as G. George rose to his feet and this time he hardly could not get up.

He was given time to recover him- self sufficiently to renew the fight.

according to the time agreed they had only ten minutes more to go. But this time as the contest continued each one guarded themselves so well that neighter could hit the other for at least six minutes.

Again strangely they knocked each other down simultaneously and when they arose and swung again the strange freak was repeated though both went rolling this time.

This proved that both were equally good fighters and it seemed possible that the contest may end as a draw.

But all could see that George

showed signs of being battered up while Pernod showed not the slightest bruise a scratch nor even a bleeding nose.

George was the first to rise to his feet this time and graciously waited for Pernod to rise.

Then as Pernod did so he made a rush at Pernod and struck him two blows in quick succession. Pernod came back with a right to the eye. Blinded by rage George leaped to guard himself and received another on the same eye that made him see stars.

Then as he plunged forward again

another blow hit him squarely under the chin with terrific force. His head (up) went up and back with a jerk his form swayed from side to side and down he went like a log and rolled again.

"My what a blow!" said Peter Lang.

Right right under the chin."

For a moment George lay still and then he came out of his daze and started to his feet again.

He was starting for Pernod again quickly.

"Time a knockout out blow" called out Downes.

"That ends it" added Earl "In our contest here all we want

to blood or a knockout blow and when we get there we're satisfied. Webber George you're beaten."

"I've been tricked into fighting a professional, my equal" growled George whose nose bleeding had been of the most transient character.

"no you were not tricked. You were going to box Ed Delavan and as you wanted to settle a grudge you switched your challenge from Ed to Penrod."

"That doesn't make a gosh darn bit of difference. I nobody said he was a professional boxer and I was deceived. And you don't call that sort of thing a fight do you?"

Of course not assented Earl to a contest. We don't fight and you've got the worst of it though at first we thought it was going to be a draw."

"A draw eh. You're a draw yourselves all of you. Not a fight eh? What do you think we were doing tickling each other with a feather. You're all jackasses every one of you. I'll fight him again to a finish if I'm permitted to do so. I'll never give up. You've got to kill me to lick me. I'm invincible"

George told the truth here.

"No we won't permit no more

contest now shake hands with Pernod."

"No I wont. He's an enemy. What do you think I am?"

But he's a nice respectable boy George" said Earl. "He's a prince of the -".

"I happen to know of Master Pernod" said George in his loudest tones and with a vicious motion of his hand. "He may be one there but he's not a prince in the United States He's one of those contemptible beings known as a sourfleurshing jitter snipe and I refuse to mix paws with him."

"Oh-o o-h-h-h" cried the crowd in horror while Pernods sisters

looked daggers at George. But he was so angry at Pernod that nothing could shame George into submission.

"You can give your disapproval. It wont do any good. I cant even shake hands and Pernod wouldnt do it even himself no we are through as he said so himself. He battered me without any chance of giving it back in Lincoln Park and threatened to throw me head first into a garbage can because I'll called him - a--- son of— and I'll dare to say again that's what he is, and let him

just go for me for it
even now, and I'll
kill him. If he had
tried to stick me head
first into a garbage
can then, his sisters
would have no bro-
ther no more, and
God knows I mean
it. He even have to
win a most desperate
fight to do that to me
and if he did win,
and put me into
one, I'd kill him
as soon as I got
out That threat was
a worse insult to
me than what
I called him. Treat
ing me as if I
was garbage. I'll
call him that
name as often
as I like, and
let him dare
do any thing about

it. I'm not through
I'm going to battle
him again. I'll be
with fists this time.
I'll show him
before his sisters
and all of you
that he can't triffle
with me. And damn
that viper in the
grass I didn't write
that note about
his sister Angelene
and can prove it"
Pernod would have
made for him
but a look in
George eyes cautioned
him to control
himself. He did
the fight been
allowed to go on
after George got up
he would have
really won.
George hurried out
of the yard. As events

it would in all probability had been better for him had he remained in the School yard. Knowing Pennods strength as everybody did it was astonishing indeed to all the boys and girls that Webber George stood it out so long with Pennod almost to a draw.

Yet no one had the slightest idea that Webber George was for his age an expert on boxing. But secretly even without his father and mother knowing it, Webber George with purposes all his own had learned all the arts of boxing through his uncles help and therefore was as expert at it as any professional prize fighter could have been.

Pennod however was

also an expert but stronger than Webber George and had they had it out with bare fists George would not have stood it out with Pennod twelve minutes.

When George left the school yard and went out into the street it was deserted for it was starting to rain heavily.

He shivered for he had been heated up by his long contest with invincible Pennod and was almost wet with sweat.

It was a chilly October day, a north east wind was blowing.

As I said he shivered for the change from the warmer school yard to the north

east breeze out in the street (which is cut off from the yard by the Schoolhouse) without, is likely to be appreciated by one who has just come from a boxing contest.

Under other circumstances he might have been tempted to return, but just now he wanted a little solitude, for he was beginning to fancy that all the boys and girls were playing upon him. However he was not discouraged nor hay dayed.

His turn was to come next. As he had intimated publicly on several distinct occasions he would teach all these school girls and boys that he

could not be trifled with or imposed upon.

While he was walking up and down the yard he counted his money.

"Two dollars and 85 cents," he said. "That good for a beginning I'll have ten dollars by to morrow noon."

Returning the money to his pocket he walked towards that end of the school which brought him into view of the senior Divisions play ground.

Ten and twelve large boys or rather young men were standing at the boundaries nearest him.

They returned his survey with

with considerable interest and held a whispered consultation. George after gazing at the group for a moment thought best to step over and have a talk.

"Look here" he began "I notice that some of you chaps aint any bigger than me. How is it that you fellows are in the big yard and me in the little?"

"Professor Andrew" said the smallest student in the group as he turned towards a serious faced young man with a long horseshoe formed mustache "perhaps you can explain this. Are you aware that this haughty new comer has been

put in the class of the younger set"?

The person addressed as Professor Andrew was Edward Lang a student of Philosophy. He combined the dignity of a Professor with a students love of fun.

Stroking his mustache and eyeing George very sternly he said in a solemn baritone:

"Your name my son."

"I'm not your son."

"What? What? What!"

I said "I'm not your son"

"What your name?"

"Webber Willber George"

"How long was it since you were born?"

"Who wants to know, and who are you?"

"I'm Professor Andrew of this school"

"Excuse me Professor" put in the first speaker "I wish to call

Professor Peterson, and before turning upon his heel he raised his hat with great reverence.

"How old are you continued the other Professor.

"I'm near 14 if that's what you mean" answered George relapsing into the defiant smile which had unnerved the Principal.

"See here funny face dont smile until I tell you. Have you got your baptismal certificate about you?"

"No horse shoe up the Church has it and I dont care who you are call me funny face again and I'll batter you" snarled George whose face was now very grave.

The student was taken abash at George's attitude George looked

dangerous and the senior student was unnerved. He resolved to use caution in his speech.

"What Church"?

"St Patricks"

"What Church?

"I told you St Patricks"

"But what religion is it?"

"Catholic"

"Are you a Catholic?"

"My parents want me to be one but I dont like it. and I wont"

"Well let that pass What did you say your name is?"

"Webber Willber George"

"Let me see" mused Professor Andrew taking out a notebook. "Oh yes you came here to day. The principal recieved you I believe. Who told you to go into

the junior division?"

"The Principal and the vice president both."

"There" exclaimed the professor with much vehemence, addressing the "solemn" and attentive crowd about him. "Those two women are always interfering with my authority. Webber George why didnt you come right to me"?

"I did not know you were the main Head of this school"

"But you should have tried to find out then you would have known sir. Oh here comes Professor Peterson, I shall have to confer with him."

Accompanied by the boy who had recently left the group there now approached

a tall thin cadaverous young man who could not have been more than twenty. His face was very serious and solemn as he came near all the boys raised their hats.

"We can never have perfect discipline in this school" he said in a strong & resolute tone "till the Principal and vice Principal learn their places. Where is that new comer?"

"There he is sir. He is the fellow" came the chorus from the bystanders.

Professor Peterson then folded his arms threw his head back and said:

Let him be presented

Professor Peterson" said Professor Andrew" allow me to introduce you to master Webber Wilber Georgia -
"Its George sir" suggested one of the group.
"That" returned Professor Andrew remains to be proved. As the boy has no baptismal record about him, but leaves it in a Papist Church to which he dont belong and on the other hand the difference between "pressed on and slarthped on is practically nothing at least from the point of view from a foot ball player, I shall stick to my first introduction and repeat. Professor Andrew allow me to introduce you to Webber

Georgia."
With his head still high in the air, his arms folded the professor looked down from his lofty height upon George.
The latter looked up and sneered.
"Take off your hat sir" nodded Professor Peterson knocking it from George's head.
"Never dare to look me in the eye with your hat on. And dont grin at me or sneer at me with your Gorilla face. You so tough looking you remind me of one easily enough.
"A woman if she is my superior can say what she likes to me" said Webber George getting his hat

and defiantly returning it to his head. "If my face reminds you of a Gorilla then I am one. I take my hat off to no man even tho' he, the King of a thousand nation. Even if you are a professor knock my hat off again and I'll smash every tooth out of your mouth."

And Webber George meant it. He was stronger than all the crowd of seniors put together Professor Peterson saw a dangerous glare in George eyes and thought it best to be prudent.

"What business" he continued have you over in the young childrens division?"

I was sent there by the Principal and vice Principal."

"Say sir when you address me" commanded Professor Peterson "The manner of the rising generation are simply deplorable."

"Sir?" sneered George "The way you carry on sirs you must own the Buckingham Palace."

Some members of the group were beginning to snicker.

"Boys" Professor Peterson continued, "what do you mean by standing around when I am conducting an examination? Get away from here at once."

The students addressed had nothing for it but to go away. They went as it seemed very un-

willingly,
"And I say James Montrose" cried out the Professor to one of the last of the group "I'll hear your one hundred lines of memory lesson after I have done with this young man. Smoking on the sly must stop in this school."
"now James Montrose was a member of the graduation class, prefect of a sodalty and a student who had never recieved lines since his entrance at school whereas the young man who for the time being was addressed as Professor Peterson had just been called away from the memorizing

of lines to attend to George. The Professors remarks to Monroe, were too much for the departing crowd and if George had not been dazed by Professor Petersons magnificant assumption of authority he might have perceived that he was being made the victim of a new practical joke. And had he done so the jokers might as well run for it.
"Professor Peterson" resumed Professor Andrew "dont you think our young friend should be placed in the senior division?"
"Assuredly. Write out an order on the principals to that effect while I question the youth further. Boy, in what class were you placed?"
"In the fourth grade" said George chasing his

hat which the wind had blown off.

"Put your hat on my son the weather is a-triple keen. But think of your being put in the fourth grade. Who examined you?"

The vice Principal" 'Absurd" put in Professor Peterson. "We must discharge the vice Principal and I'm beginning to fear that the main principal must go too. How much time did she spend in examing you"?

"About ten minutes."

"Monstrous monstrous. Why didnt the vice Principal attend to her own business which she doesnt know and send boys to be 'examined' to me? She should have taken

at least four hours. Professor Andrew write a note to the vice President or principal stating that we hold her examination null and void."

Professor Andrew note book in hand continued to write industriously.

The senior playground while this conversation was going on had almost suddenly become alive with men like boys who were all walking up and down in groups of two and three, standing by the iron picket fence looking in where 'Pennod and his sisters all agiggle for they had the joke at once.

These groups of

boys contrived to pass at short intervals the trio. From the Professor and Webber George down to the smallest boy upon the grounds there was not a single face not long at least as its owner was within sight and hearing of George was not red in unutterable gravity. They were fighting hard to control their laughter.

"Now boy" resumed Professor Peterson "follow us to the senior study hall and be careful on the way thither to observe that gravity of deportment which you see on the faces of the circumambient students. A gravity I may add which

speaks well for the habit of self control contracted by the severe training of our college curriculum."

Taking the thoroughly mystified George by the hand Professor Peterson walked gravely towards the study hall exhorting the new comer in a loud voice the while to be extremely careful in the choice of his fun friends and to apply himself from the outset with diligence to his studies, while Professor Andrew hurried on before them to give warning to the students who might happen to be in the study hall.

When the unhappy

pupil and his mentor entered, there were twenty or thirty of the seniors at their desks all of whom turned to gaze upon George.

On half holidays the members of the senior division are allowed the privilege of the study hall with the understanding that there is to be no loud talking or boisterous conduct.

Professor Peterson having conducted George to a seat near the door handed him a copy of Cicero.

"The most important qualification in a young student" he observed "is ability to memorize. Here you have Cicero's celebrated oration "Pro Marcello" the opening

sentence of which our gidder pupils love to sing to the air of home sweet home. You will now take the first hundred lines of this celebrated oration and memorize it within an hours time".

"But I dont know no latin whispered George "I'm too young I cant learn that stuff".

"You learn latin the less you know about it the better. Before you begin I desire to give you free instruction. First of all you are to be promoted to the large yard to night. When the recess begins after the second hours of study you

will step over quietly from the junior division to the place where you had the high honor of first making my acquaintance. Do you understand?"

"Yes ma'am"

"What?"

"Er, er, I mean yes."

At this answer Professor Peterson's face grew black. But so did George, in such a manner that the Professor (remembered) remembered to use caution and prudence. Webber George was no ordinary person and feared nobody. The professor went on—

"In the meantime you must tell none of the small boys or girls that you are coming out here to our— to this side."

"and why not?"

"They might become jealous after you have learned your memory lesson you will return to the small boys and girls and play with them and eat with them and spend your two hours of study in their hall. Now go to work at your memory lesson and dont you dare raise your head from your book till I give the sign"

and then Professor Peterson paraded up and down the aisles with the air much exaggerated of a bona fide professor while Webber George gazed hopelessly up on the book while the hall

quietly filled with student with the silence being such that the slightest sound disturbed it. If Webber George had but looked around and gazed upon these silent students he would doubtless have puzzled by their grave expression.

Most of them all again were eyeing him interruptedly some red faced and quivering were struggling manfully against the temptation to laugh aloud, and occasionally one or another would rush incontenently from the hall to give vent to his emotions outside.

Professor Peterson's face in the meantime never for a moment

relaxed from its solemn gravity. Something over a quarter of an hour had gone bye when a student came in rather hurriedly and whispered a few words in Professor Petersons ear whereupon forgetting his decorum the self appointed study keeper hurried over to Webber George.

"Boy" he said "slip back to your yard at once or go home- or our plans for bringing you in our division to night will be spoiled. Slip out by this door and be sure not to breathe a word to anyone. I excuse you from

your memory lesson."

Webber George nothing loathed took his leave the professor followed him by the same door and his tall form had hardly disappeared when there entered from the opposite entrance the prefect woman of the Division Mrs Dewey.

To find one hundred and eighty (boys) boys out of a possible two hundred and fifty in perfect silence and at their books was something so astonishing that the prefect gave a little start while his face expressed sincere astonishment.

The boys could hold in no longer a rich loud wave of uncontrollable

laughter rolled through the hall. The prefect at once understood that something out of the ordinary had been going on.

She waited quietly until the laughter and then smilingly wrapped with her keys on the door for all to leave.

Immediately once they were outside the study hall there formed a group about her to tell her of Professor Peterson and the new comer.

They told the whole story with such evident enjoyment taking care to inform the prefect that the boy had defied any one to take him in, and was

a rowdie and a laugh that mrs Evans relished the joke almost as much as the narrators.

"I said they told the whole story. This is not quite correct. They failed to mention that at last recess after afternoon studies George was to be transformed to the senior division.

They had absolutely forgot to mention it"

Chapter nine. What kind of a boy is George?

Shortly after Georges departure from the juvinile playground Ormod asked Eddie Delavan to take a walk with him to his home.

"Ed" he began when they had gone half way across the yard. "I feel pretty bad."

"About how strongly and desperately George held out against you?"

"not exactly. He could stand me five minutes against me with bare fists and I can easily prove that. I may say I feel bad about that too, or rather good and angry

as he made a real show of me before before my sisters. It seems to me that George wanted to fight me to get even for the punishment I gave him in Lincoln Park. It seems to me that many however think I am very harsh and unjust to him over what he called me. But I would not have taken it so hard if it had not been said before my father and sisters."

"Well Pennod you have not been at all up in your lessons for two or three weeks and up to this you never missed all the boys and girls have noticed it."

Well there are some things a boy cant talk about Ed. But I want to tell you that I've honestly tried to study hard. It's my own doing. I'm coming to school of my own free will. That is why I came over here for. It's for something I wish to learn for use in service for my own country. The bell has tolled just now and I'm at a standstill at Windo That gives me the the opportunity up to the retreat, I found study so easy But somehow since then my mind goes wool gathering all

the time. I wish you would pray for me and my sister Eddie. To day I feel as if I were in danger of going goofy with seeing that snake Weber George in this school. Just now I hate Weber George though if he would repent I may forgive but he would have to make restitution to regain. And yet I know that I'm full of spite against him. When I first knew him I did not think that he was that kind of a boy."

I knew him long before you did Pen nod. In his younger days he was so good and well be having that every where he was

known as the "little Chicago angel." He has gone wrong for one of the reasons because many of the girls pretended to be his friend but deserted him, a betrayed him in time of trouble and made a fool of him. And he now believes all girls are the same way without exception.

He hates girls even his sister and is mean to her also, and to his little brother because he sticks to his sister. But dont worry he may wake up and change and this trouble trouble with George will be ov over in a

couple of months and you'll be the same as ever."

"I'm afraid not. And to day I overheard him say something that has bothered me ever since. He told that boy Earl that Catholic schools are like jails and made bitter statements against the Catholic Church. That was disloyal to his Church and will make that protestant boy hate still more to become a Catholic.

He even speaks ill of this school I've always been treated well here and have had a pretty cheerful time of it and now the very first time a new boy comes here, new

to the school, not to me, and is put in Earl's charge he begins by running the place down. a good many fellows and girls even say things like that on account of him."

"Yes a good many fellows and perhaps girls say things like that about this place & even and some of them really mean it too. Is that what bothering you?"

"That's not all. That weber George had a chance to prove his statement that he did not write that note about my sister and a chance to take back what he called

me but he is too mulish or too weak to do it. and then I heard the boy planning to get Earl to help in a revenge plot against me. You see in all probability I've somehow put it into his head to do it."

"But you can stop that surely if you want to."

"Oh yes I can stop that easily enough for I can easily save myself through any measure if I know exactly what he is up to. But what is worse he could through the help of his uncle do something unexpectedly to any one of my sisters, and it might.

be Angeline."

With serious brow Eddie reflected for some moments Presently he broke into a grin.

"Good gracious, its just the thing. Look here Penrod, it looks queer to me, somehow or other it seems to be, that that scamp has no business at this school. His mother may be a lady as you say, but but he certainly is a street boy in character. I'm just as sure as can be that if he stays here for a week he will be dismissed or expelled. If you or I were to tell the Principal what

we know about him, Webber George would go out to night or this afternoon. Of course we dont like to report any one a fellow unless it is really necessary. now instead of that suppose we gather a gang of armed boys and girls and run him from the school?"

"What?" cried Pernod. "yes why not? If the Principal knew the kind of a boy he was she'd acknowledge that we were doing the school a real favor. Now look. We've got to do one thing or the other. Report George as being unfit to go with the boys and girls here or

run him out ourselves. Dont you think we could do that? Its not wrong in this case because the principal would want him to go too if she knew as much about him do and besides - here Eds eyes glittered - "there will be lots of fun."

"But" objected Pernod "the boy may not be so easily driven as you think. He's stronger than an average man and I dont think he'd hesitate to kill any of us if we got him aroused enough. And he's the leader of a dangerous gang. You know too that he even held his own against me in that boxing

contest for a long time and we both knocked each other down at the same time quite often. Jim sure he could lick any number of boys who may come against him. I overheard him say once he wished they'd all fight him at once so he could show what he can do. And if they are armed with any thing he'd arm himself too and he usually carries a gun.

If there would turn out a fight of dangerous character and many of the boys would be hurt by him if not even killed, I should feel wholly responsible. He is very strong you know, nearly

as strong as I am".

Again Ed fell into thought.

"Thats so" he assented. "Cant we get over that difficulty? Of course it might be wrong to rout him or try to evict him from the school if it might cause a bad and dangerous row. I wish we could see our way out of that. Could we not get him to sign a pledge or resolution that he'd behave while in this school?"

"Get him to sign a pledge or a resolution? Say dont make me laugh."

"Why what's the matter"?

"Ask the devil to sign

pledges and resolutions."
"What can we do then?"
"I remember now" said Pennod "that he said he had lots of friends."
Did he? Well I'll tell you what we'll do We will find out whether he intends to behave himself or not and if he will then we will be doing a good act to keep him along"
"It will be a good thing for the boys and girls certainly" said Pennod.
"Yes and it will do no harm to any one else. There is not a boy or girl in this whole School as far as I know who has ever caused the teachers to scold him or her.

so there wont be any or scandal in the case. They will look upon it as being about the sort of thing, which they might expect from a boy like him"
"What has become of him I wonder? He left the playground some time ago after the boxing bout and he certainly is not in sight any where"
Eddie chuckled
"I'm willing to bet that he has fallen into the hands of the big boys I think they've heard about him already Ann reflect my readers had a chance to give the readers in the big boys refectory

a few points on the new comer at second table"

Eddie had rightly guessed the fact though the cause he assigned was defective. It is true the small boy readers had given his senior confrere and account of Webbe George but besides this every student in the senior division had heard and canvassed George remarks "on the greenness of the students" The large boys by tact agreement resolved to show George that along with the simplicity of the dove which distinguished the students of Skinner school there was also the

cunning of a few serpents. All the students of Skinner school were as a rule kind friendly almost over friendly and very considerate in their dealings with new comers.

However if a boy or a girl during the first day of their arrival proves to be somewhat forward or froward, full of boorishness, or was a rowdy or plums themselves upon their superior knowledge of life or gave evidence of being annoyingly conceited they were not slow in devising plans to bring them to a sense of their position. On rare occasions moreover they imposed upon a new comer for

no other reason than a love of harmless fun. But in a case like Webber George they were hostile and decided to put some thing over on him that he would never forget.

Period and Eddie were still talking of the new arrival when that worthy came running around the corner of the school building.

"Here, hey there George you've been out of bounds" called Ed.

George looked around to see whether any other had noticed his return and then stood where he was.

"What were you doing in the north yard?" asked Ed

With a knowing look George put his

finger under his right eye and pressed down upon his cheek so ch to give the two boys a good view of that organ.

"Do you see any green in my eye?"

"Oh if you don't care to talk all right. I was going to ask you whether they had shown you the tree next to the one George Washington cut down with his hatchet."

George glared at Ed like a angry snake ready to strike at an enemy.

"You think your smart" he snarled. "But I'm going to show you a point or two before I

go to monay afternoon"
"Go where?"
"Back to some Catholic school" Say Ed cant you lend a feller a dallar"?
"See here master George" put in Pernod "we wont let you leave here to go to a Catholic school unless we know that your parents consent, you not fit for a Catholic school."
"Mind your own business, and my parents have nothing to say and neither have you, you meddlesome pole faced Ruthinsky, the old woman— my mother does not dare interfere in what school I go and neither will you my uncle sent me here"
Then in spite of him any way we'll

not let you go any where else, you have no right to leave this school unless your parents consent and any Court can prove that no relative can interfere in what your parents do if they can and will prove they are doing it right."
"What business is it of yours ave face" cried George angrily "Want to fight again damn you" He had doubled up his fists as though he were about to attack Pernod who however did not even make a move.
"I'm going to make it my business

bulldog face, "It was my fault for all I know that you got it into your head to go away from here but if you get away it will be my fault too"

Unseen by the boys Violet and Jennie and Catherine who hearing this had gathered near, should he dare attack Ernest they'd go for George.

"I'd like to know who will stop me" roared the Hough.

"I will" answered Violet stepping up quickly: to their surprise. The boy and girl stood facing each other formed a striking contrast

George blustering passionate noisy Violet quiet 'cool determined, Violets eyes as she said "I will" fell full upon George's the latter bore the gaze however with all turning his head on flinching though he knew she could map the ground with him.

As bad as he was he was as fearless and as ferocious as a tiger, he mentally resolved to fight Ernest again to spite her in that mental gaze the fight was taking place with Violet. Yet with the three girls there George did

not care to fight.
and in one sense
of the word he did
not in his heart
hate Pernod as much
as many thought he
did.
'You will not stop me
under my condition- be
cause do you think I
would tell you when
I'm going. And if you
dont mind your own
business I'll throw
my gang onto you
and no one can fight
them. And since you
meddlesome Vivian
snipes meddle so
confoundedly I dont
mind telling you
that the old woman
foolishly put me
in charge of my
uncle who was
once a mayor of

a small city called
Lincoln Ill. and he
always did defend me
against her and my
father when I got into
trouble. As you are all
picking on me I'm
leaving and I'd like
to see you or anybody
stop me. My parents
have nothing to say
whether I desire to
go to another school
or not. And I dont
fit in here anyhow.
You Violet nor your
sisters after what
I done to your sister
Angeline and called
your brother hime
no use for me
or wont forgive
me any way. So
why should I
stay where I am
not desired. My

uncle had told me that if I did not like this school after a day or two I might tell him so and be transferred to another school."

"Oh" cried Eddie greatly relieved "that makes things better"

"But" objected Penrod "why dont you go to the Principal of this school like a man and tell her you have permission from your Uncle and Aunt to leave"?

"Because" answered George after a pause, "I've lost the letter my Aunt gave me to the Principal. In that there letter she told her to let me go any time I wanted to"

Eddie Delavan grinned. "You compose nicely" he said.

"If I was to go to the principal" persued George who failed to perceive the point of Eddies remark" and asked her to let me go, shed have to write to my uncle and wait for an answer and I'd have to stay here two or three days longer."

"That would be very hard on you, and most of us wouldnt it"? - said Eddie - "Well he continued "I for one am willing to help you if you give your full promise to go to some other school and stay there"

"I'll swear it. I'll take an oath" - here George actually began to swear that he would stay at the new school but Pen rad first looking at Violet cut him short. "All we want is your word of honor."

George gave his word of honor in five or six different varities. Like many people who settle little val ues in their wads he was most elo- quent and facile in promis-king and in attesting to the truth of his own statements.

"Here's $1.75¢" said Eddie "You need not pay it back unless you dont go after all, or you come

back again"

George's manner chan- ged at once he was now fawning money seemed to be the one thing upon which he set value Penrod Eddie and Violet ex- changed looks of disgust as the "rough mech cringed before them.

Penrod and Violet was sorely tempted to leave the sordid new comer and have nothing more to do with him. For sure He and his sisters were noble character and could neither understand nor enjoy such an exhibition of vul- garity. Eddie on the other hand

had a keen sense of fun. Under all the vulgarity he saw great promise of future frolic.
"Have you made up your mind as to which way you'll go out?" he asked.
"Not yet Eddie"
"Why not the school yard entrance"?
"That's all right"
"And have you made up your mind as to what school you will go to?"
"No"
"Why not go to St Vincents school, yet its quite far at that. For a boy of your kind to travel that far it would be—"
Eddie paused (of) for a contradiction in terms for the right

purpose"
"Where's it at?"
"On Osgood street. It's only half an hours trip from here."
"I think I want to go that far to school That will cost carfare back and forth"
"That's so, St Vincents is far. We might have three or four boys and a couple of girls take you there and introduce you to the mother Superior. Eddie went on.
"No you don't" said the 'rough neck'
As they spoke they had walked over to the front entrance.
"It wouldn't be a bad plan though only the great trouble would be that we'd have to

get four fellows out there to cover you Oh I declare Here's just the place you see this place where there are a few stones on top which are loose We can take them out easy & easily and we'll let down a rope and hold it until every thing is all right. You know the way home from here dont you?"

"Yes I ought to. I come here by my self."

"I see! Of course you can. Of course we wont tell the other fellows about it but we must have a third person to cover us. And Haines will be the very best."

("Wa) "Where are you going to get the rope and what are you

going to do with it?"

"Oh there will be no trouble about them a that We've got a tremendous coil of rope in the basement of the school and I'll see to that my self. Now the question is when do you intend to go?"

"To morrow night if possible, so as to make it less suspicious."

"Very good. After the afternoon studies there are twenty five minutes to spare and we can do it easily. It will be dark then and I'll have the rope there we'll all come over. Earl, you Hiram & Conrad and my self will be at different parts of the yard so as

not to allaact attract attention"

"But maybe I'll be put in the big yard to morrow."

Eddie gave Pernod and his sister a quick side look and as he did so there was a world of merriment in his eyes for he divined from George remark that the Senior students too had the hapless newcomer in hand

"no matter" he said turning with a perfectly serious face to George "you can slip out of here just the same."

"All right but I need some more money"

"Now you dont. You only live on East Madison street and its only twenty five

or more blocks from here" said Violet

"Yes but I want to take a street car to my uncle too and that cost money"

"How much money have you?"

"Only one dollar and thirty cents so help me Hannah and-"

"That not true" cried Pernod angrily.

"I'll swear and show you"-

"Hold on" interrupted Violet now. "You do not need to lie to us about it. You are the biggest liar I believe in this city you've been imposing on some of the little boys and girls here and got

two or three dollars out of them. We all know about it."

"Webber George was silent.

"And" she continued calmly "we want you to let them alone after this. If I or my sister or even my brother catch you borrowing any more money we'll let you take care of yourself. And we'll see besides that you pay up before you go."

"You bet I'll we will" Daisy piped in.

"I intend to pay back every cent" protested George.

"So much the better. We'll remember to morrow night there comes the boys for a game of foot

ball. Did you ever see a game?"

"I've played football"

"Come on then and you can watch the game."

For the rest of the afternoon until it started to rain George under Earls care met with no mis-adventure

"I wonder when that bull dogged faced sap intends to come"? said Professor Peter son but better known as 'Peter Sullivan to Edward Sanders the other pressudo-professor."

"I think he'll come, for he has no idea of a school nor of school boys and girls and

if he has been quiet thus far no one will be likely to enlighten him."

The two were standing at the appointed spot awaiting George.

It was a dark early October night somewhat warm for the season and the down pour of rain accompanied once in a while with flashes of lightning and growls of thunder made the place very uncomfortable for a rendezvous despite the long raincoats they had on.

The rain steadily falling throughout the day and the late afternoon was now very near to the torrential point.

Sometimes the lightning was bright and the thunder banging and rolling.

"Isn't the storm getting bad" said Sullivan. "If he doesn't come pretty quick I'll clear out. A joke a good thing but I don't propose to get wet feet and a bad cold for the sake of a good laugh."

"But it will be rich. I hope our friend Mr Hadels will not take it amiss."

"I don't see what reason he should for he likes to play jokes on other people himself. If he thinks he can present me with a package of cigarettes with sawdust and

rubber inside of them without any getting back at him he's mistaken."

"And I have not forgotten the time when he sent me a box of cigars, upper row all right all right the later row explosive cigars with a collection of tracts on the Jews by using fermented wine and cigars. The use of it was not knowing the other had powder in them I gave a number to my friends. They have not spoken to me since."

"There's hardly a boy of the upper class" continued S and "that he hasn't worked in one way or another, The bottle

of anti fat which came to Fatty Archibald on his last birthday had been the talk of the whole school and was traced to Mr Hadels Fatty got even by securing a stuffed Python and putting it coiled up on his teachers bed. Mr Hadels got the police to "test" it and was afraid to sleep in that room after it was discovered to be a fake. As no one tells on each other here Mr Hadels dont know to day who put it on his bed"

"Is that so?"

Yes, Fatty would have been arrested. Last

last time Mr Hadels played a practical joke on me, he told me that if I ever got the chance I might return the favor and now-"

"Oh here comes the victim"

Breathing heavily Webber George at this point joined them.

"Whats the matter? you are out of breath my son," said Sullivan.

"I had a little trouble to get away."

"George did not think (to) it best to go into details Before leaving the junior division he had thought proper to mete out vengeance upon Peter Long

Hurrying from school

and waiting for little Peter he secretly followed him until they were in an alley where shadows were thickest and then catching the little boy proceeded to shake him with all his strength-

Had George been content to nourish his design in secret all would have gone well for him and Pete for poor Peter, but he had hinted his plan earlier in the afternoon to Earl and Violet who had even heard it was in consequence on the look out.

He had scan-

cely put hands upon Peter when he was seized by a strong pair of little arms from behind and jerked backwards with a force that brought his jaws together with a force that would have given mine senia student out of ten a violent headache.

It did not effect George in that way however but it made him feel decidedly uncomfortable.

"Run off Peter" cried Violet. She continued as Peter made a dash and disappeared.

"George you George, you're a cad and," The idea of pick-ing on the real

smallest boy in the school. If you go on this way there's not a boy or girl here will have anything to do with you."

"I dont care let go of me will you— let go - I won't touch him— O-w-w-w-w-stop squeezing please that hurts!"

Released George rubbed his arms. They were destined to show blue marks for a week in consequence of the squeeze.

Violet very (for) strong for above her years and weight had a grip that was unusually extraordinary.

"You act like a

silly goose" continued Violet "After showing us all what a really good fighter you are by nearly licking my brother in that boxing contest you go picking on little boys like Peter Sang"

"But he insulted me before every one else, before and during the boxing contest and really was the cause of my defeat"

"That does not justify you in picking on him. You should behave yourself I dont see why you carry on so It only gets you into trouble. You should try to be a good boy. Well good

night" and Violet turned on her heel.

George paused to invoke some - let us say - blessings on Violets head and then suddenly remembering his appointment hastened away.

All these things it is hardly necessary to say the pseudo professor learned only on the following morning.

"Well my son" said Edwards "We find on examination that it really wont do for you to go home to sleep in such a rain as this to night. Some of the young gentlemen here will become jealous of you unless we

prepare the way gently for your promotion to the senior division your admission accordingly to the senior division must be kept a secret till to morrow afternoon a till to morrow night.'

"Yes" said George.

So we have decided to allow you a private sleeping room for this night. It is best for you not to go home to night for your mother heard of your scrap with that boy Benrod, and she may whip you good. Come on at once and dont talk on the way."

Crossing the street they came to a building called the "Teachers Infirmary. It was a long low but

handsome structure two stories in height with the windows of the first floor about nine feet above the ground.

Avoiding the entrance George, guided conducted him to a ladder below the third window on the northeast side.

"Now be very quiet" whispered Sullivan. "We want no one to know you are here, else they may want to play tricks on you. I allow me up this ladder into this room".

Sullivan mounted followed by George. The room was exquisitely fitted up a student lamp upon a table was alight

at the time that they entered and threw a subdued splendor upon the entire room. There were tidies silk hangings doilies lace pillowslips silken curtains books selected seemingly for their pretty covers though the stories within were very excellent and worth reading and upon the toilet table a number of dainty articles.

"How do you like this?" asked Sullivan removing the rose colored shade from the lamp. For answer George gazed about him open mouthed indeed.

"Now boy you are not to touch anything in this room except the lamp which

you will blow out as soon as you have undressed and then go to bed and stay there until we come for you to morrow morning."

"Yes sir"

"If any people should come in here during the night mind you, dont let them impose on you. However there does not seem to be much danger. The door you will observe is locked. When Professor Salvadore and I go which we shall do by means of the ladder from the window so as to keep your being here a secret from the boys and girls many

of whom I regret to say are frivolous we shall take away the step ladder. So you ought to be quite safe from all intruders. Still if any one should come in, dont let him impose upon you."

"I'll bet I wont I they're not going to fool me"

"Good night, the boy go to bed" and the two Professors departed by the window.

One hour later Mr Madeley who had been down down town to do shopping and visit certain friends of his returned "Carolling" lightly to his room in the infirmary.

Mr Madeley was a tall uncouthly

young exquisite of 28 with a slight moustache a delicate complexion and a dainty cane. He wore an abundance of wings.

Despite all appearances he was a sensible young man who gave pleasure to many by his kindly ways and with the trifling exception of one or two upon whom he had played practical jokes, offense to none. He happened to be the Colonel Commandant's husband He with his wife happened to reside at Skinner School and he was a teacher of music flute and piano.

unlocking himself into his room he lighted the lamp took off his coat and put a cigar in his mouth It was his custom before retiring to while away an hour over a mild Havana.

Having struck a match and settled in his arm chair he waited for the blue flame to burn out.

And while he was thus waiting his jaw dropped his eyes opened wide he jumped from his chair with a start and was in two minds about rushing from the room.

Besides the bed was a chair which had never been in the room before on which was piled

a striped sweater a yellow shirt black trousers and coat and green vest Hanging from the bedstead was a derby hat

Upon the pillow his beautiful lace pillow lay a strange head.

After breathing hard for a minute he fumbled with trembling fingers struck another match lighted his lamp again and arming himself with a heavier and longer cane which he took from a corner resolved cautiously to explore this mysterious business "Hey" he cried entrenched behind

his chair and standing at a safe distance from the bed, "Wake up there who are you?"

Master George tossed uneasily gave a groan and was still again.

"Hey there wake up do you hear?"

No attention was paid to these remonstrances. Then Mr Hadel did what was for him a bold thing. Stooping down he picked up an old shoe from under his washstand and tossed it lightly into the air. It fell striking the sleepers forehead, George rubbing his eyes sat up in bed.

"Ah what are you doing in this room sir?" stuttered Mr

Hadel.

"Who wants to know" came the rough harsh voice from the bed,

"I do"

"Oh you do, none of your business. You just clear out of here and leave me alone or I'll sock you in the puss (face)"

"But" gasped the astonished Mussaan "this is my room"

"See here" said George fiercely "you cant fool me because I'm a new comer, you just clear out of this room right smart or it will be the very worst for you"

"You impudent fellow" cried Mr Hadel, his anger

growing as his courage arose "you dont get out of that bed at once, and leave this room with those clothes of yours I'll carve you" and he shook his big walking stick at the occupant of the bed.
"Oh you will eh? you just come near enough you spindle legged broom-factory" roared George reaching down and recovering one of his hard soled shoes "and I'll stave in your old head you old-old-( ) wont write the words) you cant play any tricks on me!"
At this point it occured to Mr Hadel that he must be dealing with an escaped lunatic.

He resolved to change his tactics.
"But my dear sir this is my bed".
"My dear Napoleon who took the Isle apart, you just get out of this room as quick as you can" returned George, or I'll tell the Professor on you".
"What Professor?"
"Professor Pelerson and Andrew".
Mr Hadel was now convinced that he had to deal with a lunatic. There were no professors of any kind in the Skinner School and out of all the teachers he knew there was only one man instructor there.
"Get out" he roared

hoping to frighten the invader by the fierceness of his tones.

"Get out yourself you broom stick legged non-compooped idiot" squaked George at the top of his voice.

There now came a noise and pattering of foot steps during the foregoing dialogue. On George's voice ceased there came a knock.

"Come in" cried Mr Hadel being thankful that help had arrived. The door opened and the face of a infirm aman came into view.

"No you dont come in!" bawled George angrily, "youre not going to work me. Get out of here both of you."

Hale had risen from the bed and stood in a fighting attitude. The brother now entered and behind him arrayed in their night shirts and armed with sticks shoes pokers and one baseball bat pattered six little bare footed boys their eyes were sticking out from curiosity.

The new arrivals were not long in appreciating the situation. Mr Hadel still standing behind his chair as though it were a rampart was brandishing his cane. George now sitting on the bed was holding a shoe ready to throw at a moments notice.

"There a crazy lunatic sitting on my

bed" explained the teacher of music.

"Lunatic you old red head" retorted George "I've got more sense than any body in the whole Skinner school, call me that again and I'll get up and sock you in the eye."

"Why exclaimed one of the young gentlemen in white. "It's our acquaintance roughneck George".

At this all the white robed ones broke into a laugh so hearty that one would find it hard to believe that they were the small boys of the junior division who then and there happened to be too ill to attend to regular work.

It was Roger Haines temporarily underpowered by a toothache and headache combined who recognized George. The five other boys having been sick all that day had not had the real pleasure of meeting thus far the roughneck.

But Hamer during the two hours before bedtime had told them enough of him to make this first moment of ecstasy which they were not likely to forget.

"Come sir" said the brother infirmarian "get up out of that"

To the rear horror of the six little boys George put his thumb to his nose and wiggled his

fingers in scorn.
"I told you he is crazy" said Mr Hadel.
"You people dont take me in" said George. Get out of this room. I was not born yesterday"
The mother was becoming angry.
"Get out your self sir" or we shall have to have recourse to physical force."
Before George could answer another person arrived on the scene. It was the vice or assistant principal.
"Oh here you are George" she said. "Why did not you go home Your mother telephones to me as you were not found at your Aunts, and I've just

heard you were here"
Professor Peterson and Andrew told me to come here. They said this my bedroom"
If there was a twinkle in Miss Stanislaws eye for a few moments let us trust that it was not recorded by the angel who keeps count and tally against disciplinarians.
"Go to your own home my boys" said Miss Stanislaw to the white robed array.
They disappeared promptly throwing wistful lingering longing looks over their shoulders.
"Now sir put on your clothes at once and go home. The rain is turning

to snow and wont wet you so much now. Your mother is greatly worried. The professors you mean a mention are not to be found in this school, you have been duped."

It was three months before Mr Hadel was able to see the joke in this little episode. Then he saw it and forgave the perpetrators. It was also a month and a half before "Professor Peterson and Andrews fully squared accounts with the principal. The music teacher happened to be (then) her brother. The two "professors" narrowly escaped expulsion.

On the following day which was the First Friday in October

and the record day in George career as a student in the Skinner School, the new comer went about more quietly. He had learned from his first experience and after being compelled to wash the Dinans clothes early that morning that in entering upon Skinner School life he was brought into relation with other boys and girls too who were quite different from what he had expected.

It had been his intention to try to borrow money from every one who was willing to lend but Ed Donovan

Violet and Penrod by their remarks on the previous afternoon had caused him to change his mind.

His fellow students satisfied with the preceding days fun were content for the time being at least to let him alone,

and also his almost successful contest with immaculate Penrod showed his ability to lick all the rest put together, and secretly they were afraid of him.

and he vowed to get even at any cost with the senior students for pretending they were professors and putting that joke

over on him. So the morning and afternoon wore off without a break in the flow of college life.

But for some unknown reason he did not look so ugly at Penrods sisters as he used to and when they greeted him good morning or afternoon he answered them more politely than usual. But he still would pass Penrod by as if he did not exist.

"I'll get you yet" he thought with a black scowl. During the recess and recreations George George clung to Earle He was the only boy in the school whom

George cared about consulting with.

"You see" he explained as he gave Earl a dig in the ribs "we're both Protestants or at least you are a protestant, and I'm a wayward Catholic. I dont like these Catholics I wish they'd go to the schools to which they belong."

This remark fell upon Earl like a blow. It hurt his pride too to feel that he should almost be put on the same footing with master George.

He knew of course that George was by no means a real representive of either a Protestant boy or a Catholic. And that his supposed to be Protestantism was rather

a bitter hatred of all Catholics than any set form of worship. And yet this remark of George galled him and awoke in him the old feeling of religious unrest.

"If you dont like these Catholics so much the worse for you" answered Earl. "I know most of them here pretty well and I can tell you there are some fellows here in this school who are leading lives as beautiful as the lives of the best people I have ever read about in books. And look at these little Vinians for instance you hate them worse of all."

"I dont hate them.

I hate their brother. And anyhow they sure are hypocrities" objected George. "They pretend they are so good, they dont have to go to confession. I even hate to hear about the villians. They're nasty stuck up little prigs and proud of their good looks any way my uncle said so."

"Oh of course. In all the time I've been attending school here I have never met a good for nothing fellow yet who didnt explain the conduct of those who acted decently on the ground of hypocrisy. Thats a cheap way of showing jealously or spite I know what's the matter but I will

not tell. As for the villians being prigs thats impossible for you or any one to prove. They never steal, nor are they conceited. And I dont believe there are any hypocrites among boys or at least little boys or girls either, and when you do come upon a hypocrite you find him out pretty soon.

But when you are thrown in with a boy or girl day in and day out for weeks and months and notice that either will never do anything that they think is really wrong its nonsense to say they are Hypocrites."

"Well" said George

"I have not seen any of your pious boys and girls around here. They dont seem to show any religion. And I'm sure those Virriam are prigs. As my uncle said before. he told me they are!"

"Your Uncle never saw them"

"I told him what you said about them, and then I asked him if he did not think they were nasty stuck up little prigs he laughed and said he was rather glad he didnt know them so there. And there's that Delavan, - you dont call him a pious boy"

"Yes I do. There's not a better boy going next to Penrod.

He was not remarkably good when he first came here but he changed inside of a month and now he's next door to a saint."

"You're a fool" said George in a croak. "That fellow pious? Why he laughs and jokes and plays tricks on me, and skips around lively like a wild hen. And look at that bob haired imp Penrod over there in that crowd. He's pushing and tugging and getting all the fun he can"

"I'm afraid you dont know very much about piety George."

"I guess I know a heap more about it than you do

I've been to camp meetings lots of times, and I've seen the pious people there. I've seen em in the pulpit and off it. They don't go about laughing and hopping and grinning like a big silly goofy chumpanzy. No Sir you can just bet your boots. They look very solemn and sad, and they talk that way and they're just death on smoking and dancing and amooserments and jokes and card playing. You don't catch them playing gohs or anybody. Why I can tell a pious person as soon as I see him."

"So" said Earl amused

in spite of himself. "You don't think a person can be pious and cheerful at the same time. I suppose to be pious a fellow has to be a sour pickle puss or a lemon face"? and Earl continued "if a man wants to be pious according to your way of seeing it, he must not expect to enjoy himself or have any fun at all?"

"Why that stands to reason that anybody what isn't a fool can see that easily enough," answered George

"I thought you was an episcopalian. they dont talk as you do."

"No I'm not. I'm a wayward Catholic as I told you before I'd rather be a Protestant and I know what they believe mighty well"

"Well you're wrong The best class of Protestants agree with Catholics on that point. A person according to them is really pious and does his duty and avoids sin through supernatural motives. Now a boy can do his duty and avoid sins and at the same time have a jolly good time"

George snorted. "If there's one thing I envy it's the Catholic boy" continued Earl who was now talking on the subject which had lately disturbed his attention. "It is confession"

"What?" squaked the roughneck.

"It is beautiful to see the effect it has on them. They go into the Confessional for a few minutes and tell everything that is on their conscience to the priest. The priest (yes) or sets them right if they need it gives them good advice or encouragement when they are in trouble and then gives them Absolution. After that a boy feels that he has a new start"

"Have you ever read the "Horrors of the Confessional?" asked George.

"Yes, and I don't want to read it again. I did read it, and

I wish I could see the
writer face to face."

"It's good, it's full of
lively things. Them priests
ought all to be hanged.
The idea of them fellows
pretending they can forgive sins. And then the
Mass. That's an invention
of the Devil. And what
they call Holy Communion
too is—"

"You'd better stop" broke
in Ian with a strange
light in his eyes
as he saw Period
and his sisters within
hearing distance
and looking at George
angrily "If there is
one thing that has
disgusted me with
some people I have
met who call themselves Protestants
it is the indecent

and exaggerated way
in which they talk
about Catholic practices.
Now take Communion, I've
seen boys and girls make
their first Communion
at St Patrick and I
tell you it's the nicest
the most beautiful
sight I want to see.
When those little boys
and girls went to
Communion for the
first time all of them
looked like little angels
and I'm sure if they
were to die they
would go straight
to Heaven. If people
who call themselves
Protestants know
the good that Confession
or and Communion
do to little boys
and girls they would
would **not** abuse

these things even if they did not believe in them."

But George was not easily to be silenced on the question of Holy Religion. As he admitted in the course of the conversation he made no pretense of being a professing Christian at the same time he had read and reread all manner of books containing attacks on the Church, "good books indeed" good enough to put into your furnace, and save coal and he had, it would seem attended the lectures of those highly delightful creatures "ex frocked priests" and "escaped nuns". He was well armed as he thought for a vigorous onslaught

on the Catholic Church and her ministers and he defiantly poured into Earls ears, because the Virians were within easy hearing, trite objections stale slanders, and silly stories till Earl was too angry to reply.

That early afternoon in the class room George was more inattentive than ever and Earl himself was worried.

Some of Georges objections to the Catholic Faith were new to him and despite himself he kept turning them over in his mind.

Yet turn them as he might no satisfactory answers suggested itself. At the same time Georges hand was

drumming idly upon the desk to the annoyance of all the others in the class room. They were looking at their teacher appealingly hoping she would make him stop. He didnt seem to care for he knew all the other children were good and loved their (bleach) teacher.

Then he scowled as he saw Daisy Vivian looking at him reproachfully. His scowl did not discomcert her and she continued looking.

"Ten times to memorize for drumming Webber George" said Miss Dwight.

George straightened up looked defiant, while pouted but his lip and a shadow

of annoyance passed over his face as George in defiance against the teacher continued drumming.

"Ten more lines" said the teacher. The punishment was nothing extraordinary, there were several young students in another class given to beating the "Devils tatoo" in season and out in consequence of which the teacher had been obliged to declare it unlawful with a penalty of five lines to be memorized in each offense.

In calling out George miss Dwight had used her severest tones instead of her matter of fact voice.

It appeared to her

that George was taking no pains to give satisfaction. Strange to say this was the first time during his school career at Skinner, or anywhere that George had drummed upon his desk and the teacher may be pardoned if in the light of the preceding days occurance she entertained a suspicion that the boy was really trying to annoy her.

George was hurt and angry. Why could not the teacher treat him as she treated the others.

"She's down on me like the rest but I'll get even" was the thought and all the pride and vanity of his nature were

again up in arms. Once these passions were awakened in the boy they did not subside for a long time. Quick to be aroused he was very slow to recover his usual equal mood.

For the remainder of the class hours George sat motionless but his blood was boiling. The fierce play of passion was something within his heart that even terrified him.

He left the classroom with his face set and hardened.

All enmity of all Religion was increased all thought of the slightest repentance all sweetness and holy sentiment were gone of he

had any, Ide retired to a deserted sidewalk where he paced up and down like a caged tiger. At the end of class when all the others were going home from school Delavan remained at his desk making a pretense of arranging his books and papers.

When all had gone out he approached Miss Dwight blushing violently and very nervous.

"Miss Dwight you wouldnt my saying something please."

"not at all Eddie. Im sure you wont say anything bad."

"Its about George Miss Dwight."

"Well what about him"?

"At the mention

of Georges name the smile of encouragement disappeared from the teachers face.

"Im afraid miss Dwight that to Pennod George might be a dangerous enemy He was really threatening revenge on both you and him the day you sent him from the room."

"It didnt look that way Eddie I am afraid that you really are prejudiced."

"Im Pennods friend said loyal Ed simply "and I think he went on" is that Pennod is an unusually good boy. I think he or his sister did more for the George family before

he knew what George was for any one else in this city. He even gave me a little talking once because I wasnt behaving in the Church and it made me so ashamed of myself that on it was worth more to me than a hundred score sermons. I'm afraid George is a boon to all of us. I wish you would go to the Head Principal and complain for us and have him expelled."

Miss Dwight was secretly delighted with Eds loyalty to his good Abreannian friend.

At the same time she was decidedly of the opinion that Ed was mistaken as to George having a real dangerous character. Ed on the other hand having

heard Penrods story was sufficently aware of his friends struggle and troubles to be thoroughly convinced of his good faith.

Yet knowing them in confidence he did not feel at liberty to reveal to Miss Dwight any of the details which Penrod had revealed to him.

Hence the interview failed to produce the effect which Ed had hoped for. The teacher couldnt believe George was really at all dangerous. He went away then feeling that his offices as a warner had utterly failed.

On dismissing Ed with a few kind words Miss Dwight hearing

the class room took her way across the school-yard to the street homeward bound.

In the meantime Angeline Vivian herself had been on her way from St Patricks to the Skinners to meet Penrod and her sisters and go home with them. She was within a few feet of the entrance of the Skinner School when she unexpectedly came upon George still pacing up and down the lonely walk.

George was advancing towards her the meeting was unavoidable indeed unentitable. At first Angeline was in a state of irresolution about saluting George

kindly not that she ever hated him for she and her sisters did not hate anybody. But she knew what he was.

There was a stony repellant stare in the boys eyes as he drew nearer.

Would it not be best to pass the troublesome boy with a cold recognition? any friendly overture made to George in his present exasperated and sullen state of mind, would lay the little girl open to a severe slight or insult.

Besides to her because she was a princess George was very much the inferior he should be shown that

her present course deserved rebuke. On the other hand her brother was right or again if not altogether right perhaps there was some truth about something might happen that could and would change George.

Moreover and this was the most important point a little kindness rarely goes amiss. Angeline resolved though it cost her a struggle to try kindness.

"Good afternoon George" she said in her most sweetest manner and with a smile and in gentle tones.

"Good after yourself and go sit on a tack" said George in his most surly tones not even touching his hat

and walking on past her as if she was really something he wanted very badly to escape from.

Angelines courtsey was indeed a courtsey ill returned.

"I'm afraid that my good brother is wholly wrong" reflected the little girl sadly as she walked on "and my attempt at kindness has gone for nothing"

Strange to say Angelines kindness may have gone for nothing in the worlds measurement but according to a higher and holier measurement it had gone for much.

In the first place

he had secretly admired and enjoyed Pennods stand against him in the boxing match and respected him more than he used to. and also no one could be a member of his gang would couldnt hold out against him.

In answering thus so uncourteously Angelines kind (salutation) salutation George had acted on the ugly spur of the moment and without fully realizing what he was doing just then.

It was only after he had turned his back upon Angeline that a fuller sense of his conduct came upon him. Clear and distinct from

the black background of his wicked rebellious passion shone the kind eyes of one of the most beautiful and holy little girls ever known by him which had looked into his momentarily with such sympathy clear and distinct from the background of his passion the little girl them delicately extremely beautiful face worn with sickness of fever. and the sudden tears in her eyes at his harsh answer haunted him.

And as that kind little angelic face fastened upon his imagination the cloud of passion thinned and scattered

He really had a soft spot in his heart which no one knew of.

How unpardonably rude he had been so often to her. And what wrong did she do to him?

Nothing. He had always been boorish, he had returned kindness with bitterness. The tears came to George's own eyes. A chance had been given him to return to the former footing with the little girls and their brother, even to explain everything to Angeline and he had thrown it away. George was thoroughly humbled.

He had been convinced days before that he was a really

persecuted boy. Now he began to entertain doubts. If he could but apologize. Alas he had let his chance escape.

The same pride which had led him to act thus discourteously now under another shape stood between him and the making of a full submission.

He saw Angeline standing against a building wall weeping over the slight. He had a strong mind to go forward and apologize but she turned quickly looked tearfully and defiantly at him and walked away. But in his heart for the first time in years there

arose a short earnest prayer to God for grace light and strength.

So Angelines salutation though it had brought a severe slight was not without fruit, and Pernods words that "the fool" might repent had not been in vain. It has been well said that for every act of kindness performed in this world of ours there is one sin the less.

"Well heres the rope" said Ed stooping and raising a large coil from beside the trunk of the tree near the eastern wall. Just keep quiet a minute while I tie an end to this tree."

It was a dark night

but it was not cold, though neither was it warm the drizzling early October rain had grown more intense during the past 24 hours and the wind which came whistling down the street drove the rain in almost horizontal sheets.

"Are you sure the rope will reach all the way down?" asked Webber George.

"Sure and certain" with ten or twelve feet to spare. There now the rope is tied safe."

There is a strange light down there in the street, observed George peering down towards the

west.

"Of course there is" said Haines who was standing besides him. "That street is Aberdeen even if it is deserted, and the light comes from an old style lamp post half a block away."

"You had better go" urged Earl "I'll be raining too hard I'm afraid in a few minutes and its no use standing here and getting soaked to the skin."

George gazed down again. Despite the glimmer from the lamp post it looked very black and mysterious beneath.

He regretted that he had determined to descend by a rope but as bad as

he was he was not so hard hearted that he would not rescue some one he didnt like. Peter Lang had been showing off how he could walk on the edge of a high wall ledge some distance above the street had slipped, and fell thirty feet to the street.

A tree some distance below, a small one some what broke his fall but he was slightly hurt nevertheless. And on account of the position of things a rescuer could only get to him by climbing down a rope.

"Look here. Maybe that rope isnt sound,

It might break up. you pull that boy up."
"no it wont. Its very strong."
"I dont worry just now about risking my neck when her hurt down there. Say Eddie Delavan would you mind climbing down part way after me so I can hand you the boy so you can bring him up?"
Next thing you want me to do is to rescue the foolish little Ass for you. If you dont hurry the rope will be so wet that you wont be able to use it. Go on down yourself a give up and call for help! We cant stay here much longer. We dont want

to get drenched. Its raining harder than ever."
"I dont know what to do when we get him in" declared George "What the heck did he want to go and do that for the little nut. Shall I take him home?"
"Very well Roughneck that may be the best" said Eddie coolly "Are you ready?"
"Yes let me start."
The three took a strong hold on the rope. George mounted the wall with no little trepidation caught the cord, dropped over then all was silence save for the labored breathing of the three

boys above, and the noise of shoes scraping and knocking against the stone wall.

A minute passed before they heard George whistle the agreed signal that it was time to pull up.

George had fastened Peter to himself and gave the signal to pull up. On hauling in on the rope the boys had double hard work because of the weight on the end of it but they finally got the two over the wall safely and George carried the wounded lad away.

"Well thats what I call strange" exclaimed Earl "I did not think it was in him to rescue

any one let alone a boy who tormented him."

"Roger Haines was chuckling "Its one on you Eddie" he said at length "Peter dont deserve it for his foolish way of acting. He had no business doing the tight rope walk on the narrow edge of that wall. George might have rescued the lad by the back way but you would have this romantic climbing down and up by a rope to test his bravery. The joker on you That George is game all right. That rope belongs to the school gymnasium

and if the rope broke you would have to pay the damages."

"I wouldn't mind the expenses" said the useful Eddie" But its getting found out that bothers me. I'll lose my privilige for good conduct although my conduct has been perfectly proper. It was I who caused Peter to carry out his boast that he could walk that narrow ledge and therefore for this fall I consider myself as fully responsible."

"Yes but George showed himself in his true colors by rescueing the lad after he fell" said Rogers "Some days

before if I thought he if he went away it would be a good riddance. But lets go home. Good night boys. I'm going to take a run. I dont want to get any wetter than I am"

During the next day in the class room the teacher shortly after the class had recited the "Our Father who art in Heaven noticed the absence of Peter Lang and she darted an inquiring look in George direction. It was three minutes later when the recitation of that prayer had been over the teacher came to George

"George do you know

anything about Peter Sang?"
"Yes miss Dwight"
"Where is he?"
By this time he ought to be home from the Mercy Hospital. He fell from a wall on Ardeem Street near Miss Dwight near his home but was not hurt after all as a tree broke his fall. And three boys rescued him"
The teacher shrugged her shoulders and Re-turned to her seat.
George didnt say more. Later at time for dinner George as soon as he reached the street he had with him a long coil of rope.
Hurriedly coiling this about his arm he walked smartly

down the street in the direction of his home. He felt proud of his rescue work and yet abashed at what had been started between himself and Pennod.
He had taken the rope instinctively but what was he to do with it? To throw it away would be wasteful. If he could but trade it off were it only for a collar button.
Thus lamenting George finally reached Halsted street.
"Evening papers sir the "Daily news" cried a youngster and a girl at that whose pretty face was hidden by

a tremendous comforter. A bright idea struck George.

"See here little news girl how many papers will you give me for this rope. Its a splendid rope and worth at least fourty five cents. (it was worth at least 60¢)

"I dont want a rope"

"You could hang a bad man with this" urged George.

"I dont want to hang a man. His tongue will come out and I dont like to see that"

"Well the rope is as good as new. How hold on little girl dont go away. What evening papers have you?"

The news American and the Post."

"and how much are they?"

"Each one two cents sir".

"Take the whole rope for six cents give me the three papers especially the Post and I'll call it a grand bargain Its a splendid rope."

"All right sir I'll trade"

"Couldnt you trade in an extra news"

"You said one"

"Come throw in one more copy" he pleaded.

Eventually George entered his room home with four evening papers while later on

the little girl sold the rope in a hardware store and got sixty five cents for it. She thought to herself "What a dumb ox than rope man was"

When George entered his own room he seated himself and took up the Chicago Daily News

He had been reading for several short minutes when he suddenly gave a low whistle; with mouth agap and protruding eyes he reread and reread a certain news item of about thirty lines.

"This beats Jericho" he exclaimed and dropping the paper fell into a study.

That same early morning the Head Principal recieved a note. She glanced at it.

"What" she said "I thought that chapter was closed" and she threw the note on the table and hastened to the parlor.

The note told of the conflict in the school yard between George and Penrod.

Noon time.

Well sir how can you explain this.?"

George was standing in the dimly lighted parlor holding his hat and looking absolutely

unabashed. He was not afraid of any grownup. "What did I do now?" he demanded with a scowl.

"You had a very hostile fight with Penrod in the juvenile yard."

"But that was a boring contest. Earl and Roger Haines were referees."

The Principal turned up the light and fixed a stern glance upon the roughneck who however did not lower his eyes neither did he give evident signs of any nervousness. Through his uncle he had a powerful backing against all teachers and principals and therefore could defy them all. He was not afraid of any body no matter

what he did and had the mother superior ever scolded him like she did Angeline his uncle would really have killed her. Nothing happened to Father Casey because George did not tell his uncle about it.

"I'm deciding to repent, but not for your sake" answered George.

"Repent for what?" master George?"

"I'm sorry for the things I did to Angeline."

"Yes but that does not make matters any better. Fighting with other boys and beating up so badly those senior students who played that joke on you

and using such bad language at every body here subjects the offender to expulsion. The fact that you rescued the lad Peter does not exempt you."

"But miss Stanislaw I really defy you to expell me without my Uncles Consent, In fact you have nothing to say, you grownups mostly act this way with children because they're too little and weak to defend themselves, and you therefore boss them. And besides it was a fair boxing contest. They all approved of it. And it was a fair interesting boxing match.

Proud though my enemy is a far better boxer than I am. After the fight and after my harsh cruel remarks to Angeline I began to think. It would break my mothers heart if she knew I continued to grow worse instead of better So I've decided to reform. I'm going to be good hereafter and be good to them too."

"Do you really mean what you say?"

"Yes I do."

The Principal was puzzled. The roughneck before her had the appearance of a most worthless boy, the

reports concerning him
from teachers Like to
the effect that he was as
worthless as he looked
and seemed to be. But
how square all this was
with the letter from his
mother the testimonials
from the city mayor
and from the Uncle.
"It was because I
didnt think Miss
Stanislaw that I did
all that 'roughneck
stuff. And what made
it worse is that
somebody else wrote
that lying letter
to the head Sister
Sister of St Patricks
school about Angeline,
and Pernod and
the priest Father
Carey blamed me
for it. That is
why I got expelled

and I called Pernod
that bad word because
I wouldnt take the
blame for something
I never did. And I
never will take it
come what may.
I did not write that
note and can prove
it. But since Pernod
acted so mean to
me I wont expose
the real writer
though I found out
who is guilty. I
got red hot when
Pernod accused me
of it and hit me
in the Park when
I lost my control
and called him
that name and
I made up my
mind to be as
ugly as I could
But I got a heard

a good sermon several times from Earl. If you dont expell me I'll turn over a new leaf. You dont catch me monkeying any more."

These words of Webber George vulgarly couched though they were satisfied several of the Principals difficulties. Had not Mrs George stated that her son was likely to act first and think afterwards, to take the leap and then look. Had not the Mayor of Chicago warned her that the boy meditated being bad for a time.

The bad points to be looked for in the boy real character had been verified. Was there

not a reasonable hope especially in Georges confession that the good ones were now to come into evidence. The principal felt that she was at length beginning to understand the strange character before her.

"Well Master George I will give you one more chance to redeem yourself. I may continue to recieve you but conditionally. To be frank, despite the high character your parents seem to enjoy you certainly are not at all up to the standard which we require of our students.

Your ways and manners are such

as we find in the worst associations whose character are the very lowest"

"I cnt dare insult me" snarled George angrily. I defy you and all of you. were you a man I'd strike you down where you stand. I may be a nowdie but I'm not at all low in character. My uncle has great power in this city and can do to those who do not like me what he chooses and he cannot be gainsayed. Just try and drive me from this school. Had I even told my Uncle what Schmod did to me in the Park it would be too bad for his sisters. But I had pity

on them, and decide to settle with him myself, myself. If you triple with me look out. I'm afraid of no crazy grown-ups."

He could be defiant for no grownups had any terrors for him whether they were superiors or inferiors. He continued -:

"If I was expelled you'd be no principal when he said so. Had take my part in anything I'd do. for I'm just as equal as you"

"Indeed? Well I'd rather lose my position or even go to prison before I'd keep a bad boy in my school. If

you think so I can prove I am not afraid of your uncle and I too defy him to interfere in my office as principal. This school is run and elemented by the city authorities and nobody's parents or relations have any right to interfere. If you wish to remain, you must mend your manners without delay. You have already given offense to all the boys and girls here by your profanity and boisterous and roughneck fighting. If I have to hear anything of the sort again you shall go at once."

"For a good reason

but not for your sake I'll stop sure. I only talked that way to show off. But I'm tougher than I look so lemme alone."

"What a high ideal, as though cursing and swearing and being a tough were an accomplishment. Now I shall write you a note an unconditional note of conditional pardon and continued admission to this school. Go home at once today and remember that you continue to come to this school on probation - on trial. Were not your mother a good woman and your father a respectable gentle-

man I doubt if I should recieve you at all."
"Just try and run me out and see what happens" snarled George walking out with the haughty air of a proud prince.

"Say how in the world did you come to get continuation here?" asked Eddie Delavan early the next morning just before the school bell rang. and catching George arm as the two entered the wash room for a wash.
"The Principal did not dare expell me for fear of my Uncle" was the exultant answer "I told you fellows I was going to fool

you a little before I left for home yesterday afternoon after the fight.
And do you mean to say that your uncle can prevent under any conditions the Principal from expelling you or did you get up that plan or story just for the sake of fooling me and Earl Fair weather"?
"That aint just about the size of it"
"How did you get expelled from the other schools."
I warnt expelled. I quit. I was only expelled from St Patricks. But what do I care. I hate to go to Catholic schools. They're stricter than here"

Oh I see. And what did you do with that piece of rope. You took about 40 feet of it I want it back please."

"That ought to be a part of the joke too if it is one. You need'nt get mad, it wont do no good, as I can lick all of you anyhow and besides you fellows had your fun out of me and now Im getting even with you and how. You cant call this "roughneck" as you call me."

Eds vanity was hurt more than he like to confess even to himself. He was a (quick) quick witted youngster and knew it. To be thus taken

in by a "greenhorn" was a real subject of mortification to him. He began to suspect that there was in the new comer more than he had given him credit for.

"You may remember "roughneck" George that I lent you one dollar and seventy five cents to keep you do what you said you wanted."

Maybe I do and maybe I dont."

And I said you might keep it. provided you held your own or won your challenged boxing contest with "Pomrod."

That so?"

"Now since Penrod knocked you down before I call "time" I'll be glad to get back that money with the ending of the contest you lost."

"What? The ending of that contest was unfair. It was supposed to be a fight to a finish. I supposed I was knocked out you want all of it back?"

"Certainly"

"Will you let me off if I pay you twenty cents only?"

"Not much. Its thirty cents on the dollar. I want that money every cent of it. Come on George."

George looked concerned for a moment suddenly his faced enlightened

"Look here Delavan that money was a part of the joke."

"Suppose it was?"

"Well just this- I'm not going to spoil the joke its too good. I'd like to pay you but I cant go back on myself That contest with Penrod is not finished yet"

"Your jokes are pretty expensive ones George No sir, you just pay me back that money"

"I wouldnt spoil such a joke for twice the amount" protested George who was now speaking with extreme animation"

"Do you mean to say that you dont intend to return me my money?"

Georges face grew very

troubled and he took a moments thought. Suddenly his face brightened and he said with no attempt to conceal an expression of triumph "I'll pay it if my Uncle allows the debt".

There was no doubt that Webber George possessed a large store of low cunning. He had outwitted Delavan but he had outwitted him on grounds with which Ed to his credit be it said was utterly unfamiliar. With a hoarse laugh and slapping his hand over his vest pocket George walked off leaving Delavan quite vexed. But the little lads sense of humor soon came to his rescue.

Aside from the incidental meanness

the joke was not bad. Besides turn about is fair play George had made him a return in kind and as far as the money Ed resolved to let the claim go.

He also resolved to keep a sharp eye on the borrower.

Before class time, and the morning prayer "Our Father" accordingly he summoned Earl and Rogers and told them of his interview with the Roughneck.

"He's got the joke on us" said Earl "and I suppose I'm out $5 of a more."

"There's something strange about the whole affair" mused

Rogers. It may be that he plotted this whole affair on us but if he did then he is a most magnificent actor. Somehow I can bring myself to believe that he had no intention of abandoning this school as he said he would.

"As for me" said Eddie Frankly I dont want to believe it. It too terrible to think. Ive been made a fool of a bad rough neck chap like that, but it looks pretty clear against us. If he were to tell the story to the boys and girls in the yard I dont think there is a pupil who wouldnt believe it. I wonder how it was the principal did not discharge him and

how he accounted for his recent bad behavior".
"I staid down here to wait results of his interview with the Principal" said Earl "and he did not come to the wash room up to nine o clock. The first I knew of him remaining is that you called me and Rogers and told me about him"
"Webber George is a real conundrum" said Eddie, "And he needs studying. It seems to me that he ought not be in this school at all."
"Me too" assented Haines. "In the meantime we can wait until we learn more"
"Yes" admitted Earl. "And in the meantime it wouldnt be bad

to suspend judgement."
"That's just what I'm doing" returned Delavan. "I'm suspending judgement as hard as I can. By the way Earl what did the Vivians say to him yesterday afternoon a after dinner for his strange conduct?"
"They're going to make him clean all their clothes for punishment or else-"
"Oh I see. Did you overhear it all?"
"Yes. He spilled gravy over Dennies head and clothes and Violet told him that he will either have to come home with them today or come there and wash all their laundry as a restitution. If he wont they'll

all thrash him at once. But the strange part of it is if he does come and do it they'll let that cat eat supper with them."
"How do you know all about that?" came another voice close beside them.
They turned suddenly and faced Penrod who was scowling.
"Were you eavesdropping on my sisters yesterday at dinner?"
Earl in fact though a good boy didnt like Penrod and therefore didnt answer and gave a defiant look. He was not afraid

of Penrod and in fact in a fair boxing a fist fight could lick Penrod and George at one time. Not a bad boy at heart he did not like Penrod because he had been misinformed about him and foolishly believed every thing he heard. He faced Penrod with an answering scowl and folded arms.

Eleanor however didnt want to lose Penrods friendship.

"no Penrod" said Eleanor, "George told us. I asked if he was going to do it, and he wouldnt say, he looked at me in a way as intending

to tell me to mind my own business. By the way Earl what did the teacher ask you in the classroom yesterday afternoon?"

"She asked me whether I knew anything about Weber George, and whether he intended obeying Violet command or not and I told her that Webber did not tell me but looked wickedly at me."

"Did miss Dwight suspect that any of us had anything to do with his crazy actions yesterday, because of the jokes we played on him. She didnt ask me

whether I had anything to do with it."

"She believed I had something to do with it I suppose" assented Earl noticing Penrod walking up and down at a distance and still looking at them in a manner so reticent, that Ed knowing that Penrod was within easy hearing resolved to probe further.

"But didnt you tell her something?"

"Not about you Ed, or Blaines"

"There, Its just what I expected," cried Ed triumphantly "You've told on yourself - now have-int you?"

"The fact is" returned Earl with a blushing uneasiness

"I simply said I had helped in the work of tormenting Webber George"

"What an elegant clam you would make Earl. It is as hard to get information out of you sometimes as sense out of a clothes line. I see your little plan. You want to take all the blame on yourself and save me."

"Me too" added Roger.

"Oh you had nothing particular to do with it Rogers. You played a quiet second fiddle. But if it had not been for me Earl would not have let George do it at all If any one is to blame it is I."

"Not at all" said Earl

"I started him with the idea and it seems to me that I am the responsible one. And even supposing you had as much to do with it as I had Ed, still I did not say I was alone in the matter. I simply said that I had helped. I'm on the black list anyhow with Penrod just at present though I do not know why and a little thing like that wont change my position one way or another."

At the beginning of morning studies the vice Principal entered the class room of Miss Dwight and made a few severe remarks upon George vengeful fight with Penrod and subsequent repentance. She informed the

boys and girls that George owing to a peculiar combination of circumstances had been allowed to return & remain. She concluded:

"I am sorry to say that one of the leading boys of the junior division had actually abbetted the new comer in his foolish notion. Of course we allow boxing when the contest is on a friendly basis and for sport and fun, but yesterdays boxing match being in reality a hostile fight was a disgrace to the school. As the one who refereed for him has confessed on himself I shall take no (at) (action but I cannot refrain

from expressing my regret publickly that she should thus lend his countenance to conduct which is far worse than any ordinary breach of discipline. The boy who helped another to fight in a revengeful way assumes a serious responsibility and also deserves expulsion as for master Penrod, though he may have been in the right, he should not so rashly accepted any challenge from that rowdie as it was a foolish thing to do and might have had a tragic result and besides that rascal was trying to make a fool out of master Penrod before his sisters. That boy Webber George is a very

dangerous character and he would have desperately fought on if Roger Haines had not called time. no one in a fight, friendly or hostile can lick Webber George except Earl Fairweather"

Earl hung his head from embarrassment and his face was suffused with blushes, while George looked defiant, proud and exultant.

Eddie Delavan was hardly less concerned. He knew that through an act of friendship Earl had laid himself open to this public rebuke.

And then Penrod too though in the right was slightly admonished, though the vice President did

not realize the danger of it Before class was over was at the prefect of disciplines room.

"You were talking about Pennod this morning miss Adeline, when you spoke of the leading boy that had helped the rough-neck I mean Webber George to fight Pennod."

"That is true Ed. What about it?"

"But he was nt to blame miss Adeline, It was my fault for George first I challenged me after I played a joke on him, and then without Earl knowing it withdrew it and choosed Pennod. George has a bad scrape because he was accused of writing a wicked note and-"

yes I know about that" "When he met Pennod on the park, Pennod beat him for saying swear words at him. I believe that was the cause of George wanting to box Pennod. Pennod had a hard time of it but finally won. George says the fight will be renewed as he wont allow himself to be beaten. I always believed it would be a good thing for this school if George were to get out. He's a queer sort of a bad boy and does not seem to fit in here. So I thought it was all right and persauded Earl to let him go and clash with Pennod, hoping so see

him bang George up and make him know his place and it was? Miss Adeline that engineered the whole thing? Of course Earl only acted as referee but I was the leader and Earl was simply following my plans. Yesterday Earl told the teacher that he helped George in that contest just in order to get me out of trouble."

"I'm pleased to hear your side of the story Eddie but how could you bring yourself to help a boy like Rum stage a revengeful, boxing contest against a lad like Pennod. You know that is a serious matter."

Ed thus explained

his reason for taking this action much in the same way as he had set them forth before Earl. While secretly amused, Miss Adeline was pleased by the explantation. What ever she might think of the reasoning she felt sure at all events that Earl and Ed had acted with some regard to the promptings of their conscience.

"Thank you for speaking to me about this" said Miss Adeline, when Ed had ended his story. "It relieves me very much to know that in helping George fight Pennod there was nothing

of the weakness and human respect and disregard for conscience which one naturally expects in such things I no longer look upon Earls action in the same way and I wish you'd tell Ed so but just the same he should should not lie even on himself for its a sin even then. As for yourself yourself I forgive you too only please dont help bad boys fight good boys any more.

"And now" continued miss adeline" I have a word to say about Webber George. From what you have said I gather that yourself and Earl and many of the boys and girls do not look upon him as a fit student

for the Skinner School. There were reasons for thinking so yesterday. But it is well to know that George came here in a state of rebellion he was not himself from the time of his entrance till he fought with Penrod. It seemed after that that he entered into himself and made very satisfactory promises promises to the Principal of this school. And now I ask you, and you in turn will ask Earl, and others of the boys and girls to give the new comer another chance. Dont condemn him prematurely. Show him a little kindness if you can."

"all right Miss Adeline" answered Eddie. "We'll give him a fair chance."
"And Eddie kindly send Earl here I wish to smooth over as much as possible the little misunderstanding of this morning".
"all right Miss Adeline I thank you very much"
As Delavan left the room he wore a broad grin. First he had vindicated Earl secondly it struck him as a fit theme for smiling that the boy who had made such satisfactory promises of behavior that morning should begin the same morning by lying and by repudiating the honest dept.
"So he did not get

dismissed from school after all. I wonder what saved him from being expelled. Maybe he was allowed to stay because he entered into himself but its pretty hard for me to believe that I'd give a dollar to know the real reason why he was not expelled."
"And if Eddie had known the real reason, this story about him would be finished in very short order indeed.
Webber George however that late afternoon kept his promise. But as it was for a moment nobody heard the bell and he had to wait several minutes before any body came

to the door. This time it happened to be Angeline herself. She going to St Patrick's School did not know of the incident at Skinner School as her sisters had not yet said anything about it. Neither did she know anything about the fight, and therefore he would not have gained admittance if he had not shown the slip written by Violet.

She read it over twice however before believing its contents as she could not understand how any of her sisters especially Violet would even even for the reason stated admit a boy like him into the house.

She looked at him sharply almost

suspecting the note was forged, but it was exactly in Violets handwriting, and her name was signed to it.

She m: was more curious to him than he expected when she motioned to him to go up the steps but to go first.

"Why go first?" he demanded. In this country its supposed to be ladies first and-"

"I said you go first" she repeated vehemently "and never mind that soft soaping me!"

He went first and she followed after. She presented him to Ernod with the note, He

understood the situation however without the note for Violet had told him all about it. at George as he said:

"They're expecting you. Come with me. And mind you, you wash those clothes clean. And dont act like a rat in this place or Heaven help you. We have you in our power now and can do with you what we like. Act decently here and we will forget some of your meanness."

George followed him as meekly as a lamb.

He was turned over to Violet. It was the first time that he had ever in his life he

had ever scrubbed clothes for anybody and yet girls clothes. There however was not as much clothes as had as he had thought but there was plenty enough. And yet he did a better job than the Urban girls could have done, or a laundry itself.

He scrubbed from four thirty to six o clock, while Angeline herself hung up the clothes outside to dry. but without saying a single word.

He was just through cleaning the washing machine, and she hanging up the last of the clothes when Pennod appeared in the washroom.

He looked the clothes over grinned and

said "Well I'll be. This washing beats any laundry at doing it. It is certainly well done. Supper is ready Angeline dear. As for you George I'll show you where to sit. And remember as my sister said your table manners"

At the table Jennie said:-

Remember George you'll have to say your Grace before and after meals. I know from what your father told us you were not brought up a Catholic as we thought, but since you know the Grace, you'll have to say it just the same. "you dont touch a thing untill you do" added Daisy.

"Yet at Supper he acted more decently than was expected, and also he got a better meal than he ever had before. It was the first time he had ever ate or sat among these little girls, of whose good mother he was an enemy. Yet Period served him seven first as if they never had any misunderstanding and he sure felt his unworthiness never did George act as he had in the school hall.

He ate and acted in a more better table manner than the most trained person, and they were wholly surprised.

They wondered what in the world had come over him. Even after supper to their further surprise, he offered to wash and dry the dishes himself. That they however cheerfully and pleasantly declined as as it was among themselves to take turns in cleaning up after supper.

He left them more respectively than usual and with a more hopeful feeling.

Eddie's clavan, notwithstanding his doubts concerning the sincerity of Webber George's purpose of real true amendment put himself with the best of will in carrying out the

behest of the vice Principal. He told such of his school mates both boys and girls as he came upon that Webber George was really going to turn over a new leaf, and pleaded with them to give the interesting new comer another chance.

Thus is appealed to the junior students made no difficulty in laying aside their prejudices and feelings against George.

For the present at least he might go his way unmolested. excepting Peter Lane who though pleaded to said "no, Ide picks on me and I'm going to still tease him."

Indeed the others were almost defer

ential to him in their eagerness to comply with Miss Adelines wishes.

Among themselves however there were many jokes passed about George washing the clothes of the Indians.

These witticisms were not intended for Georges ears, but that artless youth out of sheer "benevolence" thought fit to make them known to him.

"I say" said Peter Same seating himself besides George who in the school yard was watching a foot ball game "I say "Roughneck" "the fellers have been telling me that you are going to drop your nonsense and turn over a new leaf?"

"Is that any of your

business?"

"Well you see I'm not going to tease you any more" explained the diminutive youth, rising and standing with his arms akimbo before George "and I thought 'perhaps you'd like to know it".

George glared savagely at the amiable urchin but said nothing.

"You were mad at me yesterday I know" continued Peter "and you started roughhouse on me when you got me alone. It would have been awful roughhouse with me if that little Girl Violet hadn't come and started roughhouse on you. But I just want to tell

you I am not mad about it in the least"
"Confound it" growled George "who cares whether you're mad or not?"
"But you ought to care. You see I am in with the other fellows and we are going to give you a fair chance"
"Do you think you little wretched no account scandine that I care a snap whether you give me a chance or not?"
"You ought to Roughneck."
"But I dont. Who's going to do anything to me. I can lick any one here except Earl I am Weather and the Vinian girls and he can lick me, Penrod and the Vinians put together"
"Thats because

you are so green" said Peter complacently and not one whit abashed.
"Say" here Peter broke into melodious giggles "say you ought to hear some of the jokes that the boys and girls have been getting off on you among themselves."
"What jokes?" asked George, rousing his head and speaking with an animation (what which had not thus far characterized his share of the dialogue.
"Oh any amount. About your being almost expelled. About your washing the clothes for the Vinians. you know. Some say you washed their clothes because

they had too much laundry."

Peter laughed full throated while George gazed at him stolidly.

"Others" Peter went on "say they didnt have clothes enough for you to wash and thats the reason you spilled greasy oil on Jennies clothes."

Georges stolid face changed at these words to an expression of anger while Peter broke into another ringing laugh.

"One of the fellows say that you washed enough of their clothes to sell to a dry goods store easily, that you were afraid of selling the clothes for fear of getting bedbugs into the house of the buyer."

"How dare you mention bedbugs to me" shouted George "Get away from me well you, or I'll kick you all over the yard"

"Oh very well" said Peter and he added with much dignity as he turned upon his heel "I guess I know how to take a hint."

"Halloa George" called Earl from across the yard "I dont know why it was sent to the school it seems queer to me, but your trunk has just come. If you like I'll take you over to the clothes room."

At this bit of news George involuntarily

gave a start, but recovering himself so quickly that those about him failed to notice it. he arose and followed Carl.

"By the way" said Carl kindly as the two were walking towards the clothes room "if there any little thing I can do for you just let me know. I might keep you out in some of your lessons. As your left behind the class in the matter they saw before you came, a give you a few hints one way or the other. Its a little hard on the new comer in the beginning because he is a stranger and often doesnt know the ways of these kind of school" "I guess I can look

out for myself right smart now" responded the grateful youth." I got caught yesterday, but you can bet I dont get caught again I cleaned the clothes of those little Virians yesterday and believe me they are far better than I thought father's good looks I hey allowed me to eat supper with them and at the table I certainly felt cheap and unworthy. I felt like a sinner very unworthy but allowed to dine with little angels nevertheless. You wont catch me persecuting angeline any more. I'll defend them after this. Peter made remarks on them that made me

mad, after this I'll not act so mean to them. But even if I wanted to, I cant for certain reasons forgive their brother."

"I suppose not" asented the boy Earl. "But he'll never do so whether you do or not I think. If you settle down to study in earnest it is not likely that the boys and girls will ever bother you again. All you've got to do is to keep quiet for a week or so till the boys and girls begun to know you and you feel at home. They are good boys and girls here but some of them like to tease for a while or play jokes. Now by keeping quiet for a while you keep those boys

and girls who like to tease from getting a handle on you and—"

"You need not preach" interrupted the roughneck in his fascinating croak. "I know all about them ways. They're joking among themselves about me washing laundry for the Visions. I'm just now only turning a new leaf as far as the little Visions are concerned. The others can go to Hong Kong or Hell as far as I care whether they tease or not. And just let them try it again and I'll bang up the whole, I'll bring my gang here and clean up the whole school if I get made

a fool of again, I'll show them what, what!"

Eare colored,

"Oh" he ejaculated as he bit his lip. "Here the clothes room - come right in. - Here's your trunk!"

"If there ever was a trunk that merited the epitet "dainty" it was the trunk of Webber George. It was small with bands apparently of silver which were fastened by numerous buttons of a golden color Above the lock was a silver plate with the name or monogram "W. W. G" traced in lines of a rare delicacy. It was such a trunk as the most callouse bag-gage man would instinctively "handle with care"

George perplexed that

a trunk should be sent to the school for him instead of to his home, fell to rummaging in his pockets. Out of each he took a handful of buttons, a spool of thread, a cork in which were stuck six or seven needles, of various sizes, and a large bone knife with sheath, but no indication of a pair of Rosary Beads or any indication to show he was a Catholic.

Out of another piece of beeswax a magnet a can opener, a small ball of twine a dead gold fish, and then a bunch of keys which he examined carefully.

"Halloa" he exclaimed

"What's the matter George?"
"I've lost my trunk key. It was on this bunch when I came. I've been robbed."
"There are no thieves in this school" said Earl sharply "He added in a milder tone as he stooped to examine the lock of the trunk "It's too bad. I see that it is a skeleton key too, and I'm afraid the teacher has nothing to open it with." I say Miss Dolly. Master George has lost the key of his trunk. Do you think you could open it for him please?"
The teacher laying aside some work upon a table which ran against the length of the room stepped

over and carefully examined the lock. Nothing Earl or the teacher, so absorbed were they in examining the lock noticed how pale George had become.
"I think there will be some difficulty in opening the trunk" said Miss Dolly "the lock is not an ordinary one."
George drew in a deep breath.
"You needn't take no trouble" he said in his usual choice diction "There's another key at home and I can send for it. as soon as it is possible to go home and get it. While I'm waiting I reckon Earl & I can weather

can watch the trunk for me."

George as could be observed by his last remark was himself again.

"All right" said Earl heroically. He was forcing himself to remember, poor boy, that George's mother and his own had been dear friends and it consoled him to think that his own mother must surely know and appreciate the struggles against feeling and sentiment which he was making for love of her.

"Send me a few collars them and some cuffs and a tie or two and five or six collar buttons."

In a (world) word before they left the clothes room George had secured the loan of a suit of clothes two pair of suspenders, a pair of ear muffs of gloves, a scarf, two silk handkerchiefs and a foot ball sweater. When he put the latter on he sure did have the "tough" aspect. The big boy sure had a passion for borrowing but of death properly with he did and would return or replace things with added interest.

During study hours that day George was observed to be writing a great deal

and in the intervals for play and the recesses he was seen to hold several intervals with a certain day scholar Jardam by name whose reputation with the students at the Skinner stood by no means high.

"I'm afraid" remarked Delavan to Penrod shortly before going home for dinner "that the "Rough neck" is up to some new mischief Somehow I cant help keeping my eye on him you may be sure he was not talking to that day scholar for nothing. I'm not quite certain yet but I'm willing to bet that he gave him a letter perhaps two or three

letters to post outside"

"Perhaps he doesnt know the rule" suggested Penrod, but in his heart he was suspicious

"Oh no- of course not" returned Eddie with a touch of sarcasm in his voice "and then too the fights (sight) shy of most of the pupils except Earl."

"I've noticed that too" said Penrod with a sly smile "In fact he has been good enough to call my own attention to it He says he likes to talk to Earl because he's not a Catholic like the rest of the boys and girls. Often dinner he sticks to Earl the whole time

and I've overheard him abuse everything Catholic. Oh it was hand, hand. He gets the idea into his head that Earl is being really hoodwinked by us all. and so he's trying to put the Catholic Church before Earl as he seen it. To him its a nightmare. If George ever becomes a Convent through some miracle."

Jerrod paused a moment with a vexed expression upon his face and added "If he only knew the effect that his talk is having on Earl he would leave the Catholic Church severely alone"

This last remark Eddie connected with

with an incident that happened after supper. It was Thursday and though not the regular monthly day for Confession a goodly number of the junior students many of whom were daily Communicants and and also weakly ones repaired to St Patricks Church

Near those stationed near Father Caseys Confessional Eddie started on seeing or perceiving Webber George.

One by one in regular order the boys entered the Confessional and returned shortly stationed themselves further back in the Church

where after the manner of well-trained Catholic youths they renewed their good resolutions and begged for strength to observe them.

Eddie was one of the first to make his confession and on finishing took a place where he could keep his eye on George. You may be sure the warm hearted lad prayed fervently for George.

Ten or twelve minutes passed. All the penitents of Father Casey had had their turn except George who still knelt motionless his eyes fixed on the beautiful statue of the Sacred Heart.

"I wonder whether

he is really going in" mused Eddie and he prayed again and again that it might be so.

His eyes brightened when George a few moments later with down cast eyes and clasped hands, entered the Confessional.

He came out so soon however as to surprise Eddie, and as he walked from the Confessional back into the body of the Church he gave Eddie a quick glance.

Eddie read the meaning of that glance. It meant "Wait for for me I have something to tell you."

A few minutes passed in silent prayer then the two arose genuflected and went

"Eddie" George had begun as they made their way down the stairs "You think I went to Confession didn't you? Well I didn't go that far exactly. Here's what I did. I went in to Father Casey and told him that I could prove that I didn't write that note against Angeline and sent it to the Mother Superior. You know Father Casey expelled me from the school and Sherrod was mad and made that scene in the park about it. I may repent in my abusing his sister Angeline but I still wont forgive him, I even can't if I wanted to. You see, at first the priest didn't look at me as seem to know who

I was, and I said I didn't care about making a Confession as I believed he wouldn't give me absolution anyway, but that I felt troubled a great deal and would like to have a talk with him in his private office."

"Will he see you?"

"He said he would and-"

"And do you mean to say," broke in Eddie, "that you've had your talk and told all your troubles already?"

"Indeed I did not" answered George with a faint smile "I told him a little that is I gave him a general idea

of the things that were bothering me and after some hesitation he proposed that I should go to his Rectory and talk the whole matter over with him at greater length. "I'm sorry" - but honestly Eddie, I'm awfully upset just at present. Things have come to such a pass that I have been almost forced to go and consult with Somebody."

"It must be pretty bad with you George" said Eddie with much sympathy in his voice "or you surely would keep your troubles to yourself I've noticed all along that you dont talk over much about your

own doings and feelings Dont you know that in a way Penrod is the fox and you're the goose"

"no I'm not the goose he's the sparrow and I'm the weasel" assented George "I've always made it a point to keep myself to myself and if anything Penrod has carried it to far. But now I'm going to try and open my heart for once especially for his sisters. and I hope you'll pray for me Eddie, for I feel theres something serious about the present state of affairs that I think I've come to a point where I have to change in one way or another and that change is

to be for Bellen a worse than the jumping off place."

"You may rely on it, I'll pray for you George and don't worry you'll have no trouble in talking to Father Casey if you're sincere. He's dealing with boys and girls all the time he's been a priest and nothing you can tell him will astonish him in the least."

"I believe you Eddie and besides they say he's an old standby and rector of St Patricks Church and a special friend of Angelina His long blond hair and his kind face and his pleasant voice gives him such a fatherly air, Even in the

few minutes I spent with him just now I find that he is humder than he looks despite the day he scolded me so badly and that's saying a great deal, I'm going to try to see Father Casey sometime this afternoon if possible."

Despite these words it was with no little nervousness and hesitation that George ten minutes later knocked at the office boys door, as he did so Angelina came out, nodded to him politely and went her way Michael then opened it and looked sullen when he saw George.

"Is Father Casey in?"

"Yes he is in" answered Michael curtly.
"Can I see him?"
"Yes I suppose if I let you in. What do you want?"
"I'm going to try to turn over a new leaf."
"What do you mean new leaf?"
"I'm going to repent"
"You look it. Does he expect you"?
"Yes"
"Michael looked at him closely and said:-
"Sit there until I see whether he'll see you or not."
Three minutes later George was admitted into Father Caseys office.

In which George has a momentous interview with Father Casey.
In which Pernod becomes a Godfather.

"Take a chair" said Father Casey laying aside his glasses and bowing and pointing to a seat beside him. "you are welcome my boy."
Father Casey had risen to greet his visitor he seated himself after these words but the courtesy was not lost upon the boy. George was extremely sensitive to kindness and consideration.
"Thank you Father" answered George as he took the chair which the venerable priest had motioned

"I hate to come to any man with my troubles."

The Father smiled, "and I believe I understand your reason he said "you are one of those characters who are called self reliant. You want to fight out everything by yourself."

"I believe so Father."

"With you George it is a good trait carried perhaps to extremes, and extremes are bad, it is well some times for the wisest of us to take counsel. As the saying is, a saying of course that is not true in many cases "no man is a good judge in his own cause."

"Yes Father I'm beginning to find that out I'm very proud

and it hurts me to talk of my troubles. But I'm going to talk of them now and to begin with I should like to speak of my troubles with that Pennod boy and his sister Angeline. And one thing I can prove to you Father and any body that I did not compose that lying note about Angeline who on which you scolded and expelled me for."

George then proceeded to narrate the untoward event which had lately come to pass with Angeline in the St Patricks School classroom. He did not give Pennods

side for the simple reason that he would not though he was not ignorant of it. Ide would not say as yet anything in favor of Pernod.

Moreover with the maturer ness of judgement which years and experience can only remove George did not even imagine that there was any other side, any other stand point than his own. But the venerable Father who lent him an attentive and a sympathetic ear could easily read be tween the lines and supply the omissions of an honest though one sided statement.

"Well George" he said "is it owing to these sts troubles with Pernod and

his sister Angeline alone that you have come to see me?"

"No Father there is something more serious besides its the question of my ancestory. When I firmly denied that I stole that note Pernod refused to believe me, as I am the kind who under any conditions wont take being accused of something I didnt do I called him an awful name and he he battered me. I didnt fight back for fear his sisters would also go for me, as they assumed a very threatening attitude for what I had called their brother. In espite

my name Father born of Spanish decent. my Father is a Spaniard my mother is French and people of both nationalities will not take the slightest first blow from any body for no reason whatever.

It is the question of the Spanish Custom for vengedance and that vengeance is killing the person who strikes you. I dont know what to do for my uncle tells me I should always uphold my honor under any conditions, and challenge Pernod to a fight with deadly weapons. yet I do not like to do that for God knows I'll surely win and

kill him and that would be downright murder, and then besides his sisters would get me, and woe betide me. and if I did do it and did escape it would be a bad blow to his sisters. I told my uncle what I had called Pernod but he claims he can prove that Pernod had no right to strike me any way no matter what I called him. and that he showed off before his sisters and that I was a coward for not sticking him with a knife then. I really could have done it but I would not. By rights Father I'm not a Catholic. I'm a Sutherman and

Besides I other I feel bound by a most strick promise which I made to my Grandfather to hold fast to any determination not to let anyone hit me once with their fists under any conditions and get away with it, as that is the worst insult of all.

But then on the other hand my conscience is worrying me a good deal and insists that I must forgive that boy Penrod which a Spaun and never does. Just three days ago I made up my mind for good at least so I thought then never even to think of forgiving him and to revenge on him the blow he struck me at any

at any cost. I could do easily anything I choose because my uncle is in great power and could accomplish anything beyond measure.

I had been doubting and didnt know my own mind, I did not feel quite sure at that time that it was my duty to let off my revengeful design.

I only doubted. But since then every doubt I had as to my duty to revenge the blow has been removed. And the one thing that holds me back is the promise I made to my Grandfather when he was on his deathbed.

Just a moment ago George followed his instinct of doing

what he thought best.
"You said that you had made up your mind never again under any condition to forgive the boy Conrad?"
"Yes Father three days ago"
"How comes it then George that you have come so suddenly to change your mind & resolution?"
Father I have been forced to it converted or rather next to converted by somebody else."
"By Eddie Delavan perhaps"
"no Father but by the tears in Angelines eyes"
"By the tears of whom?"
"By the tears of one

of the little Vinnan girls Angeline Vinnan."
"Indeed" exclaimed Father Casey opening his eyes. "Why I was under the impression that Angeline was far from being your friend. In fact she told me herself in very emphatic language"
"She is not exactly what you would call an enemy, Father she is what most people call an uncommonly holy little girl though as far as I see, she is no more a saint to me as I understand religion than I am an old hated Jew. A real saintly person is entitled to respect but in my eyes these girls called

the Virians, may be the kind that are too ignorant to sin, or by some strange Witchery or magic power or influence from somewhere cant sin. That got them hoping or hopping mad however in ridiculing or abusing and lying about Catholics, and in telling bug-a-boo stories of priests and nuns, and the inquisition. But I did it to just get their goat. They have them selves told me that I'm the biggest liar in the city or a crazy lunatic. Now I think for one reason that I'm a bigger fool than a liar.

But how in the name of common sense did a girl whom you did not like

convert you George?"

By two ways Father first of all I had noticed that my conduct and manner towards her was a foolish and wicked thing, and forced me to think what my home might have been if Penrod and his sisters had not come to our aid after that disasterous fire. And I also was forced to think of what I might have been if I had not been sent to School at Skinners after you expelled me from here. And ever since I've been going to Skinners Father I've had a chance to go with the nicest and best boys and girls one could want to meet with and I lost the opportunity because I

and did roughhouse with them I do not mean to say I did not come across any bad boys and girls. They have come here & either and most of that kind have either changed or gone. At any rate where there are so many good boys and girls to chose from there's no need to go with bad boys and girls.

It should have been easy for me to be good here but the accusation of that lying note Penrod being at this school his continued hostility towards me made me resentful and so I acted worse there than I did here until lately and then I began to see that something else was necessary besides good company I have to fight against myself too and it is a terrible fight sometimes & or nearly the last twenty four hours my temptations have been teaching me the meaning of the Scripture text "The Kingdom of Heaven is taken by violence." I tried to wonder what it meant.

But now I find it harder and harder to be good, as I feel I cannot forgive Penrod and it seems to me that if I were to begin to go wrong I might become very bad"

"So you have found it out at last" put in Father Casey "My dear George"

have been watching your course with interest ever since you first came here before I recalled and expelled you and I have long thought that after that expulsion you would try to chag change and decide to come to see me just as you have come to day, and it has long been my intention to tell you on your coming my opinion that you are going to turn out in all probability either a very good or a very bad boy.

Yes George I firmly believe that for you there is no middle course George you are a boy who is very aggressive and of very strong will and

passions"

George gazed in astonishment at Father Casey.

Who told you that Father?"

Father Casey laughed softly.

"When an every day man brings a watch to the watch maker and while he is telling what he know about it the watch maker at a single glance into the works knows all that the man can tell and sometimes a great deal more. You take the allegory?"

"Yes Father, but I did not think any one knew what you said about me except God In fact I did not know it myself till lately, now with

Pennod or his strange sisters what I say is not to be used against them. The war between me and Pennod is a private affair."

"Of course not George I feel bound to secrecy on everything that takes place between us in this talk."

"I dont like to say it for I hate to say anything against boys but I cant keep it back if I wish to make myself clear to you."

"Do you mean to say Pennod Vivian is—"

"Now!" "no Father I do not mean Pennod Vivian. It is this I myself is a bad boy. I do not say that I'm as rough, agressive and rude as many believe or say that I am but I'll fight when I'm challenged.

I'm strangely the kind that I wont take jokes played on me by any one and I'm quick to anger any one here can see for himself without being told of it that I'm not a gentle man

How I came to get such manners is beyond me for my mother is a lady and my father is more than a gentleman But besides being rude and boorish I am more than a bad boy. I have often said wicked and most vile things beyond what even the devil would think of. I had no sense of honesty. I went always by my own feelings and I never

the meaning of self restraint. and as I got to noticing this I got to think what might happen to me, I was not afraid I'd then of becoming more rude and boorish, I did not think that I could ever fall so low with my good mothers' memory and my school training upon me as to lose all sense of decency. But then it did seem to me that I might fall very soon into more sinful ways and that if once I went that way I might lose control over myself and become so bad that I would be far beyond repentance. And then although I should

not resemble the worst demon in his manners, still I should be like him in his badness of heart.

I dont know I'd then whether I make my feelings clear to you or not."

I understand George, you have gone below the surface of things where people of the world generally stay. And you are trying to look at your position from Gods standpoint.

God does not look at the manner of a boy man or girl so

much as at their heart.
We judges boors and gentlemen from their interior dispositions.
Sinlessness and culture do not necessarily go hand in hand"

"Yes Father, that's it. It seemed to me that if I were once to go wrong I should be in just the same class as Satan no matter how different we should appear to people all around us and the thought frightened me. I've been told that their mother gave the Virians an unusually great horror of sin and everything that they have heard and seen here has helped to keep them away from it. But for me sometimes it has seemed impossible for me to do my duty to do right when it seems everybody is against me. Every day it has

grown harder and harder till sometimes I have become utterly discouraged. Sometimes too it has really seemed to me that I am conquered, that I have fallen never to rise again from sin, and all the time there is Pandod a Penrod poor fellow before me trying to learn me to control my want of self control and with all the ugliness of sin to scare me at the prospect of what I may yet become"

"And am I to understand then George that Angeline has converted you from the fact that in disguise she might have been your guardian angel?"

That might be one of the reasons Father but the other reason and perhaps the principal reason

is that Earl himself got me to arguing with him about religion In fact Father when I missed Mass while going to this school it was because really I'm no Catholic though my mother wants me to become one. I often spoke so bitterly of Catholics that the Virgins despite my losing my temper defied me and defended them as strongly as I denounced them. I often attacked different doctrines of the Church and Even Earl couldn't help trying to answer me. I read lots of books against Catholic teaching and I brought up some objections that even the Virgins had never heard of

before I stunned them at first. Jennie the oldest of them came to me showed me her necklace that really is worth a thousand dollars and told me I could have them for my sister if I can prove what I said against the Church is true"

"And did you win those beads?"

"No Father"

"And do you want an answer for them yet my boy?"

"No Father, I thought out some of the difficulties and read out the others out of Catholic books I bought from Benzigers At first before -That, the more we talked the more I denounced the Cat-

holic Church the more I saw how strong was the position of the Catholic Church. In the long run my reading and thinking and arguing made things so clear to me that I now feel sure that the Catholic Church is the true Church and the only true Church."

"Well what next George?"

"There the rub Father my vow to get even with Penrod as it is said before its a great dishonor to us Spaniards to be struck by any one with a fist and we generally defend our honor by a duel."

"You Father is a Spaniard and a Catholic my boy?"

"Yes Father her both"

"And your Aunt who butts in on your mothers training of you is a Catholic?"

"No Father"

"But is there no one in authority over you to object to you in your proposing not to take hevenge on Penrod?"

"Yes Father"

"My Uncle and Aunt"

"Cant you escape from such an awful obligation."?

"No Father"

Father Casey paused for a moment.

"George I know that you firmly believe that those little Vivian girls will have a speacle place in Hiedven?"

"Father in some way unless I have proof

I dont really believe they are such saints of God. If that can be proved I'll really forgive Period."

But that can easily be proven my dear boy, Did it ever occur to you George that angels are said to be possessing them and that those angels not only keep watch and ward over them, but make the little girls like themselves in goodness and power. And that under no conditions what ever you couldnt harm their brother I do believe my boy that they are special favorites of God that he has special reasons for having created them

and I'll bet they love you yet and have prayed for your conversion yet I'm surprised no bad luck befell you for doing wrong to them."

"But Father you dont understand- I did no harm to them and only had heated words at times towards Angelique when she reproached me for not going to mass. She did not know I'm no Catholic. The real quarrel that came was between me and their brother The little girls are so pretty and have such lovely golden hair and have done so much for my parents when we were down

and out, I wouldnt harm them for all the world. Im really sorry I was ever harsh to Angeline the most suffering one of them all. I hope me if I live so not one of their enemies could do anything to them. As to what Some say about the angels the way they act and do during unusual persecutions it might be so. But if I ever have the chance I m going to watch symptoms of that if there are any."

"And you think by making amend you could fill in this serious breach between you and their brother?"

"No Father Im afraid not even though I want to. Im afraid

my father wont allow me as it might be dishonoring though I ll ask him about it Im some way Edmod must pay he says. And then it is another question. Will Edmod forgive me for what I called him and yet I dont want to carry out any revengeful purposes for their sake. They need their brother and if he was reasonable I could protect them more than he could. Thats why I come to you."

"And I believe if you really intend to turn over a new leaf its because of Angelines angel"

Father I think may be she is a saint

of God."

"So do I George. Did it ever occur to you that way I believed she prayed for you the most."

"I believe so" said George fervently and oh so gratified. It is heart had grown warm within him as much at the manner as at the words of the good kind priest

"now George I do not intend nor can I solve your problem for you. You can do that for yourself. What you need is more light. God will give it to you. I can keep you I believe to prepare your heart George, you must go to Am Celine after she comes out

of school and explain your conduct."

"I'd rather not Father"

"Exactly it will be a humiliation for you, and yet God gives light to those who humble themselves. Remember He says "that those who humble themselves shall be exalted But you must do it. It is your duty. And what ever it is prove to her that you did not write that lying note. Look at the circumstances for a moment. Since the retreat you have in the school you go to now failed to give satisfaction in class your teachers over in the Skimmer even noticed

that for she came to me about it, but she did not know the troubled and restless state you were in and neither did Angeline she was quite right in knowing it her duty to call you to account"

"Perhaps she was Father"

"Of course she was, you do not wear your heart on your sleeve. According to your own account you are extremely reticent"

"That's my way Father"

"Exactly. And again when Angeline thinking you were a Catholic called you to order about not going to mass on Sunday, you being against our religion took the correction in bad part without explaining to her."

"What do you mean in bad part?"

"You was angry with her and abused her"

But she was wrong or mistaken Father?

"Probably so. That is George as good and Holy as she is, she is not infallible. Only God can read the heart. According to all appearances her action was fully warranted. She acted accordingly to her best judgement whereas your conduct was dictated by pride."

"We Spanish are proud" I know that my boy but its silly to let pride get the best of you"

"Yes and when she spoke to me so kindly to day Father I was terribly rude I'm beginning

to be more and more ashamed of myself"
"And your duty is to apologize and explain. There is no doubt in the matter. I think George of the Great Mother of God in Heaven, and put the case before her, and I am sure that in your heart you can fancy her examining or answering in but one way, and to the Mother of God also you can go about your Religious duties or difficulties as I said I shall not answer you on that point no can I if I wished The question for you to answer is what does she wish you to do about your settlement with the

boy Pernod in the light of her Heavenly knowledge and how she can help you to avoid keeping the promise of your revenge on Pernod which your nationality and Honor make you do, and which you could not do as Pernod can really miraculously protect himself from any body and all dangers. You promised to Challenge him to a deadly duel. What would be the duel. His sisters have told me he can use any kind of weapon miraculously. So what could you do? Nothing. By the way George I take it for granted

you have been baptized.
"I think so Father, at least I've always taken it for granted."

Most probably you have been, however on a question so important one should be contented with nothing less than certainty. so it would be well to look the matter up. Now George go and pray. And remember my boy while you pray the Blessed Virgin is praying with you."

"Thank you very much Father. I will follow your advice as much as I can. It seems to me that I now begin to see my way. Good bye Father"

George went to the

Church and threw himself on his knees before a painting of the Sacred Heart. After a little he deliberately arose and took a position before a statue of the Immaculate Mother

For the first time in his life George found himself raising his troubled heart in love and confidence to her whose sweet intercession never fails of bringing relief.

"What makes you look so Cheerful George?" asked Eddie on the following Sunday afternoon.

"I've had a talk with Angeline Vivian and now every thing is all right between us.

I wanted to apologize before the whole bunch of the Vivians, and she would not hear of it though she said she was sorry it might not change Penrod because of the vile name I called him. Angeline said if there any apologizing to be done she'd do it herself. Then I begged her not to speak of the matter at all and she has promised. I do not feel so bitter against her brother now as I used to, but I feel I cannot my (vow) vow.

When however Angeline explained to me all her reasons for objecting to my conduct swearing and missing Mass on Sunday. I felt

that I had laid myself open to being misunderstood, and instead of being too hard on me for what I had called her brother Penrod had been too easy on me.

"The little girl Angeline is a trump" said Eddie and there was gladness written upon his face.

"It cost me a lot to go to her though" continued George. "I never did any apologizing in all my life before and it did not seem to come natural. I told her too that God knows I'm telling the truth in saying that I never had the slightest thought of strik-

her in the back, but only shook my fist at her. She said she knew I never could, never make her brother believe it though she would last evening after I had that talk with Father Casey I went off and prayed and prayed for courage. And I got it from the Blessed Virgin. And now I have to go and pray for one more thing and I am going to pray to her again."

"You need not tell me what it is" said Eddie "I can guess it. There only one thing I'd like to suggest."

"What is it?"

Eddie blushed and hummed for a moment.

"Well you might want a new member in your gang and— and— say George want you take me. I'll stay with you secretly and see if I'm fit."

And then the two lads laughed and giggled but for all their laughing one could see that in the hearts of each were a great happiness and a great love.

"Maybe I'll need you Eddie and will accept you without the test. But as to forgiving Period I don't see any way yet but I feel that it may come."

"Even than Christmas" said Eddie cheerfully. "Halloa there our dear mamas Darling tackling a small boy"

They had turned the corner of Aberdeen street and came suddenly upon two boys. One was Henry Turner the other a very small boy with bobbed hair.

Willie Price by name. Henry was holding Willie by the coat and speaking apparently with great earnestness. On catching sight of George and Eddie he slunk away with an expression of fear and annoyance on his face which did not escape the quick eye of Delavan.

"Was the boy trying to sell you something Willie?"

"Yes. He had what he said was a gold watch chain which he said was worth

over two dollars and fifty cents and he offered it to me for thirty cents."

"For thirty cents?"

"Yes"

"Did you take it?"

"Not for thirty cents. I jewed him down to twenty."

"He tried to sell me that chain" laughed George "for fifty cents. The chain is made of brass. What a fellow he is. He is far more crazy for money than I am."

"But wasn't he trying to get something else out of you when we came around the corner" continued Eddie

"Yes he offered to lend me twenty cents cash if I paid him

twenty five cents on Tuesday when I get my pocket money from home. I bought the chain the same way for twenty cents but on Tuesday when I get my pocket money I am to pay him twenty five cents."

"Who" cried Eddie his eyes snapping "now I am beginning to understand. Did you notice George that the Darling has been holding confidential talks with nearly every chap in the school including the girls?"

"Yes" responded George "now that you speak of it it does strike me that the Darling has been holding confidential talks with nearly every chap in the school."

"Yes" responded George "now that you speak of it, it does strike me that he has been up to something"

"Up to something repeated Eddie" it is quite clear what's he's been up to. Why every boy and girl has been flush with money to day didn't you see the crowd at the candy store and the way the pies went and think of it being a Sunday and all the kids getting pocket money from their parents and friends and the treasurer of this school."

"That is strange" said George "especially since I

collected fifteen cents from every boy and girl last Tuesday for the foot ball fund"

"and that is precisely what has helped on Hennys plans. He saw that the small boy were hungry and the small girls too and had up this morning, and her been lending them twenty cents, on so providing they pay him back twenty five cents next Tuesday"

"Its a regular confidence game" cried George indignantley "Ill stop that thing right now even if I have to pay the extra money my self I may be looked on as

a tough or rowdie but I'm no bully and if there's any thing I hate it is imposing on a little boy and girl. Why that fellow is far more selfish than I ever was in ever could be — he's as selfish as — confound it, I'll go and see him at once and give him a piece of my mind. Use some of my well known roughneck stuff on him"

"no you dont please George" said Eddie catching his indignant friend by the arm "just wait untill we talk it over I think I see a way of fixing the matter without any trouble.

"There is no use in any fighting when fun will answer just as well. Now look here Willie Reardon you see the way things are dont you"

"I see that the Darling has been working us for all we are worth" answered Willie ruefully. "I know two fellows he learned fifteen cents to and he is to get a quarter back from each"

"Well" whispered Eddie poking his index finger into Willies face "I want you to keep quiet for a while if you dont you'll spoil the fun, and besides you'll lose money. Just leave the matter to me and George and also Roger and you'll find that everything

will turn out all right. Now you'll keep quiet wont you?"

"Of course"

"Very well clear off now and tell Roger Haines we want to see him right away. George I've got a grand scheme"

Ed fell into a whisper and unfolded his plan. George as he listened actually laughed. Presently Roger came up and was admitted into their confidence.

For nearly an hour did the three conspirators put their heads together and when they had come to an agreement they were as jolly a trio

of boys as could be found. (I am) In a body they went up to the treasures room. They en entered giggling and even after the door had closed them in any one passing along the corridor could hear now and then a merry laugh.

And the loudest laughter of all of them was from the treasurer herself. Miss Donavan the treasurer of the Skinner st school was a hale old lady with a clear eye and a venerable face. She had been dealing her life long with girls and boys and having been so numa nan a harum - scarum herself she could really sympatize with even wild boys and girls

and being a woman of tender heart and generous sentiment she loved and was loved by every student with whom she came into contact

Only one charge had been lodged against the gray headed cheerful old woman she was far too lenient in her judgement If God could err it would be on the side of leniency But if it once happened you gained her displeasure it was wise to keep out of her way.

The three boys came out presently and it was evident from their faces that Miss Donovan who disliked Henry Turner very

much had entered heartily into their scheme.

The joke on Henry.

Although they tacked together confidentially all odd moments on the following day October 5 1911 Detective Dunn nevertheless continued to keep close watch on Henry Dunner. This young gentleman was behaving also very strangely according to the watchful eye of Pinkerton himself. There was an air of real suspicious restless mess about Henry. He held two secret conferences with John Fahwell the senior scholar a high school student that Pinkerton

and his sisters shunned, and did not trust and during the second received from him a letter. Pinkerton saw the letter slipped stealthily from Fairwells hand to the others, and he feet positively sure that something was wrong.

Had he but seen the address upon the envelope, his suspicions would have received the strongest confirmation and he would have had the two seized right away.

"I'm willing to bet the money that I sent the Pinkerton against five pennies that Henry Dunner is up to something

very unusual" he said to his own two chums.
"Oh he'll not do anything very bad I hope" said Delavan. "There would be no sense in his doing anything that he would really regret after that first attempt of his. It doesn't stand to reason. Why did he come back after he quit going to school here?! and now why should he want to be doing anything suspicious. There's no sense in the matter"
"If you go to reasoning about it" you have me" answered Percival "But all the same he's going to do something and soon too. And besides even George

whom so hot against me had warned me through notes to keep my eye on that Henky. He's been getting together and borrowing right and left and he's been studying up the best way to get to do something what I fear is against me. He tackled fellows about it"
"That reminds me" said Delavan "He took a walk with me down adams street a little before Dinner this morning and he seemed very much interested in your sisters wondered what made their hair so strangely golden, what they were why they came here to this Country and so on. He remarked

that it would be easy for a boy to slip through the back gate and take the street for a hundred yards or so and then cut across easily to Jackson Boul. Then I asked him whether he was thinking of running away from school and he then began to protest most eagerly that he had not the slightest thought in doing so that he did not need to run away, for he could quit any time he wanted to. Till I shut him up. It did not occur to me that there was anything back of eagerness, but now that you have spoken Penrod I begin to think that he wasn't quite natural"

"Exactly" assented Penrod, "He protests too much" "It's pretty clear" put in Roger "that if the darling intends running away from school he's not going to publish it in the newspapers"

"If there any one knows it" added Ed "it is Farwell. He's a crooked serious scholar and when ever a would be tough character gets into our school Farwell always becomes his chief friend. I'm surprised Farwell did not take a liking to George"

"They wouldn't hitch. Besides George is not such a bad character. He's a kind that loses his temper uses bad language and the like. But

hes not as bad as I thought he was. Ide hates me, not I him, and George does not like Henry or Farwell."

"If he does intend to I dont he will go away untill to morrow night" continued Ed. "He wont go to day because if he did he would go off minus all the money he lent. To morrow he collects every thing that is due him as far as I can make out he counts on making nearly two dollars on his various loans and bargains. Ide has a lots of clothes belonging to me" added Earl.

"And he borrowed a pen knife and a necktie of me" said

Rogers

"And he wanted to borrow my rubber coat" said Declavan" and he got the rubber. He wanted to borrow some overshoes from George and nearly got a sock in the nose excuse the slang but we must have our little joke Well" he continued "well everything is fixed for to morrow morning I believe and during the day we can study up Henrys plans for getting away from here. I'm afraid" he added as the bell rang for morning studies "I'll study more Henry than lessons to day If he were to stay here much longer I should lose my class standing

But lets go in. Just try to keep alive afternoon hours"

And indeed they were very much alive when during morning recess they scampered from the class room to the corridor on which was situated the treasurers office. Every boy in that and other classes took part in that scampering each one endeavoring to get a position nearest the treasurers room.

Within two minutes after leaving the corridor the junior students were all drawn in line, pushing and tugging and pinching and spanning after the manner of their kind

The first lad in the line Eddie Delavan had knocked

softly and twice thrice. But there came no answer He was about to knock again when the third boy in the line anticipated him by reaching forward and giving the door a violent blow with his clinched fist He then slipped back into his place leaving Eddie to take the consequence.

The pushing and tugging ceased like magic and and all awaited in expectant silence the result.

Miss Dona van threw open her door with some energy and glanced severely down the line Henry Turner who stood at the very end keeping watch upon

upon the door which led to the yard on the back side was perceptibly worsened. He quailed before the look upon the treasurers face.

"What do you mean by knocking that way on my door Henry Duffner, do you hear?" cried Miss Donavan with much fierceness of manner

"I did not do it"

"Thats right go ahead and make a lie out of it"

"I did not"

"Keep quiet and what do all you boys want at this time of day?"

"Its Monday morning Miss Donavan" exclaimed Peter Dare who was far down the line

"Well suppose it is what about it?"

Pocket money day" cried at least twenty or more voices.

"Not to day" said Miss Donavan, "owing to certain circumstances more of you extravagant boys get one cent of pocket money this morning."

And Miss Donavan stepped back into her room closed the door and turned the key in the lock

All the boys except Henry knew the real meaning as Eddie had told them and they had agreed to the joke. Some pretended groaning some laughed and a few who were germane in the joke along with Earl Eddie Rogers and George pretended

to look rueful, as for
Denny he broke out into
a volley of mutlered curs-
es and he cursed in
more awful words than
George even knew of. His
face had grown pale
and his fingers were
clutching at the lapels
of his coat

He was in a state
of intense excitement.
In fact Eddie knew
this was going to
happen

He George Rogers
and Earl had plan
ned this with Miss
Donavan to frustrate
Henrys purpose of
fleecing the smaller
boys.

"Hey there you fellows
dont get out this door"
he bawled at Peter
Lane and half a

dozen other small
boys " until you've
paid me my money"

"Who owes you mon-
ey?" asked Delavan.

"Those fellows" said
Henry Skinner point-
ing out fourteen mid-
gets of Miss Wrights
class.

While he was point
ing out his debtors
Rogers slipped over to
Ed and whispered
something in his ear.

"Do you notice its
the third Eleven of the
football association
to a man?"

"Yes and I catch the
idea too-" Darling he
added aloud "I advise
you to clear the way
These little fellows
wont stand much
nonsense, youd better

let them out."

"Not till we've settled this affair" snarled Henry. "If anyone of them try to go till I'm done. And I'm sure Webber George will back me up!"

"Oh no" cried George "I promised Miss Violet Vivian that I'll pick on small boys no more. I'll stand with her to the end." and he looked slyly at Ed. Ed knew what George's look meant.

"Give Henry the wedge" whispered Ed to Peter, the captain of the eleven.

Peter eyes sparkled, a whisper ran through the bunch of midgets and at once there were eleven pair of eyes sparkling as one.

"Line up" yelled Peter falling back nine

or ten yards from the spot where Henry stood with clenched fists.

Henry's eyes opened very wide and his jaw dropped in wonder when the midgets fell into their places for a rush.

"Seven - eight - eleven - thirteen twenty two - keep your feathers on" bawled Peter in his highest pitch.

A wedged shaped body of boys shot towards Henry while Peter detatching himself from the mass came tripping quietly about the right end.

Henry did not notice Peter his eyes were fixed on the wedge. Violet and some of her sisters looking

into a window somewhat ensued.

With a bellow and putting his head down like a bull Henry burst forward three paces towards the approaching mass. While his foot was still raised for the fourth pace Peter threw himself straight at his knees plunging forward as a diver plunges into the water.

Peter was a fearless tackler and fearless is the secret of good tackling In an instant the two were rolling upon the floor with a great racket Peter to the left Henry to the right while between them with a swinging swoop moved the wedge out through the door and into the

yard while the boys within looking on forgetting the rules of the corridor broke into the liveliest expression of applause.

Peter and Henry struggled with all haste to their feet but Peter was the quickest artist and darted off for the door followed at a distance of several yards by the furious darling.

But when he saw some of the Vivian girls making a move as if to intercept him he checked himself and Peter was safe.

"Are you hurt?" cried Violet catching one of Henrys arms.

"Just let me dust you" said Catherine catching the other.

"We'll all take

care of you" put in Jennie and Henry found himself hemmed in by six of the prettiest little girls in the world, added by eighteen youths, their faces full of true sympathy and such of their hands as could come into play beating upon his clothes.

A door opened at the further end of the long corridor miss Stanislaus stern face appeared and the next moment every boy had somehow or other got back into the yard.

"It's too bad Darling" said Violet linking her arm with Henrys while the other students in obedience to a

wink from Jennie left the two to themselves.

"I'm swindled croaked Henry.

"Did they promise to pay you to day?"

"Yes, and I insist on their paying."

How much do they owe you?"

"Four dollars and fifty cents"

"Four dollars and fifty cents?"

"Yes"

"Did you really loan them so much?" demanded Catherine herself

"Yes I did."

"Do you know how much each one owes you?" asked Jennie.

"You just bet I do Here" Henry

as he spoke pulled a paper from his pocket" "This is a list of the boys who owe me and the amount they owe. The girls paid me up though" "And you insist on their paying to day"? "Yes I do. I've got to have that money I must have that money before night I want to buy a pair of shoes"

"Very well I'll see if I can arrange things I'll take the list along and I and my sisters will do the best we can for you. Midgets ahoy" called Violet leaving the Darling discomfiture upon a bench with her two sisters. The midgets to a man came flocking about Violet They

thought they scanted fun from afar. "There will be a meeting of the people who are in dept to Henry Turner right now in the play room. All other boys and girls too will keep out"

At a run the midgets made for the play room.

"The meeting is called to order" said Violet presently with much granny Johnnie Martin please be good enough to take that chewing gum out of your mouth. Henry Don Winslow please to sit up straight and not like a question mark. Keep quiet there Jimmie Heller! Now listen

while I read this paper. The following boys have promised to pay me the following amount on Tuesday morning.

Peter Lang 50 cents, lent to him 40 cents
William Vernon 50 cents " " " " " "
Albert Don Winslow 25 cents lent to him fifteen cents.
Vincent Beadie 75 cents " " 55
Johnnie Martin 25 cents lent him 15 cents.
Jimmie Keller - 25 cents " " 15 cents
Joe Heller 50 cents -- 40 cents
Darrid Samuelson 50 cents, lent him fourty cents.
John Short. 25 cents lent him 35.
Edward Hastings 25 cents. lent him fifteen.
Bernard Cassidy. 50 cents lent him 40 cents.
Total $4 and 50 cents.
$3 40 cents.
Net gain $1.70 cents.

$3.40 cents loaned,
Henry Turner.

P. S. Vincent Beadie is a soft one, He has lots of money and its easy to get it from him. The whole lot of them are precious green and I intend to make another dollar or two out of them.
H. T."

This postscript Violet for very prudential reasons did not read to the midgets.
"Now is that all right?" inquired Violet raising her eyes from the paper.
Each of the mugs midgets assented affirmatively,
"And according to the agreement you are all bound

to pay to day?"
"Thats so" said Peter.
"Well there's only one course left for you."
The midgets were now serious
"You must go into bankruptcy. You must make an assignment you must appoint a receiver"
What big eyes the wig midgets had. They sat silent and solemn.
"I'll be your receiver if you've no objections" continued Violet suavely
"All right" said several.
"How are you going to do it"
"Let me explain" said Violet "When people owe money and are called upon to pay, and can't do it, they are forced

into bankruptcy. Thats just your fix. You owe money and cannot pay. You are obliged to pay what you can and if you have no objections you can go into business again. I must arrange that with him myself. Now go through your pockets carefully and gather up all your money and pass it over to me"
Peter found a penny in the lining of his coat put it in his cap and then going round gathered in the small change from those who had any.
"Fourty cents in all" said Violet "Boys as far as I can make out, each of you will pay eight cents on

the dollar that is those who owe the Darling fifty cents will satisfy by paying four cents and those who owe twenty five cents by paying two cents".

She took out her note book and made a calculation.

"At that rate I find that your debts will be paid off for thirty six cents."

"and what'll you do with the other four cents?" asked Johnnie Martin a serious boy with a sharp face.

"I shall keep that for my commission" said Violet cheerfully.

"Do you mean to say" continued Martin" that after paying the Darling those thirty six cents we

dont owe him anything more"?

"Not exactly only dont let onto him or the joke will be spoiled. a bankrupt should pay his debts as soon as he can. You people really should pay Henry what remains due to him as soon as you get your pocket money"

The midgets all looked relieved they were honest youngsters they were delighted too for they now saw a good joke was on foot.

"I shall mob if you have no objections young gentlemen, go over and try to fix up accounts with the Darling" continued Violet.

She arose and

followed by the crowd, crossed the yard.

"Henry Turner you really insist on payment"

"Yes I do"

"Well those little fellows cant pay their debts in full and as you insist on full payment they have been forced to make an assignment and have gone into bankruptcy."

Henry Turner stared stolidly.

"Well I dont care whether they go into bankruptcy or not I want my money that's all."

"And as they have gone into bankruptcy" pursued Violet they have appointed me their Reciever."

"Are you going to pay me my money?" inquired Henry with no little eagerness.

"Henry Turner as reciever for the young gentlemen commonly called the midgets as theyre the youngest boys going to school here I find that their assets amount to fourty cents and their liabilities to four dollars and a half you shall as first installment on the debt be paid eight cents on the dollar Here it is thirty four cents"

"I wont take it I wont take it" said Henry angrily. Think I am a fool?"

"I'll not tell you what I think. You should not ask questions like that They'll pay you in full when they can

But you've got to take it. It is the law"

"Get out" squaked Henry "You will notice that we are out Here, the money."

"I'll not take one cent" howled Henry, and to the astonishment of many his face began to twitch and quiver, as though he were about to cry. After all Henry had his feelings too. This unexpected exhibition confused Violet.

She was an unusally tender hearted little girl and could face anything but tears. She paused to think.

But too she had no intention of playing any joke on Henry even if the midgets thought so and if it would

have been the joke would have been too hard on Henry. However too she could not do a cruel thing.

"Oh well Henry" she said you'll get all of your money if you'll only wait."

"But I cant wait. I want it now."

"Well then come along with me to Miss Donohue. She'll fix it for you"

And Violet followed by Henry proceeded to the treasurers room. Henry then got his claim allowed in full. He got his net gain of one dollar and thirty cents. He recieved what he had lent and the extra too but nevertheless went

out with mixed feelings He had hoped to receive more.

Then the midgets were summoned to miss Donohue's presence.

"See here you boys" she began with a severity so pronounced that every lad in the room saw its insincerity "you deserve a good thrashing every one of you."

"That's so miss Donohue" said Peter Sang sweetly, catching one end of miss Donohues sleeves while Johnnie Martin fondled the other sleeve.

Miss Donohues face twitched. It was hard work for her to be stern with the ungenerous american small boy.

You neednt think I'm going to give you any pocket money now. I have just paid off your debts and you may get along the best way you can for one week."

"Oh miss Donohue." There were eleven voices in this cry of deprecation.

"I mean what I say you boys have got to learn sense There now you can go."

Then spoke up Vincent Mead, the full back of the midgets

"See here miss Donohue "you cant fool us. We know you are not angry."

"Yes I am sir"

Again there was a slight twitching

at the lips.

The boys began to smile sweetly"

"No you're not, you could not get mad at Peter Sarre and Johnnie Martin if you tried"

"Get out of here every one of you. Do you hear me? Get out at once."

This time there was a twinkle in Miss Donahues eye and the midgets knew that she was lost.

"We will not go until you laugh Miss Donahue Donahue" said Vincent.

Another twitch another twinkle and it was all over with the jolly treasurer of the Skinner School.

She laughed long to a very effective treble accompaniment

By the way what a deal of laughing chorusses we have been obliged to chronicle the opening of the a this model part of the story.

How much are you going to give us Miss Donahue. Sets have our twenty five cents just the same as though nothing has happened and we'll all pray for you" persued Vincent Meade.

There was a great deal of arguing before this question had been settled. Finally the midgets departed smiling and radiant each one short just five cents of his regular weekly allowance

Some of our readers

may consider Miss Donohue as a weak woman in dealing with the students. In this they can agree with Peter Same on one good condition

"We can do what we like with her" said Peter triumphantly as the procession scurried into the yard

"Yes but if you really put yourself in her disfavor by being bad and wont mend she's the severest woman in the whole school" said Meade. "I seen Henry Turner once hit his little sister and miss Donohue just sailed into him like a cyclone and raved and stormed something fearful. so she

she could be heard through the whole school She can make you afraid of her all night. But be good and she's an angel and will do anything for you"

'and yet there was not a boy in the crowd who was not the better and happier for this good woman's so called weakness. For her weakness was the weakness of strength. In matters of conduct and of duty Miss Donohue could bend these boys and also all the little girls as she pleased

At her suggestion the stubborn boy or girl became

docile the discouraged boy took heart the proud spirit humbled itself, and prayerless lips were moulded to earnest calls upon God.

What others did with punishment and long labor she did without effort. What others utterly failed in she accomplished with laborless triumph and yet the secret of her success is not far to seek.

She loved boys and girls and even sympatized with them But when a boy or a girl appeared to be hopelessly bad and unmanagable then towards them she could be a tigress.

She would and could bring them to obedience by making them

scared of her When she was really angry look out. She could make you dread her like a child dreads a mean strange dog.

On Monday afternoon October the fifth Webber George knocked at Father Caseys door.

"What makes you look so happy my boy?" asked Father Casey with a genial smile which was ever ready on the appearance of his boy and girl friends.

"Because Father" answered George taking a chair which the Father motioned him to, "my difficulty is gone and I am now ready to become a Catholic"

"You feel quite sure of your position?"

"Yes Father, and it came about in a way that looks providential. Yesterday and the day before I went to St Patricks Church and prayed hard for light.

Saturday night I thought of my mother, and it seemed to me that she really wanted me to be a Catholic. After praying I felt almost certain that it was my duty to do so. But I thought it would not hurt to wait until to day for more light. Father it has come in the queerest way imaginable."

"How so George?"

"At noon to day

I got a letter from my old nurse in reply to mine. It seemed she was commissioned while I was a little baby, to see to my being baptized by a Lutheran clergyman.

It was several weeks after my birth and my mother at the time was very sick in bed. It was thought advisable not to put off my baptism till her recovery. The nurse started off to bring me to the Church, my father met her on the way and bribed her to bring me back and pretend that I

been baptized. I suppose he intended to have me baptized by a Catholic Priest later on, but for some reason or other it appears that through my Uncle and Aunt Butling in he was afraid to do so. Father I am not even a Catholic, just think of it. I can now start out with a clean record. At times I have tried to be a good boy, but when I fancied I had many enemies and so on I got now-ish.

Now once I am baptized the ugliness of the past is over forever. If I could have it my way I'd be baptized at once."

"What a strange story" said Father Casey.

"Isn't it? You remember when I came to see

you last how you advised me to look up the history of my baptism. I wrote at once to my old nurse.

She answered on the instant of recieving it. She writes that the thing has been on her conscience ever since. My father she says being a Catholic wanted me to be baptized a Catholic and promised my mother he would see to it.

He intended to at the time, but my Uncle and Aunt cowed him to go putting it off until finally nothing was done. You can imagine how the letter surprised me. On reading it every

doubt was gone at once. My mother herself had asked me to promise to be true to my Religion. She knows now and I do that my Religion is the religion."

"You have answered the difficulty George your mothers wish was that you should be true to the true Religion and when she knows of it now she will like your choice."

"Father I should like to be baptized to morrow. It would be better to day if I were prepared but I want some time to get ready. I am happy now but I know that to morrow will I hope be the happiest day of my life"

Father Casey took the boys hand in his. He too was happy beyond expression.

"If trouble had not happened between us I would have liked to have Pernod as my Godfather and one of his sisters as my Godmother."

A Godfather and Godmother of such unusual people, and very high class, Abbe annuiants why boy they are prince and princesses of a very good and powerful nation. Their father is a great king.

"Weber George could not believe what she heard, He nor his parents

even his uncle and aunt had ever heard or been told of their being Royal people.
At first he looked at the priest as if sorely afraid the good father had lost his mind
"Whats the matter?" asked Father Casey.
"What was it you said just then?"
"The Vivians are of a noble and very high Royal family. My boy that can be easily proved"
"Whats that? They are of the royalty? Why I never of that or heard of such a thing
Father are you trying to wimwam me?"
"no thats absolutely true Their Father is a monarch but a very holy one, Its strange

you never knew that
"And yet you say you are far from being a friend or on friendly terms with their good brother. Couldnt you chose someone else as your Godfather?"
"no my instinct tells me I should take the chance, try through the intercession of one of his sisters to make up with him and ask him"
"Of course. But its a difficult decision. you may try."
"I will"
"Suppose he refuses?"
"Then I'll want Eddie Ellavan for my Godfather"
"Of course, and what about your First Communion"?

'Couldnt I make it right after Baptism. I am ready Father. Father you know I though then not a catholic has nevertheless been attending St Patricks Church more or less for three years, and have secretly been paying attention to the catechism instructions, especially this year."

Father Casey considered this point carefully for several minutes.

"Do you really intend my boy absolutely to go to try to ask Penrod to be your God father after all you said to him and to make up with him?"

"I'm going to try Father. If he wont then I cannot help it I know if I

dont make up and make restitution it is useless for me to go to Confession and Holy Communion, I could easily prove to him that I did not write that lying note to the Mother Superior about Angeline

Some one else did it to get even with me for something 'and if you knew who did it, why did you not punish him for it?'

I cannot him or pay him back Father He happens to be a girl. I never did hit a girl except Alice. And I vowed I would never hit any girl again"

"Oh I see. But you

could tell Pennod."

"I will when we can make up. and then too I'll prove it. It's up to him what he will do I suppose."

"Who was the girl?"

"Alice" answered George.

"Well George. Next Friday will be the first Friday of the month the day of the Sacred Heart. Suppose you put off your communion until then. To morrow I will baptize you after mass and then during that and the next day you may get ready for communion if you really intend to forgive Pennod. Not that you do not know enough to receive the Blessed Eucharist but in order that you may prepare your heart the better."

And that will be an other red letter day in my life" said George "yes I like the plan. Secretely despite many of the bad words I said against the Church I've always had a love for the Sacred Heart Devotion, and besides I can prepare for my first Confession. And for the bad things I have done I want to make a general Confession"

"You make no general Confession my boy"

"How is that Father?"

"Because Confession is for the sins willfully committed after Baptism. You may go to Confession next Thursday night

if you wish to tell all about what has happened since Wednesday morning but as regards anything that occured before your Baptism that will never be matter for Absolution"

George looked still happier "That makes it so easy for me" he said "Of course I was willing to tell all the sins of my life but it seems such a hard job, and then I was afraid I might leave out something important. But now it is so nice and easy. Father I must go off and tell Pernod I intend to really repent"

George was the more effusive in his expressions of joy than Father Casey. As it happend

happened he had received three dollars and 75¢ from home at noon and he at once treated every boy he could find.

Very quickly the news of George's conversion went around, and many worn and loving hearts rejoiced that the bully of Skinner School was about to receive the lovely Baptismal robe.

George went to find Pernod.

It was some time before he could locate him and when he did Pernod was in conversation with his sisters.

When he did see Pernod he hesitated in his purpose He remembered the

awful things he had called Pernod the hostile battle with with him in the school yard, something too hard, and of his threat several times to kill Pernod saying:
"We are through"
If he could only catch the attention of one of Pernods sisters beckon to her to come over and ask her to speak to Pernod about it as he had heard he would not refuse even a person he hated,
But how could he attract her attention. She was busy in conversation with her brother and it seemed to be something very important.
He thought of a scheme if it would work. There was a good sized round

stone half the size of an orange lying at his feet He picked it up and sent it rolling towards the heels of one of them. It landed smack against the right heel of Joce herself.
She looked down without turning around and seeing it was a stone looked in the direction from whence it came.
She was surprised to see George at a short distance beckoning to her, at first she hesitated. for she knew what George is or was and not thinking that he intended to change his ways was distrustful, never-

theless she came up to
-ism him and he then
first told her of his in-
terview with the Father
Carney. of his intention of
becoming a Catholic and
of his hope of chosing
Pernad as a Godfather.
She was silent for
a moment or so and
then said:
"That is indeed a most
unusal thing to suggest or
ask for. And it surprises
me most interesting
from what our position
is and of the fact
that you had so an-
gered him and almost
made him your enemy."
"But I can prove
and have witnesses
to it that I did nt
write the note to the
Mother Superior about-"
"That is nt what

I mean" she interrupted
him "to the awful
name you called him.
But I hold no grudge
against you and I will
try to impress him.
So you were not a
Catholic when you went
to St Patricks school?"
"no."
We thought you were
some strange miracle
must have happened
if it is true you are
going to change and
become a Catholic.
But we are good and
reasonable. and we
will try our best.
But knowing what
kind of people we
are, that is surely
an unusal request"
She went off and
was soon in ear-
nest conversation

with Pennod whose gaze was continually twixt Webber George, It seemed to George that she was a long time talking with her brother which made him somewhat nervous and yet greatly embarrassed when both Pennod and Grace came up to him.

"If I do so I'll be the first prince in the world I believe who was ever God father to any body" said Pennod gravely. "I will myself speak with Father Carney over that matter and with my own father too. I will see Father Carney this afternoon and let you know to morrow. If it is true what you say you will

want and need a God father. Yet it is something very serious to take me. I will therefore as I said before see Father Carney or Casey and seek the advice of either one. You see if I be one it will be a prince who will be the God father of an Armenian boy and that is a very unusual thing I'll let you know first thing to morrow morning."

With this George had to be content.

"I say George" said Earl later in the afternoon "We are going to have some fun to night but

I suppose we had better count you out of it Its about Henry Turner."

"Have you learned anything more?"

Not a great deal. One of the little boys heard the Darling telling that wretch Fairwell that all was now fixed and that he seen his way clear to getting just what he intends. Other fellow saw Henry Turner steal out into Jackson Boul. back of the school He had several packages when he went out and he disappeared in an alley some distance down. When he came back again the bundles were gone. His box in the washroom was empty and he had been arranging his desk in the

study hall and putting things there besides his school materials So."

"So he's up to some thing eh?

"Yes there's scarcely a doubt about that."

"And do you intend to let him do what he's up to?"

"Yes" said Earl. "He'll intend to try to do it sure this time and I'll bet after that he'll not try it again. But all the same I think we'll manage to have some fun."

"How Earl."

"I dont want to distract you George. You go ahead and get ready for your Baptism and to morrow morning if things

go the way I expect I shall have a great story to tell."

Chapter Eleven.

In which kidnappers get a good scare, and other things of interest.

"Recess" announced the teacher. At the word the silence which had been sensitive to the scratching of a pen was broken by the shutting of books, the slamming of desks, the shifting of feet, and in a moment the noise with its makers was transfered to the yard. The teacher cast a glance down the aisles, and satisfied that all the students had left the room took her departure. Her footsteps were still sounding upon

the hall outside when a head bobbed up from behind a school desk and two small eyes glanced warily about.

Satisfied that the coast was clear the owner of the small eyes no other than Henry Turner awoke to sudden activity.

Going to certain desks he heeped himself hurriedly to two, or three fountain pens, a box of letter paper four gold pens a silver watch and a few odds and ends.

He then thoughtfully put on a fine heavy over coat the best in the hall which happened to be Pen nod Vuram.

He took the coat without malace.

He had no particular grudge against Pennod, but Pennods coat was the best and he chose it as a matter of business.

Satisfied that under the limitations of time and place he had done his best Henry threw open one of the windows on the side opposite the playground and leaped out.

Shutting the window and pausing for a short time to assure himself that there was no one near he made his way down Aberdeen street and into an alley as he went along he could hear the shouts of the boys and girls

in the yard. From the shadows in the alley he could see them running about in the morning sunlight The little Vivians themselves were in full view of his eyes but at satisfactory distances. Their beauty and ways had no effect on him whatever.

Crouching at the gate the amiable Henry shook both fists at the yard and the inmates thereof and then went back to the alley.

"Now I'm safe" he grunted as he reached Jackson & Saul. and mopped the perspiration from his brow.

It was a chilly morning but Henry was not sensitive to the cold as yet Having regained his breath

he started down the blind alley keeping to the wall of houses where the building shadows were darkest. The sun shone clear and full throwing a ghastly strong light through openings between the buildings.

There was no wind and the silence about him accentuated by the shouts of the lads in the play ground.

Henry could hear his own breathing and it frightened him.

He stopped once to regain his breath. As he stood still he found himself suddenly surrounded by four boys They were Earl Ed, George

and Roger Hamer.
You are coming back with us to the Principal" said Ed.
"And if you try to make a break I'll roughhouse you" snarled George.
"What did I do?" demanded Henry.
"We saw you from the yard" said George harshly "I ought to knock all your teeth out instead. And Gosh of all things. If you aint got Pendrods coat on I do, You would even steal that. Come along, make make a fuss and the four of us will mob you".
George had closed in on him and examined Henrys pockets. He went about it slowly

while the three other boys didnt move once. It was a long search for Henry had quite a number of pockets and he had quite a collection within.
The collection made quite a heap, pencils, knives, ink pens holders a box of pens several filled ink bottles, a ruler money, ties, cuff buttons a number of expensive watches, and all manner of school supplies belonging to girls and boys.
Next the examiner made him march between the others towards school.
Miss Stanislaw was not a little surprised when the dauntless

four filed into her office with sucking Henry and placed upon her desk one large tightly packed valise and any number of valuable odds and ends"

"What's all this?" she asked.

"Stolen goods from this school" Earl replied. "Of course some of the things may be Henry's but we didn't have time to find out"

"Henry" repeated Miss Stanislaw looking sharply at the culprit.

"Yes, his mama Darling"

"And who is this Henry— his mama Darling"

"Right here before you" said George pushing the rogue before her "We didn't mind taking everything of value he had because we felt sure that most of the stuff was stolen

and we knew that whatever was his could be reclaimed"

"Well suppose you tell me about it"

George told his story with fervor and Miss Stanislaw listened with unaffected interest and surprise.

"Well this situation an aint any matter for me" said the Principal "This is a case for the police. And whose over coat has he got on? Is it his?"

"Not so the overcoat belongs to Pernod."

"Miss Stanislaw was more surprised than ever.

"Pernods"

"Yes Miss Stanislaw"

"Ed you go and fetch

Pennod please".

Ed went to Miss Dwight class room and told Pennod that the Principal that she wished to see him.

Pennod wondering what was up followed Ed into the Principals office. He was surphised to see three boys in there the fourth one being Henry.

He instantly recognized the coat Henry had on. The boys then explained everything to Pennod.

Yet to their surpurse, in spite of it all Pennod who had the say in everything was opposed to having the police called. He had the idea that the best thing to do was to have

the foolish boy expelled from the School.

The Principal then said:

"Now you four may all go home for the rest of the day. You have done a good deed in preventing this bad boy from getting away with all this. Tomorrow I shall try to find out who owns all these things, and send whatever is unclaimed to Henry who will be discharged. Good afternoon boys, I am very much obliged to you indeed."

"So soliloguzed the Principal as the last boy left and she gazed at the valise which bore the initials. This

to the end of Henry Turner."

"Oh but (George) boys" cried George with eyes that sparkled above their wonted sparkle "we've done a great days work. I knew that Henry was going off home in Period Brians clothes and with the knick-knack borrowed here and there but I didnt think he was going to rob right and left. I could hardly keep from banging him on the jaw when I took my own fountain pen and my own gold sleeve buttons and two of my own and Periods neckties out of his pocket. "And I feel like

putting in an oar" broke in Earl "when you brought out my box of writing paper, it was a birthday gift from my mother and each sheet of paper had my initials stamped on it."

Nevertheless the boys were radiantly happy over the adventure. The fact that Henry Turner had been scared out of wits dashed not their merriment in the least.

He was a thief, a sneak thief they all agreed and the frightening he had received was a very light punishment.

The next day during the noon time

hour dinner George having forgotten his lunch went to an Inn to eat. The table at which he sat was covered by a screen for privacy. He could not be seen, neither could he see others.

As he progressed with his dinner being a slow eater he overheard this conversation:

"When?"

"Just at dark"

"We go through one of those alleys near the school on Aberdeen?"

"Yes"

"But those little girls are as strong as men despite their size and can fight and!

"We'll surprises them with pistols"

How many will you kidnap. If we try to

kidnap them all they will "kidnap us!"

"We'll kidnap two. We'll take the one called Violet and any one of the youngest which is handiest hold them for ransom and if their father wont pay or notifies the police we'll"—:

"Sh-h-h-h" not so loud" said another, "Lets get going. We'll kidnap them when they leave the Summer school"

There was a few more words and George heard them go out.

During the conversation he had went on eating as if he had not heard a thing Then

he too went out and returned to school and said nothing about the conversation to anybody for some good reason of his own.

The number of men to do this kid napping act were four They had watched their chance when Violet and Angeline had left Pernod and the others for a moment to go across a street Indeed this kidnapping business was going to be a sort of a comical farce

At a lonely spot they surprised the little girls and at the point of pistols forced the little girls to keep quiet and go with them, satisfied therefore

that under the limitation of time and place they had done their best to carry out their nefarious scheme, they hurried on towards one of those selected alleys described in the plot

Pausing for a short time to assure themselves that there were no people about to see them, or no police in sight. they made their way under the long shadows of the tall factory buildings to the back of one sixteen stories high They were yet a block away from the alley But during the time they headed for the alley they decided

to hide in a house for a few minutes as they saw three policemen coming. They had heard that the little Vivians were well known by the police and therefore they would be stopped and questioned.

Yet despite their threat with guns they were having difficulty in trying to force them in.

The little girls balked and tried to show fight, and when they did so one of the men threatened that if they did not go in as quietly as possible they would kill them and send them to their parents in small pieces.

The little girls

girls became "impudent".

Violet reminded the men she and sisters were well guarded and secretly guarded and that the men would not get away with this.

Angeline hoping to attract attention from police if possible screeched and yelled and finally blocked the door so that the other men could not go in or make her and her sister go in with them. The four strong adults by main force succeeded in moving the child from the door. At that moment a boy and girl of small size

a suddenly came upon the scene and tried to interfere striking at the men with sticks and yelling for help. One of the men struck the little boy in the mouth knocking all his front teeth out and sending him flying.

The little girl was grabbed by a second and to stop her screeching he strangled her so hard that her tongue protruded and she hung helpless. He would have hung on until she was dead but there was the sound of running feet and hurling her down fled with his friends and the two girls twards the alley.

As they went along

one of them kept an eagle eye on the two little girls for fear they might make a break or again show fight and cry out for assistance.

Indeed as we shall soon see these four men made a disasterous blunder in kidnapping these little girls.

On account of it being an awfully windy day no one was about.

Near one of the alleys the four would be kidnappers stopped to regain their breath. Violet and Angeline would have bolted but that two of the men had

their hands on their guns but concealed in their pockets.

As they stood still there suddenly came or seemed to come upon their ears a low groan. Was it imagination? They could hear their heart beats now, and down their backs there swept an odd chilly sensation.

They listened again but all was silent. The sound was real however decidedly real for Violet and Angeline who are quick eared heard it most plainly and it came from some part of the alley. But pity for some one who might be in pain came upon the little girls instead of fear.

Now there the

men were really yellow cowards at heart and were soon to prove it.

"I'm scared" said one of the men to his companions "We wont stop any more"

He spoke aloud to reassure himself by the sound of his own voice.

"Say you fool dont talk loud" "you'll queer everything" said a second man.

And walking swiftly they entered the alley and started through. As they advanced with the two little girls between them they heard or fancied they heard a movement as of stealthy

footsteps on the further end of the alley but no one was in sight. But now they gave no heed to these real or fancied sounds.

They felt sure that it was their disturbed imagination for still there was no one in sight.

When they were well on the tallest man, who seemed the most scared gave a sob of relief

"Now we're all right' We'll get to the addo and away with the darn angel faced brat we'll go, and—!"

"Throw up yoin hands, all you four and be quick about it!"

At the words uttered in a loud ham voice the man, holding

Violets hand dropped it his blood seemed to freeze in his veins and there was a horrible stinging sensation about the roots of his hair.

His eyes lifted once and he gave a yell and fell back flat upon the ground.

The other three would have drawn their guns but it seemed that thirty weird figures had hemmed them in, thirty unearthly figures.

To the eyes of the four men they seemed to be giants.

Black masks were on their faces high conical hats covered their heads.

Long robes reached

from their shoulders to their feet. They stood like statues each with one hand upon their hip and the other holding a revolver pointed at the four men. No wonder one of them fell. The two girls recognized the voice.

"Weber George" Violet couldnt resist crying out."

"Get up you yellow cowards and as the four of you value your lives dont open your mouths" came the same hard voice,

The man arose and staggered as he stood

"Put up your hands you yellow snakes, the four of you and be quick about it,"

The four men obeyed and while the rest of the strange figures continued to be themselves like statues the one who came forward and had spoken gently pushed the two little girls to his gang and then examined the pockets of the men taking away however only their weapons,

He went about it slowly while not a figure moved.

The hands of the four men continued high in air as they breathed heavily and wished in their hearts that one of these figures would move or cough,

anything rather than the silence and the pointed pistols. At first the two little girles were horrified and saddened for at that moment they thought that at a late afternoon hour George was leader of a big gang of robbers but they were suddenly relieved when George said still harshly.

"I napped you four nicely didn't I thought you'd kid nap little girls to hold them for ransome eh Well I got ahead of you and nipped your plat in the bud, nicely."

The four men never answered a word as they didnt

dare to speak Oh if they could but open their mouths. They were suffocating—they could not even swallow. But to open their mouths as they understood the leader, meant death.

Fresh drops of real perspiration came upon their faces.

Angeline and Violet thought that something was amiss for the way everything seemed they feared that during the day George went to school and at night was a bandit leader. The four would be kid nappers thought the same of the leader.

thought the same, for the leader again carefully searched the four but found nothing else on them except money, and a number of neat paper clippings and some cover of a magazine with a picture of a nude woman on it. The money or papers he didnt take. The magazine cover he tore into shreds. The leader really was looking for more weapons.

The leader of the four men hoping for a chance to speak, made a motion to George as if to ask if he could say a few words.

"Well then speak" snarled George "What do you want to say?"

"Well what I want to say is this. We four are professional kidnappers. You and your gang are some kind of robbers though why you did not take our money is a surprise to us. Well I'll make a proposition with you. We are comrades in crime. Set us alone, and give up the brats back again, and when we get the ransom money we'll give you half of it. I want to make a bargain."

At this the members of George gang

giggled loudly.
"Yes I'll make a bargain" said George harshly "I'll try to think it over and maybe make a bargain with the police. So you think we're crooks eh? Well dont fool yourselves I overheard your plot to kidnap these little girls and intercepted you quick enough. We do not intend to waste time in handing you four degenerates to the police as you are not worthy enough to grace the inside of a police cell. We will let you go if these little girls desire so but we warn you fellows that if you ever show yourselves in this neighborhood again

we will get you and do mob violence on you. Do you two little girls approve of us letting them go or shall we turn them over to the police?"
Violet and Angeline hesitated for a moment and then Violet said: "Let the men go".
"All right" said George. Then turning to the four "Now count 20, then the four of you run for your worthless lives, and dont dare open your mouths until you have reached the Union Depot. But first turn your ornery faces towards the main street and dont look back

came the harsh tones of the leader.

While the figures thus far motionless lowered their pistols and massed themselves between the four men and the other end of the alley the kidnappers tried to count twenty consciencously. They must have broken down and began again five or six times they certainly counted twenty.

When they felt quite sure that they had followed this injunction they took to their heels one after the other, and as the last one started there came behind him a loud deafening explosion which sent him winged

speed, In less time than it takes to narrate it, the four men had disappeared from the view of their ghostly persecutors.

"Well" exclaimed the leader throwing off his mask and revealing the tough face of Webber George "was it not a grand success though?"

"Stunning" said Michael Hoffs removing his weird conical caps.

"If they continue to run in that way" added a third "they'll get to the station without any trouble at all".

"Oh but boys" cried George with sparkling eyes "We've done

a great late afternoons work I knew from what I overheard in the Inn Inn that these fellows were going to kidnap and run away with these two little girls but I didnt think they were so sneaky and yellow, or would mistake us for bandits."

The boys meanwhile had been doffing their weird attire and now stood revealed a gang of young tough strong looking gentlemen in the last stages of the knickerbocker period of life

They did not stay a day much more but started out from the alley at once. When they got

into the main street which was more lighter though the sun was setting in the west the boys with George were amazed at the unusal beauty of the two little girls. At a street intersection they parted from George who was to escort the little girls home.

They were going to speak to him then but he warned them not to say anything until they were close to home.

All this had occured in so short a time that no one had the slightest suspicion that the

slightest suspicion that the two little girls had been kidnapped nor had they yet been even missed on the return as Jennie saw them in front of their home talking with George she thought that was the only reason they were detained and therefore waited patiently for them to come up. They were very grateful for what George had done for them and invited the boy to come up to supper with them which he accepted fearing it would be very impolite to refuse.

While supper was being made ready Angeline and Violet

all what had happened and how George and his gang had surprised the kidnappers and routed them away. In fact they did not know the whole truth about the matter. So terrified were the four would be kidnappers that they really did flee to the Union depot and took the first train out and never came back to Chicago again. When in another town or city these four always went fast when they had to pass an alley for fear the same gang would rush out there and surprise them. When George

came into the Dining room, the main one this time all lighted up, was allowed to sit between Angeline and Violet which he thought was too unworthy of him to (down) do!!

"Thats what you think" said Penrod decidedly "and besides you. let Lack fulness or embarassment get the best of you. In most ways (were) we were mistaken about you. and yet what you might have done does not make you unworthy. If you were not one of my sisters would invite you up here and Angeline is the most particular of them all and now I do know that that note to the Mother Superior was forged. My sisters who are good at detecting most peoples hand writing had some copies of your own writings and discovered that as I have the note still,

So I did accuse you wrongly by mistake. Do you know who done it?"

"yes" said George.

"to do?" said Penrod "but as she is a girl I dont know what to do, but lets start the supper as we are all hungry."

So George was seated between Angeline and Violet, with the other guests on the other side

facing him. As he slowly ate he remembered Father Casey telling about these little girls being possessed by angels and he decided to watch for signs or symptoms what-ever they be.

But as he secretly watched them as they ate, they surely appeared to be just as natural as any ordinary little girls would be. He could not see anything unusual about them, except their strange beauty and remarkably golden hair with its strange glint in the light.

What he thought he would see would be some strange angelic phenomena, or something to that effect.

There was one thing he could not understand. The strange

super golden color of their hair. Was that something supernatural? He looked secretly but very closely at their hair especially at Angeline's.

At that moment she turned her head to look at something passing outside and the reflection of the electric light shone on her head. The glint from her hair almost dazzled his eyes.

But that was nothing unusual to him. No doubt he must have expected to see a supernatural phenomena about them. He did not know that Angeline's angels had something to

do with his overhearing the plot in the mess house so he would nip it in the bud. But all the time that he was with them that evening he saw nothing unusal or unatural.

They noticed however that he constantly watched them at every move and through angelic instinct, had angelic instincts been noticed had suspicions of what he was after.

"Well George" said Violet to the surprise of Period "Anyone ever tell you that we have angels or also are like them in nature?"

George's face turned red.

"Why er-er ye-yes" he stammered.

"Who?" she asked.

"Father Casey."

"Do you believe it?"

"I do for surely a priest would not tell a lie."

"But he could make a mistake"

"I suppose."

"And do you expect a phenomena?"

"Why-er-er-how do you know?"

"I could tell by the way you keep watching everything we do while we eat."

"Well in one way I do."

"Well what do you think of your conversion?"

"Has my conversion any thing to do with it?"

"I cant say yes or no but it seems so.

Father Casey thought it impossible. Yet the way my sister Angeline affected you, must have been one of the signs."

"And we survived the horrors of French Guiana, some of us twice though nearly all the convicts died all around us from fever and the terrific heat" put in Catherine.

"But I dont call that a phenomenon" said George "What I thought was that one of you might do something strange that might be very unnatural for an ordinary little girl to do."

"Do you expect any one of us, to go through the wall or walk through a closed door"? giggles

Daisy.

"no no," declared George, "If you did I'd get scared and run out of here. Only a ghost in ghost stories can do that And I dont believe they can do that either or that there are any such things"

"They can get through key holes" suggested Angeline.

"Well what do you expect us to do?" asked Jennie. "You spoke of a phenomena"

"And a phenomena is something extraordinary like a miracle" put in Joe

"I thought it might come to pass that that I'd see the angel and you at one time" explained

George"

"Oh" they said in a chorus and looked at each other.

"I can explain a few things" said Violet "We have symptons we can explain One of them is an instinct which makes us feel secure from harm no matter what is tried or put against us. We can do many things others can not and dare not do. We can escape from all perils which no one else can do We could foresee your conversion and so got Permod to be taken with you than he would have other wise We can protect and save

many persons. We feel a strange strong love for God and our Country and other good nations that no one else not even us can understand. We aint afraid afraid of anything but sin and that galls us."

"Could any of you little girls cross the Death Valley without water and live?" he asked.

"Cross the what?"

"The Death Valley"

"We are humans not spirits" said Catherine Herself. "They say that is the hottest spot on the face of the earth."

"But you little girls ought to be able to do that if you have angels."

"Do you expect the

angels to work that sort of a phenomena?" asked Jane.

Certainly angels ought to be able to do that kind of work to perfection."

"And do you suggest that my daughters should try that fool hardy plan to see if it works or not?" demanded Empress Vivian decidedly.

"No" said George "If they did I'd go along and take the chances with them. I know that death valley well I've read all of the Oz books that were ever printed so far and read of the deadly desert that keeps any one from getting across to the land of Oz. Well if there is such a desert the death

valley has the real deadly desert. Very few ever crossed that desert and lived It aint got the name for nothing. In fact in spite what I said to your daughters before, I don't believe the angels have power to keep them supernaturally or accomplish that feat without God giving it to them. But if they could do it it would be a wonderful thing. To such an awful valley that even if they did carry enough water to make the trip the heat might strike them down and kill them."

"Why do people of the West call it the Death Valley Button?" asked Jennie almost laughing at the words.

It was said by balloonist that at a great elevation it shakes like one" answered George "It is also known as the Devils Coke Oven. But I do believe that I do know of one symptom that shows any one of you little girls have angels. I am a very strong boy and God knows its true that it was only a lucky chance that caused your brother to get in the last blow during the contest. It is true I could lick every boy or girl coming to Skinner School. I can lift and carry heavy things which even some men can not even move. Yet any one of you little girls look as delicate as I would say a piece

a easily falling apart cake. Yet any one of you could hold me by the arms or wrist like a vise one of you or two of you already done it. I believe the angels make you so strong.

"We could not say they do and we could not say they don't," exclaimed Jennie "But ever since any of us were able to walk or run despite our rank we saw nothing but a very hard life It would take us too much time to tell you all we went through But we believe that has more to do with our strange strength than anything else A lot of people have a strange superstition about our condition

and believe that we can do things that are supernatural. If we could then our enemies could not take us and put us in such terrible places."

After supper George helped with the cleaning and straightening up bade them a pleasant good night and went home.

On the following day while the junior and senior students of Skinner School were at their studies George was solemnly Baptized into the Catholic Church at St Patricks. At his request no one was present with the exception of Pernod and Angeline, the happiest of God father and God mother. Roger Holmes and four others of his class mates.

Angelines face as the

sermon proceeded was aglow with holy joy and when Father Casey poured the regenerating water upon George head, and pronounced in solemn and fervent tones the Sacramental words Angeline realizing the beauty of the garment invisible put upon George soul and the sweet union between the converted lad and the most Blessed Trinity could not restrain her tears.

It was the second time since his entering the Skinner School that George had seen little Angeline weep. Some few days ago her tears had been of anguish because of his rough

answer to her kind greeting, now they were tears of joy. There was a spread breakfast prepared for George and his five companions by the Virgins.

On the center of the table a beautiful lily bowed its perfect chalice and fifty splendid roses blushed before the blushing neophyte.

Around George's plate were grouped a prayer book, a pair of Rosaries Beads, a Sacred Heart Badge, a silver medel of the Immaculate Conception. And an ivory (crucifix) crucifix.

"They're all yours Godson" said Elwood who wanted to dance "The prayer book is from the God father, the

Beads from my sister Angeline, the crucifix from Violet and the medal from my sister Jennie. The flowers are from my other sisters here and just sit down and "pitch in" he added enthusiastically "There are wheat cakes for breakfast and all the butter and Karo syrup anybody can use".

It was a merry breakfast. But for some reasons, George, Earl and Ed also Rogers couldn't keep their eyes away from Pennock's sisters. Though bare armed and bare necked they were dressed in purple clothes all in Gabbe armenian clothes and looked (geo) gorgeously

beautiful. They had their hair in curls all alike so that they appeared unique, but wore hair bands instead of ribbons. They were more unusually beautiful in this outfit than anyone had ever seen them before.

George was awed, slightly fearful and strongly embarrassed, and felt towards them a respect which he never had before.

Angeline the night before, after George had left had told Pernod and her sisters of the attempt of the four armed men to kidnap her and Violet, and how George and his gang had so strangely come to the rescue.

"But if you two little girls are so strong

how come that those four men were able to kidnap you two so easily?" he asked.

"They tricked us" answered Angeline "They said Detective Burns wanted to see us. When finally they took us the wrong and we got suspicious they pointed loaded guns at us. They looked so mean and desperate, that it seemed like suicide to resist them. So we had to obey their demands"

It was a merry breakfast. They had talked of some things but when they settled upon the four would be kidnappers it was some time before

before they left the subject.

"Just think" said Violet "They took me and Angeline away two minutes after school was out and George and his gang rescued us so quickly that the rest of you did not even miss us."

"How did you know of their vile intentions George?" asked the empress.

"I over heard the plot in a restaurant. A screen hid me from the plotters. I waited until they were gone and then I went out in a manner as if I did not hear any thing. They were only two alleys in that neighborhood one of which the

plotters would go to to reach the spot where they had parked car. I divided my gang in each alley I happened to be the one I and my gang hid in where the four were trapped."

"You woke us up as to what you really are" declared Joyce

"That's so" assented Penrod "things were getting awfully suspicious for us before George came along. Despite the misunderstanding between me and George no one ever molested any of my sisters. Are all men of evil reputation afraid of you George?"

"I through my pull with my uncle no one can cross me" said George."

and my gang could have killed those four kidnappers and got away with it. Though I did have that spat with you Pennod, secretly I have been having your sisters shadowed every where they went and came from school so that none of your spy enemies could lay hold of them. And just think" continued George, "I came here last Thursday morning not quite a week yet and it seems as though I had been here three week and all this has occured ending up with my frustrating the kid nappers"

"And you woke us up" repeated Jennie.

"And how" assented Catherine.

"I've noticed" said Pennod "that the month of October is generally the dullest month of the year."

"But so far this month wasn't" said Daisy "It would have been only for George"

"And before he came along I felt so dead and all in from the after effects of my sub fever that I was thinking of applying for a burial permit" said Angeline.

"But since that time everything has been on the go" put in Violet.

"Very much so" added Hettie.

"And who can tell who wrote that note to the Mother Superior about Angeline, and caused George to

to be blamed" said Jim. "And that got George into that row with Penrod in Lincoln Park"

"Oh something reminds me" broke in Angeline "Father Casey gave me something for you George and I came near forgetting all about it."

Angeline pulled out an envelope as she spoke and handed it to George who opened it and found that it contained a holy picture and some verses

"Did Father Casey write a poem for you George?" asked Penrod.

George before replying ran his eye over the manuscript "Yes Penrod" he made answer "and it is very beautiful, Isn't

it kind of him?"

"More kind of him than you think George for Father Casey though a professional poet is very chary (tight) of his verses, and even Angeline wanted him to write some things for us lately and after some argument answered by quoting a few lines for Angeline from a young English man named William Watson who with Thompson promised to take the highest place among the poets of the day Father Casey had Watsons book fresh from the publishers upon his desk and said:

as he closed it

Not mine the rich and showering hand that strew
The facile largess of a stintless muse
A fitful presence seldom tarrying long
Capriciously she touched me to song
Then leaves me to lament her flight in vain
And wonder will she ever come again"

"And then George" he added "I shall if I have an hour to spare I shall give it to you. You may rest assured then that aside from the occasion Father Casey verses are well worthy of being treasured. Probably

the older you grow the more you will appreciate them"
"I believe you Pennod" and George put the envelope with its contents very carefully away.
"Well" resumed Angeline just think of all that has happened since George arrived. After George's trouble with Pennod on Lincoln Park he and George had a boxing match in the school yard and then George passes a new examination under the direction of Peter Sullivan and Ed Sang. Next he goes to bed in the music teachers room room and finding out the two played the joke on

him cleaned up the whole senior class in a terrific fight that was the talk of the whole school and neighborhood. Then he was quiet for a day. Then he climbed down a rope to rescue a reckless little lad who got slightly hurt in a fall."

"And dont forget to remember" put in Ed Delavan "that those four men stole other things besides kidnapping you two little girls of whom I was a member of the gang who rescued you. I dont know why one of them had a twenty foot piece of rope for. You two little girls may know though"

They intended to kill us if our Father would'nt pay no ransome. They intended to slice the rope into two parts and draw them around our chests so tight that we could'nt draw breath" On as they also said they were to if changing their minds to loop the middle of the rope around our necks one at a time and one man would be on each end of the rope drawing as tight as their strength would permit untill we died. But we were not scared Our angelic instinct told us some

unseen power would have prevented that."
"And George brought us to the rescue in time. Go on tell your part Rogers only please dont try to take out George's God father."
"Well I will and then when we think we are done with them rascals we must think of searching them. And there's one thing I (hearty) heartily feel sorry for us is that George did'nt have us of his gang do violence strip them of their clothes and run them out of the alley nude as we once did to some other rascals. The worse thing on earth

is a thief of a kind who steals other peoples children."
"And" declared George "when I was searching one of those men for weapons and pulled out things that belonged to all of you little girls I felt like setting the whole crowd on the run to give them a beating up bad enough to maim em I'm very glad I didnt yield. It would have been an act of revenge and the conduct of a savage. But" continued George "and my gang did an awfule thing to five men once

They kidnapped a little girl and tried to kill her because she tried to get away and my gang were on the way to see a game and saw this also in an alley We overtook them and rescued the kid beat the men up badly swiped all their clothes left them naked in the alley and threw their clothes in the river

The men were found but they could not explain what happened to them a who did it because it was a "blind" alley and we were in the dark.

The police however did not believe what they did tell

and arrested them on the charge of denuding themselves in an intoxicated condition and mysteriously losing their clothes When those fellows were released I heard they fled the city.

The strange part of it was that they had the kid naked when they were attacking her."

Without George knowing it those men were of a kind who had a lust a mania for seeing what is inside of human beings. To try this on a man or a woman they did not have the nerve and so

they picked a little boy or girl for that purpose Then when one of them were chocking the child and she was unconscious with her tongue out and the man still holding on, when George and his gang rushed them mauled the men and demuded the fellows and took care of the kid.

"I dont know why" said Rogers "but Henry Turner has been formally expelled I hear".

"I feel bad for his poor mother" said Daisy. "The boy will break her heart" yet there's one thing I and my sisters also feel sorry for. It to the first time since we have been here that we were ever thrown

in with a student who was a thief. Its so disgusting to be near such a fellow Ides a cross to his mother too. She is a very refined woman and I cant understand how Henry could live under her care and be what he is. We tried our hardest to save him from his way ward path but in vain"

"By the way Pernod" said Eddie helping himself to some more pancakes "Henry went off in your overcoat and vest and I cant understand why you let him off so easily without turning him over to the police."

I didnt want to cause a scandel" answered Pernod, "Did he have my other overcoat too? I lent him the other things and am not at all surprised at his taking them. But I am surprised that he should take other things belonging to my sisters too"

"He's the first boy I ever came across who had no sense of gratitude at all" said Angeline putting down her knife and fork "Why just think of the way he's acted with our good dear brother. Pernod has been doing everything to make him feel at home, he's gave him good clothes gave him

postage stamps treated him to candy and ice cream a dozen times and he went with him when all the boys and girls of this school fought shy of him and (my) his sister Violet got him the money the midgets owed him, I he last things in return for all this is that the "Darling makes off with his overcoat. Its downright disgusting. I didnt think there were any boys made that way."

"A great deal of the selfishness and ingratitude in this world" said Hattie is to be accounted for by a strong passion for money getting People who allow the love of money

to grow upon them soon come to lose their love for anything else, and everything else. Few boys have such a passion for gain as Henry Turner seems to have."

"Well he's done" anyhow" Eddie observed.

"And he'll not show his face here again" added Haines "There's not a single boy or girl in this whole school would touch him with a ten foot pole."

"Poor little fellow!" said Violet "We are abusing him when we ought to pity him and also pray for him which I and my sisters will do. He was an unhappy boy when he was here and he was unhappy when he left. I

feel sorry for (them) him."

And with this charitable comment Violet and her sister rose and forgetting Henry on the moment put themselves to preparing for the first Friday.

Chapter Twelve
"Anzona"

It was noon recess on Thursday It was an unusally warm, sort of weather for the month of October.

The small boys and girls with the exception of a few stragglers were all gathered together discussing the disappearance of Henry Turner and examining the various articles just returned to them which the Darling had attempted to run away with.

"Halloo" said Peter Same suddenly "here comes Earl Fair weather and there's something queer about his face"

"He looks puzzled and he's going to tell us some news" said Johnnie Murlin the

sharp eyed.

"What is it Earl?" cried Peter. (for)

"Boys I have the most extraordinary news".

Every head was fixed in close attention.

"Angeline Vivian one of the Vivians who attends St Patricks is going to make a speech for us. And she's coming in her best appearance. Her sisters are waiting for her."

The boys and girls stood as though they had been cast into a trance.

"She's in the office with Miss Stanislaw" Earl went on.

The listeners began to look at each other with puzzled faces. They had never remembered seeing Angeline and wondered what she looked like.

"Is she prettier than any of her sisters Earl?"

"I cannot say. I have never seen her though

I have heard lots about her, I have not even seen any of her sisters yet. But I just met miss Donavan and she looked elated and also amazed, I dont see yet why she should be amazed or elated She continued to tell me that fifteen minutes ago the boy at the door brought the Principal of the school a card that read:

"Princess Angeline Donavan"

And what did miss Stanislaw do when

she got that card?" inquired Hines.

"When miss Stanislaw got the card she ordered her Secretary to call for miss Donovan."

There was a cry of surprise from the audeance.

"Then miss Stanislaw waited till the assistant principal came and asked her to stay in the hall outside the office for a moment. The head principal entered the office and came out in a minute and told miss Donovan that there would be no need of her services.

"O-o-o-o-oh."

This was but one of the many expressions of astonishment which this

announcement provoked.
"But I have not told you the strangest part yet. Miss Donavan says that not only has Miss Stanislaw decided not to oppose Angelines wishes but she has actually decided to allow her to come here to address you all and tell you of her experiences in the French Guiana region."
"Oh there's a joke somewhere" cried Harper "That seems impossible"
"That's what I said to Miss Donovan when she told me that Angeline was admitted for that purpose but she laughed more than ever and told me that she wanted you all to keep together till she had presented you to little

Angeline
"We are not ready to meet her yet Earl" said Edward Delavan. "There's not a decent dressed boy or girl in the crowd."
"It's queer" commented Earl "but we know that the vice Principal sees further than we and—"
"Here comes Miss Donohue" broke in Delavan.
All turned quickly towards the main entrance of the school building.
There at the top of the steps stood Miss Donohue and standing beside the principal was a very beautiful little girl with a very pale face and long golden curls.
"Boys and girls" said Miss Donohue and

as she spoke the crowd surged about the steps "I want to introduce you to your new Abbieannian friend Angeline Vivian."

When the little girl took off her large sailor hat which since over here she always wore and exposing a sunny head of long ringlets bowed gravely she was facing such a staring stupid wondering open mouted crowd of petrified figures as one never comes on in this world of constant surprises.

She was as singular a pretty girl as one of her sisters with very dark blue eyes and fair regular features.

Her every movement spoke of unusal angelic refinement. In some degree she had a slight

resemblance to her sister Jennie. Earl was the first to recover himself. Walking up the steps he took the little girls hand.

"Are you really Angeline Vivian?"

"That is my name sir" answered the little girl with a smile and a bow.

"Three cheers for the little angel of St Patricks school" cried Peter Jane the small boy with the big voice.

Hats and caps went flying on high while cheer upon cheer rent the air. till Angeline was blushing like a rose.

Miss Donohue meanwhile was whispering in Earls ear. Earls face lighted up,

he nodded assent, and made a motion for silence.

"Angeline Vivian you've got a nickname I to "God's own Darling" How do you like that name?"

"I dont know. nicknames dont bother me at all unless they are insulting ones I dont like them at all then if you please. I dont deserve any nicknames at all"

"Very good. now I'll tell you what we boys and girls will do. If you explain to us how you and your sisters were sent to French Guiana and whether the climate is as bad there as the Geography says we boys and girls will drop your nickname. I don't that's so

boys and girls?"

There was a hearty and unanimous assent.

"Thank you sir" said Angeline "I shall tell my story with pleasure if your good Principal has no objections"

"It will be a pleasure to me to hear it from your lips, Angeline."

"Thank you Miss Dora Rue,"

And Angeline began her story and held her audience breathless for over an hour. There were certain circumstances however which she did not tell or explain but which came to light afterwards and that was of being rude on the ship and in French Guiana"

It was an unusally warm day for the month of October when she stood there telling of French Guiana, They all could see as they gazed on her during her recital that she indeed was a little girl of princely if not queenly refinement was in fact but Albanian attire her costume was unusally picturesque and so much out of the ordinary that any little boy or girl and even grown ups even a baby would have detected in the ripple and strange splendor of her unusal golden pheasant curls, the constraining influence of the crimping iron there were shining brass buckles upon her low shoes, the largeness of the buckles forcing into notice the smallness of her feet. From the appearance of her bare arms and neck and form in general she did not look anything but considerably delicate and not as strong as she really was,

But she was not thin or too stout either. From the form of her clothes, had she but shaply knicker bucker pants instead of a dress and a sash to complete all she would have been a resemblance to that Darling of all mothers and most girls and boys too little Lord Fauntleroy.

It was a very warm October morning unusal for that time

of that year when a closed automobile drove up to the Union Depot

The chauffuer threw up on the door and out stepped a tall homely looking woman and a little girl. The woman evidently of the more higher class was in tasty but not loud attire, the little girls costome was like that of a half nude not much out of the ordinary for any body in this city at that time.

The upper part of her body was bare and more than half of her legs too and all of her arms too but nevertheless it was a very beautiful little body to look upon, one so dainty and so well [deformed] that youd long

desperately to have her for your own. Her little neck was fantastically moulded her arms perfect and legs too and her (legs) skin was pearl white.

But what ever she was she was forced to be this way and was making a big fuss about it when the woman forcably took her out of the auto and made her cover herself with something that looked like a thin raincoat.

She had bright golden hair in [illegible] long curls But who was she? The woman was badly flushed in the appearance of her face with a balloon expression and had evidently been drinking as she appeared intoxicated

The little girl with compressed lips and frowning brow held her face twards the ground. She appeared clearly in rank distress from time to time Mrs "Baloom" Face George gazed sternly and haughtily at the pretty child giving forth that hateful look in which a womans revengeful nature unrequitted so often expresses itself but the little girl gave her no heed.

Involuntarily a sigh broke from her The little girls face was angry, sad and defiant.

She looked up and saw the revengeful malace in the womans face.

Mrs George you poor foolish woman you had better return

me back home" she cried "I warn you to redress me and bring me back home"

"No I will not under any conditions" the workman made answer in a surly tone as they walked into the waiting room (crowed) crowded with people waiting for their various trains. "You directly or indirectly caused my nephew to become a Catholic which above all things I abhor I dont know at present what I am going to do with you for I had heard what happened to you before you sure had a strong constitution to be able to stand

where you had been sent before especially the hardships of that trip down the ocean pathway to that French Penal Colony of South America at that rude season of the year. And in deed I am sorry that I cant think of a worse place to send you and see that you stay there. You know my impudent young thing that I have heard that angels possess you, which I do believe positively and most firmly, but I defy them to interfere with anything I plan to do and they no more know more than any peace. And I'll bet your bobbed haired brother, and your sister shall

miss you far more than you will miss them. Try my foolish little turtle Dove to be brave and cheerful in spite of what I shall try to do to you. Do bad I did not make the parting easy for your sisters and brother and parents but I didnt have time."

"Oh yeah. Why not rub it in—" the little girls voice faltered on these words.

She gathered herself together and added: "I defy you to do your worse. You cant get away with it I know it. I can feel it."

"Oh how little brats like you boast. I am a woman of power and no man or any

person can gain say me. I can get away with what I do to you too. I can prove that."

At these words the little girl turned away her head and hid her face in her hands.

Let all of us who see any body in nameless grief also turn away our eyes and bow our heads before this loneliness and unusal grief.

A moment or so passed in silence then the little girl returned to the attack.

"But you have no right to steal me away like this Mr George you do this just because you have a wicked intention and besides as I've heard, this

is a free country and any body here has a right to be a Catholic if he wants to. And I dont want to go any where you want to take me besides I did not tell him to become a Catholic though I would have a right to do so and besides I did not think he would become one, her so rough and besides in my own country every body are all Catholics."

"Yes, but that does not mean that my nephew should become one through contact with you. I have known several such instances like this. I met one of my best friends yesterday when I

visited the sister of Miss Fairweather and her boy Earl. He was such a finished little gentleman that I felt anxious for him any nephew to become better friends than they are. And yet there is danger of him also becoming a Papist through contact with you. And now I am content with the purpose to send you to the place where my friend is so that he will do with you as I wrote him. And I feel sure that where he will put you you will never see your parents, brother and sisters again. But despite that if you only put on a brave face you will like your experience immensely."

But you are very mean" cried the little girl, "to do this when you know I cant bear to leave my loved ones. God will interfere with you I know he will" "Oh yeah. I defy Him" said the woman "That's what you think" Forgetting the time and place Mrs George thinking to silence her threw her big over grown hands around the childs neck to choke her but fearing the child was strong (enough) enough to show fight and also seeing people approaching (ur) comfortably close changed her mind.

The child had

seen her act and was on the act to defend herself. Then she said: "I suppose I'll have to go to please you."

"Now you're talking sense I was going to choke some sense into you" cried Mrs George and she gazed ravenously, pitileesly upon the pretty celestial features of her dainty little prisoner as though she were a hungry tigress gazing greedily upon her prey.

There was a lump in the little girls throat and to relieve it she gave a little hem.

"Do you want any cough drops dear?" with Sarcasm.

"No I dont need any.

I have no could."

"Take one at once any way The early morning air is damp and if you've got a cold I dont want to catch it Oh my how time flies only five minutes more and we shall be parted and not to my sad sorrow. And remember if you put your head out of the car window like most brats do you'll get it bumped off by a train.

"I wont be that foolish. I need my head."

"And dont stand on the platform and be sure to keep your seat. You will reach the destination in about three days.

at nine o clock in the morning. You will be met with on the train by a Mr Jim Rooney and taken directly to the place and dont try to get off anywhere from the train eh a conductor who is a friend of mine will watch you all the way" Mrs George went on with a series of donts which lasted until the train which was to bear the little girl away pulled up at the depot.

I am not sorry to say that the little girl took these prohibitions in rebellious part She lasped again in her rebellious pout and behaved at that moment as an angel would who

defended a persecuted person. Mrs George in fact was a little afraid of her and therefore glad to get rid of the little girl. Her strange golden hair also affrighted her for the threads seem to writhe like living threads.

And fearing that her little captive might to spite her refuse to obey her many injunctions recalled the ear of the conductor.

"Please keep your "owl" eyes on that little girl. John."

The little girl smiled.

"See at night that she stays in the sleeper" continued Mrs George. "Dont

Let her run from coach to coach please and keep her where you can watch her and—"

"Yes Mabel I'll do every thing you say—all aboard"

The conductor a severe hard looking man helped Angeline aboard the train.

Mrs George gave one last scornful look at the little girl and presently stood alone grimming while the train moved away.

The little girl as she sadly entered the chair car was in a mournful mood. To have a stern faced conductor watching over her as though she were a prisoner on the way to a walled penitentiary. If she had been a convict Mrs

George could have hardly varied her warning requests. The little girl seemed to be something more than an angel in a Saints sense of the word and being more than an angel she resented Mrs Webbers wicked and revengeful course far more than St Peter would have resented it.

To make matters worse the conductor not at all affected by the childs beauty carried out Mrs George's injunction with a literalness that was most galling to the child who desired to escape from the train if she could.

He repeated Mrs Georges

words to the colored Porter and added a few directions of his own within range of the little girls burning ears. She was at one and the same time furious and agrieved. Five minutes had passed over these unpleasant emotions when the train stopped at Halsted Street the only probable stop for many miles before leaving the city.

The little girl rose and had gone as far as the platform hoping to get off and escape when she was stopped upon the steps by the porter.

"no you dont girlie" he said forcibly "you get right back into that car, you

just keep quiet, keep that cloak around you and in a few days you'll be at Tuscon Arizona."

He had grabbed her by the hair vindictively to pull her roughly back and received such a queer feeling on his hand and through his arm that it frightened him and made him let go in a hurry.

But he recovered himself and looked at the little girl strangely.

"The way you look at me you must think I'm a baby." protested the little girl. "You were once and you have not

got over it altogether"
Angeline couldnt keep answering "
Oh is that so. Well if you wash yourself you may turn white"
A few loafers and some passengers laughed at this sally, and covered with undeserved shame the little girl retired to the sleeper.
She said to the porter "I'll get away yet sometime and it'll be too bad for you if we ever meet and the conductor too. I was kidnapped and you are conspirators"
She had hardly taken her seat when an overgrown boy with a big tray entered the car looked about eagerly

and finally fixed his big eyes upon the little girl. after a short survey he gave a satisfactory grunt and approached.
"I say little girl" he said, seating himself beside her "I'd like to show you something that you'd want"
As he spoke he uncovered his tray and exposed to view a collection of collars, cuffs and odds and ends.
"See there, look at these suspenders I've got em all sizes and for every age. Here a pair will fit you. Just look at them galluses."
And with considerable

enthusiasm shining from his eyes the strange boy dangled a tiny pair of suspenders in the little girls face.

"If you please" she said: I dont wont any suspenders I'm a girl not a boy."

"But just feel em. You just see the way they stretch. They're just rimming over with elastic and they'll last you till you're so big that, that you cant wear them any more."

"I tell you I dont want them. Cant you see I cant wear them as I'm a little girl?"

"You only think you dont want them. I've seen little girls wear them too why I'll let you have this pair for sixty cents—

they cost me seventy five cents wholesale I can swear to it" as he spoke he looked cautiously around.

"I tell you firmly I dont want them I dont wear them. I wear a dress and a belt"

The "peddler" gazed at the little girl with much pity upon his mottled face.

"What? Just because your a little girl you dont want to wear suspenders? I saw little girls smaller than you wear suspenders besides boys. You girls like to wear overalls and overalls have suspenders and you ought to unless you wont to be a baby.

Every boy or girl that goes to School I've seen sometimes wear suspenders. Dont you go to school?"

"I cant go to school as I'm on my way to Tuscon Arizona but I would not go if I could help it for I'd dont want to go there"

But why dont you want to go there? Its a healthy dry climate and warm"

"Its not my place I dont like to go to dry places or near a hot desert I like it better where it rains in summer and I like good cold snowy winters I dont want to go but I have to. go I cant get away. I'm watched."

"Then take a pair of

suspenders with you. Here I'll give em to you as you are such a pretty little girl. Take em and put em on a pair of overalls when you get there."

"If I want suspenders for girls overalls I can get them at that old desert city."

What city did you say you were going to?"

Tuscon Arizona, "and I've been going through all kinds of strange adventures and bad experiences all my life" said the little girl with a pout "I've never hardly known a happy day and I'm about tired of it and besides I dont care

about going to an old desert city."

"You're a queer kid pretty as you are. I wish I had a chance to keep you" said the peddler looking compassionately at the little girl. "Here I am seventeen years old and scarcely no experience, I've been peddling sus penders and things all my life and seen little girls of all ages but none as pretty as you. I'm tired of peddling suspenders."

"I'd much rather peddle suspenders than going where I'm sent" the little girl as what she spoke pouted successfully that

she presented what would have been an angry child angel to her new acquaintance. But that young mans sense of humor was not disturbed in the least.

"And I'd a heap not rather not go to some northern State than go to Arizona"

"Where I'm forced to go is worse than a Penitentary" added the little girl with another angelic face of disgust and dread.

"You can get away from the cold of coming winter. Where you have to wear all sorts of heavy stuff. Down in Arizona you find it always summer"

"But I dont want

to go or be where its
allways summer. I've been
in the hot tropics and
I'm tired of sizzling burn
ing heat and all tropical
weather, and deserts I hate
worse of all. What I want
want is the three or
four seasons, Spring
summer Autumn and
winter."

"I take these here for
thirty five cents."

"no I'm a girl. I
tell you, I dont want
sus penders."

The peddler made a
feint of putting them
away. He paused in
the act and said:
"Here for twenty
five cents."

Still the little girl
refused to take the
suspenders. In fact
she would'nt take

them if you gave
them to her for nothing
She had partly remov
ed the long thin coat
unconsciously showing
to the boy that she
had on a short summer
suit. He saw how she
was and whistled
softly to himself.
Without being immodest
in saying it, he had
never seen any little
girl of her size with
such a perfect and
beautiful body. She
suddenly noticed his
stare and reclosed
the coat.

The peddler then
put aside his box
and having examin-
ed her golden hair
with his searching
eyes turned to her
face.

"My name is Packy Jarboe. I'm Irish."
"Is that so?"
"Yes, people call me Packy De Hackey though my my first right name is Oliver Twist, but not the Oliver Twist of the Dickens story. Whats yours?"
"Angeline Rose Swan"
"Its an unusal name. Are you an Italian or French?"
"No I'm not though my language between the two is the same"
"What nationalty are you?"
"I am an Abreannian"
"Never heard of such a country. But if its as good as you are I'm satisfied. Was you ever in this country before?"
"Once before when I was of our

years old"
He saw she was fingering a Rosary. His eyes narrowed. He was crazy about the Catholic Church and would'nt miss mass even if you had to bring him in a wheel chair.
"Are you a Catholic little girl?"
"Yes I am."
"I am too. I was an alter boy. I'm going to be a priest when I can study for it"
"and you re going to Arizonia too?"
"Yes" and you too?"
"Yes But I dont want to go. I'd rather go back to my own Country, People. There are worse

to me and to my sisters than Glandelinians"
"Glan Delinians. What are they?"
"You would not understand if I told you"
"You said a while ago that you'd rather jump off this train than go to Arizona. Is that so?"
"Yes indeed I'd rather do anything if I can. It is'nt that I dont care where I go but to be torn away from those I love. I'm'n unbearable"
Packy fell into a study.
"I'll tell you what Angeline. You are too pretty a kid to let this happen to you. You'd like to escape going to Arizona and I'd

like to help you if I can. Suppose we we change places?"
"Oh no"
"So you didnt mean what you said then - you were telling lies. You were just a blowing"
"no I wasn't I dont tell lies and never intend to deciave anyone But we cant change places without being found out. Besides even if I did not care about going to Arizona it dosnt follow that I feel like running away from my Cross"
"Didnt you say just a minute ago that you was never in Arizona in your life"
"Yes"
"Then the people of Arizona dont know you

do you?"

"No I never met any of them and what is more I dont want to meet any of them either."

"And do you know any of the Indians that live in that State?

"No I've heard about them but never seen any of them yet".

"Well then why couldnt I go in your place no one would know the difference"

"Oh no you dont understand I'm a little girl and your a boy almost a man. It would be all right if were the same size and you had a wig of golden hair but nevertheless they would find out there is something wrong. You couldnt use

my clothes I'm too small and besides there is no private compartments where we could hide ourselves as we change."

Packy Darbo here made a digression inquiring into the size of Angelines shoes and of various other articles. He offered to buy Angeline a much better "suit" out of his own pocket for ten dollars.

Angeline did happen to need suits. For all she had on was a summer sun suit hidden by a thin long coat Packy however returned to the main question.

"You said just now that I could take your

place if I was your size and had a golden hair ing, without being found out for a day or two"

"Yes and I am sure it is."

"Well suppose we change places when we arrive at Arizona"

Angeline looked alarmed.

"You need not try to back out" continued Packy eagerly "and I'm doing it for your own good I knew you looked distressed and worried about something and I believe it is my duty to help little girls out if they are in distress. Heres the way we can do it We'll both go right on to Arizona and where ever your destination is.

I'll get off there and you get off at a nearer station To day is Thursday we'll arive there Sunday and when you reach the station I shall indicate where you can clear out of sight before you are missed"

"I'd rather not take the chance I dont know desert country" said Angeline uneasily.

But look you can easily very easily escape being taken to where you dont want to go. If you let them take you there you'll never see your folks again, and Heaven knows what will happen to you there. It will be lots of fun to make the escape from these

people and you will also have a chance to see what a desert looks like for you'll get off in one. But dont try to cross it its impossible for you I'll let you have my fredders out fit so no one will be suspicous and I'll give you a map of a new route but dont for all things leave the railroad tracks, just think of it you'll be able to give them the slip."

Poor angeline could not refrain from showing some pleasure at this last inducerment "and then" continued the interprising Packy who was really willing to help her out "it will be such a joke on your enemies you come to that station Sunday morning and when the people who are mostly Indians learn how you fooled your enemies they'll think your awful smart it will be a great joke on them indeed."

"That, no but I dont think I should like to-"

"Oh well if you're afraid to stand by what you've said, all right, then I can't help you out and you deserve what will happen to you you're a little coward and wont go any where with out your mama along. And the reason you traveling on the train in a summer suit is a mystery to me and against the law. Them things

on the summer suit are your mamas apron strings and you're tied to em"

"I'm not a coward and I'm not afraid" answered Angeline with flashing eyes "Only I dont care about trying that plan"

"You are a coward and you are afraid and I just dare you to try that plan Ah you little coward you dasn't"

"Just to show you that I'm not afraid" cried Angeline Angeline "When we get to the station you talk of I will change places with you. There. You think I cant take care of myself because I'm a little girl and I'm small not tall like you. You may go to Tuscon Arizona

on my place and now tell me what I am to do"

"Shake hands on that" said Packy "That's right you've got more guts than I thought First of all instead of getting off at Tuscon you get off at that last town before Tuscon which is not so far up the road that's as far as my ticket goes When you get there tell the station agent who you are and he'll help you out I'm sure. If they wont or cant help you start off for Indian town which is just seven hours from the town you get off at."

"How do I get there?"

"Follow along the rail road you walk"

Angeline was still doubtful I said it was only about seven. When you get to Indian village there a sort of hotel near the local station the first thing you come to as you walk along the long road Its kept by an uncle of mine and he'll give you a bed and breakfast the next morning cheap. Then you go down by Kerridge to Phoenix so as to catch the north bound train that pulls out at eight fifty one, I'll give you enough money so you can make the trip home see?"

"Yes but I dont know how to sell all those things even

"Walk seventeen miles under that hot Arizona sun" cried Angeline opening her eyes wide and holding up her hands,

"Yes of course but not at day at night There's no way of riding there The trains dont stop there and you cant even hire a kerridge you must look out not to get lost I'll tell you the way after a while and if you forget it I'll write it down for you so you can follow it out and if you lose the paper you can ask most any person in that part of Arizona, But I did not say it is seventeen miles you misunderstood me" continued Packy noticing

to hide suspicion of my escape from the train."
"I'll give you the prices on a list I've all written out. And now now you must show me how to play my part."
"They'll suspect something when you get to Tucson because they know I'm a little girl and they know my size and age."
"How do they know that?"
"Because Mrs Welber George wrote to them a letter. She writes of who I am, why I am sent to them and tells them they must not under any conditions let me escape, and I also I'm closely watched by the conductor and the Negro porter.

When you try to slip me off the train they'll know there's something wrong and will interfere."
"Don't you see any way of my getting over that?" asked Jacky anxiously.
"Why in a way yes." answered Angeline after a short pause and with some reluctance. "You notice no one knows how fast children grow. You look as though you've been growing lately."
"That's so. I think I can disguise as a girl and talk them over on that."
"But why do you want to go there and make that sort

of a sacrifice for me.
You dont know me and
I dont know you surely
there is no cause in that"
"Yes there is. I know
the place and the people
you are to be sent to
and I want to get an
idea of what they are
like"

Packy counted on finding his profit out of the time he'd stay there. At the very worst he could learn details expose them to some sheriff and cause their imprisonment.

Unknown to her he was one of Webber George gang and had followed Mrs George with little Angeline to the Chicago station, and by auto got to the Halsted

street station ahead of the train with the purpose to board her and frustrate Mrs Georges plans.

In any event he trusted to his luck he could contrive to be more the poorer from his days away from his regular calling. And besides he must obey Master Georges orders at any cost. The two of them fell to comparing notes.

Angeline told Packy about her parents mother and sisters, her home country, where they were just now and crammed the interprising "peddler" for his new role.

She gave him a few of her identification

cards and provided him with information as to whom Georges Aunt was.
In return Packy Garbe furnished Angeline with a price list explaining very carefully as he did so all details. He also wrote out a little map showing she must stay on the road running along the track from the station to Phoner Arizona.
"There now" said Packy passing over his stock to Angeline after a three and one half days ride on the train "You know your part and I know mine. Here we are at Indian Village Arizona, its only seven miles Tucson. Well so long."

As neither the porter nor the conductor was in sight Packy helped Angeline out quickly and once they were upon the platform of the station, showed himself very solicitous in adjusting about Angelines neck the strap which supported the pack. He hung over Angeline for rather a long time tugging here, pulling there, In fact he was tempted to hug her but did not have the nerve, yet since he was so willing to help her she wouldnt have objected if he had.
Two hours later

in the day, Angeline found she had 250 dollars in her over coat pocket and wondered how she could have got that when she had nothing on first being put on the train.

At the first moment however she stood very much confused and perplexed watching the receding train and wondering how she had been so lucky as to receive help from the boy whom she she had really thrown her arms around his neck and kissed him a grateful good by.

I'm a goose if I dont take advantage of my freedom

she said to herself.

Poor Angeline however was going to do the act of a goose. Strictly speaking she was not a goose but she did not know this part of the country and she unconsciously was going to stay herself into a situation which was not at all wise and worse than which would have happened had she gone where my George had sent her.

Strange her possession angelo did not warn her, maybe they did not know either and would have to suffer with her.

The little girl clad in a summer suit and carrying a thin rain-like coat over one arm and a peddlers pack with terrifically extraordinary beauty and golden hair excited no little interest awe and respectful comment in this large Indian village where the population were more Indian than whites and mostly of real Spanish blood and language, and poor English.

She had the straight forward polite ways of an angel just come down from Heaven and the Indians and Whites were astonished at the

-haliness and incongruity, all the population here were all catholics - Indian women and also maidens who as a rule made short rough work of peddlers, were pleased to examine Angelines wares, and all of them made purchases. Angeline despite the smelting heat began to enjoy the situation.

Before noon she had sold six dollars worth of her goods.

By this time the village youth had discovered her.

They rallied together a good crowd of them and in the simplicity

of their nature began to pass wondering respectful and flattering remarks upon Angelines beauty and strange half muddied attire.

"We've just come out of a bandbox to see a fairy" said one white boy "Just look at the latest style."

"Set, kiss and hug her if she wills it for good luck" said another.

"Say are you you a little girl or a kid angel come down from Heaven among us" inquired a fourth.

"Say a little girl like you could turn the love of a hard hearted

statue" said another. If this boy money known she had enemies with harder hearts (than) than that she could see that they were evidently very friendly. Some of them were Indian boys.

"Seedle gal makeum pretty sight" said one of them.

"She um too good to be true, she um fly away" said a second Indian boy.

"Please how can I get to Phoenix Arizona" she pleaded. The boys looked at each other.

"You wantum go where" asked an Indian boy.

"To Phoenix" The boys shook

their heads.

Never heard of the place said a taller one, in better English.

"Why not stay on train until there" said a white boy "you'll take a week to get there on foot."

"But I must" she insisted. I want to get some clothes.

"But you gottum cross beig part of desert. Zat ees impossible for ze leddle girl. She ees deadly desert and ze awful hot"

Angeline flushed. "Couldnt you direct me to Phonex?" she pleaded.

"Do you mean Phoenix?" asked a boy.

"Maybe, Thats what Packy Jarboe called it. and so I thought it was prown pronounced that way."

The boys again looked at each other in great perplexity.

"Come little girl youre way off your course" said an Indian boy in good English. "This village is between Nogales and Bisbee. you are more than a hundred miles south of Phoenix. But there's a feller here your size would like to guide you through the Gila desert by a safe route to Nogales," and he put his hand upon a sturdy Indian lad no taller than Angeline but much stouter.

"I'll do eet with my fathers permiss-

asserted this young Indian graciously.
"What town is this?" asked Angeline.
"See here my dear Indian boy let that little girl come up to me. I want to see her" said a female voice before any of the boys could answer Angelines question.
One of the Indian boys brought her forward. The Indian woman who then was standing on the threshold of her house.
Judging by her face and manner she was of more than ordinary consequence in that town or small city of Tombstone

Angeline was facing Mrs Red Eagle. She was white though and a half breed and wore the Indian costume and was a beautiful woman. She was very good in her English being an Educated Indian woman.
"What are you doing here in this strange town in a summer suit little girl?" continued Mrs Red Eagle.
"Im trying to sell all sorts of things ma'am. Im acting as a pedler so I can have enough money to go to Chicago"
"In that attire" P
"I have nothing else"
"Its a pity to see

a little girl like you at such work out in this hot burning desert sun. You ought to be at school my dear"

"I have been at school ma'am a good deal"

"I thought so. Your manners are not what one would expect of a little girl of your calling. Where did you go to school?"

"In Chicago"

"In Chicago? Then what are you doing way down here in Arizona?"

"Please may I not show you some of my wares?"

Angeline in thus changing the subject convinced that she did not wish to enter into the question of her past

"Yes my pretty child come inside out of that hot sun its dreadfully warm outside. Don't you feel the desert weather?"

"It is hot as blazes and I dont like it ma am" returned the little girl "Thank you, I shall come in gladly"

Mrs Red Eagle who was the wife of Tombstones Bank President made six purchases.

"and now my little girl wont you take dinner with me? I never asked a peddler to dinner before, but you are a little girl of an unusual kind, the most beautiful little girl that I have ever been in my

whole life time a good brave little girl with unusal golden hair and strange holy heavenly expression and I can see behind it all, a dear loving mother and a good father.

"Here Angeline as she thought of her mother father and all the rest and of her strange parting from them through trickery and treachery of a woman of what had happened to her before could restrain her emotions no longer and burst into a (feet)-fit of weeping that she never had done before.

"There, there my dear" said Iron Red Eagle leaving the doorway and advancing

to the gate and petting the little girl on the head: "I see there is something very sad in your past life, and I wont ask you anything about it."

"Thank you Ma'am" said said Angeline "There is something sad but not what you think. I cant bear to tell of it, I am obliged to you for not asking me to explain. But I shall explain to you by letter as soon as I get back home. I cant bear to do it now."

Had Angeline then and there unlosomed herself as she felt prompted to do she would have been spared many

amount of suffering and seen herself on her way back to Chicago but too strong an emotion held her back. She could not bear to tell it. Even had she then and there resolved to bring to an end at once her disguise as a peddler all would have gone well with her but she said she'd go to Phoenix Arizona to catch the proper train to Chicago and she clung to her resolution though the Indian woman said it was a hundred miles north.

Accordingly after a hearty dinner and a pleasant chat with Mrs Red Eagle, Angeline with profuse and sincere

thanks took up her pack and bade her farewell.

"So you are going to Phoenix my dear. You know the way to Nogales where you can—"

"I'm going to Tucson. I've got a map of the roads which I am to take in my pocket ma-am. The road past your house is the main road isn't it?"

"Yes my dear girl. You go along it for a full half mile before you reach the railway station. Take a local to Tucson. You can't walk it as you'd have to cross the desert.

Goodbye."

The kind lady in motherly fashion kissed the little girl and said:

"Dont forget to write to me and to tell me your name and all about yourself you have given me a very bright hour. God has showered His benefits upon me a true good husband true friends Educational means but my dear the little boy of mine who should be about your age lies over there."

And she pointed over twards the grave-yard which she did not see for her eyes were dimmed with tears.

Angeline departed thinking strongly

of her fond parents and all others dear to her and was very anxious to take the return train as soon as possible.

Oh how she wished she could get back home to them, and frustrate the silly wicked conspiracy of that jealous woman.

Angeline was resolved henchforth to be a more shrewd watchful little girl in her dealings with all people every where.

Half an hours walk told upon her. She had been upon her feet for several hours of the noon time since getting off the train and strong as she was the pack was heavy

more over she was not accustomed to this sort of life. Worse of all it was growing hotter and hotter and the wind from the south blowing as if from a hot air furnace of a steel mill made every step a struggle and a torture and she ran sweat from her body and forehead like water.

She was a very tired a very unhappy and a very hot little angel child before she came to the first turn in the railroad which she saw ran through the city of Tombstone. and on account of the sunsuit she had to keep on the thin long coat so every body would not be looking at

(her) her to much. Bewildered and dazed by the terrific heat she was not used to she missed the station and walked out of the town altogether.

And now the question was as she saw a desert path (running) running straight south which direction to take.

She was getting so be wildered by the heat she didnt know where she was going.

She stopped in the shade of a Cactus laid down her pack and feet on her sunsuit pocket for the rude made map.

It was useless Either Packy made

a mustake or she went wrong The map was right She should have waited till night to find the station and should have stayed with the railroad and even the good Indian woman had told her that she stayed by the Catus not daring to go forth under that hot sun any longer. And she was growing dreadfully thirsty.

That scared her for she had heard of persons perishing of thirst on a desert.

Then little angeline cried bitterly after the fashion of mamma darlings in such circumstances Ider feet were aching and burning with the heated ground

her sweated hands were tingeling as if with fever to aggravate matters a severe toothache set in and the hot sun almost blinded her and at times made her feel faint and dizzy. She desperately looked about her. There was not a house in sight nothing but Catus here and there and a dreary sandy waste and to crown all the heat was increasing.

After resting for a time and drinking a little water from her canteen she trodded on all the rest of that day in the blistering heat, then darkness

was soon coming on apace over the barren dismal like land with cactus growing here and there through which the scaching winds howled and moaned. in desolation.

All during her desperate lonesome journey it had during especially the afternoon been getting hotter every moment and inexperienced as she was with traveling through desert country angeline recognized the danger of resting in such an exposure. During her dreadful trip she saw Gild monsters and also the dangerous rattle snakes, but neither did her any harm, though

the latter kept their tails buzzing in defiance for some time.

Onely with night coming on did she rest for a short time and then she arose with a heavy heart and trusting to luck and a merciful God turned to the right (west?.

and very soon so weary and foot sore had she become she abandoned all hopes of reaching no gales that night.

Had she stuck wisely to the railroad tracks she would have reached a shelter before long

In the distance far further than

she thought she saw a light flickering. So her idea it was probably a cowboy Ranch. If she could only reach that light.

On she trudged with a great burning thirst torturing her and with failing step the strange dizziness from the days heat had grown dull and the wind seemed cooler. She fancied she felt cooling water drops falling on her. This cheered her. Had she known what this change meant she would have have been badly frightened.

The little girl was in danger of a fatal heat prostration.

At length after one of the most weary and longest hot trips in all her life and desperate for water she came opposite the light.

It shone from a large camp fire on the edge of a road some fifty feet from her. There was a number of cowboys seated around the fire but not close enough to get its heat.

She approached a little closer calling for water. When a low growl brought her heart to her mouth and a great Dane came bounding towards her. Fearing that it might

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have vicious intent (which it did have) she quickly stooped to grab a handful of sand to fling into its eyes but it was too quick for her and with one spring knocked her flat on the ground and placing two front paws on her chest and threatening her throat with its teeth started barking loudly for its master.

"Come back here Bowser do you hear" called a loud voice

The dog reluctantly obeyed and a tall bearded Cowboy rose up from the camp fire. Angeline shake as she was stood in great awe of strange strong looking men, so

strangely clad to her and turned to run but the dog again interfered and held her tightly by the leg without biting until the man came forward.

She was quickly hustled within the glare of the camp fire the dog following with growls.

The fire was stirred up to make better light.

The other cowboys six in number jumped up when she was brought before them.

She could see that they were indeed Cowboys from their garb but they were rough uncouth

looking men powfully built and armed with a brace of revolvers each. Their horses were not far off.

In running she had dropped her long coat and stood before them in her sun suit.

The men laughed. The one who had seized her was their head.

He was a mexican.

"Who are youse keed and whar youse come frum" demanded the leader.

Seedle keed no dress on but nude" said one of them.

Angeline told them her story. They would not believe it. The leader turned to one of the men.

"Put her on Chen a horse and off with

her to the ranch" he said in mexican. "my will will look the angel face over and question her further. And find storm black and have him also attend to her. The child was crazy to tramp through the desert. And fetch the sheriff"

A two hour trip brought them to a large ranch on the edge of the desert and within easy sight of the city Angeline was taken care of, given water to drink and a cold damp cloth put on her head.

Angeline told the word an, and mr

storm black what actually had happened to her One of the men had brought her overcoat No one seemed to believe the story thought the little girl was crazy and demanded of her what she was doing in the desert The woman gave Angeline a bath and sent Storm black to bring the rest of the gang. She fished out a pair of chuds overalls and bade her put them on.

The woman though good looking wore the cowgirl habit and was smoking a cigarette. She too was a mexican. She and her husband were owners

of the ranch and she was armed as the rest of them. They were good gentle people and did not believe her story because it did not seem probable than any woman could do that to a little girl.

Storm black, and the owner came with some of the men,

"Heck with those overalls" he growled at the woman in mexican. Give her the sun suit she had on"

The woman obeyed and the Rancher threw the overalls into a corner.

Did you send Jim

to try and find clothes for her? he demanded.

"yes"

"now leedle angeles face come heah" he said, taking her by the wrist and drawing her towards him "tell these men your story."

There were thirty cowboys there, gathered in groups.

What probably could have happened though it seems ridiculous" said one of the men "I-I as Sheriff Jameson been notified?"

"I'll e'll come as soon as possible"

One of the men pulled out a flask of strong brandy and poured it into a stein and handed

it to Angeline.

"I never drunk brandy" she said.

"you will if you want to remain living." said the cowboy "your exposure in the Gila desert will result on you soon and this brandy will prevent it, your face is as white as a sheet"

Angeline nervously took it.

"Drink it slowly" he commanded "there is enough there to make a tyke like you crazy drunk if you drunk it fast. Take a sip every now and then until the glass is drained"

After she had finished it he took

her to a cot put her on it and the effects of the brandy put her into a deep sleep at once.

A few moments later the sheriff came with a doctor. Angeline was examined carefully and pronounced out of danger. If the cowboy would have been close enough to keep angeline in their reach instead of allowing the sheriff to take her to his place the next morning all would have been well.

Chapter Thirteen.
The Mohave.

When morning came the sheriff after she was given breakfast heard her story and thought it very queer.

"And that boy Packy changed places with you eh" "Well I swan, But why didnt you you take a train to Nogales instead of trying to walk it. And you took a road going East"

"I was too dazed and bewildered by the heat to think what direction to take."

"Who is this party in Tucson that

you were to be sent to?"
"I do not know them.
I have never heard much
of them a seen them
either She told me the
mans name was Jim
Rooney.
"And she intended that
you would never see
your folks again?"
"Yes sir" she sobbed,
"Well most of us in here
are not Catholics and
therefore do not under
stand this situation may
be she had a right
to do this and maybe
not The best thing
I can do is to
take you to my
office notify your
folks by telegram
and have them
come for you Where
do they live?"
"201 South Halsted

Street Chicago Ill."
"Well come along with
me and I'll see what
I can do."
"And he brought her
on horse back to his
office. He was surp
rised to notice that
she could ride a
horse as good if not
better than he could.

"Hurry up you darn
fools come on hurry
up we want to
get out of here be-
fore some body gets
sorry and gets sore
that we're clean-
ing out this town
blank and starts
hollering"
It was a clean up
all right Seven
far away Chicago
City bandits were

robbing the Cowboy Town bank of all the money it had surprising and binding up all that were in the place. just as they were preparing to go the bandits were surprised by a number of cowboys, but the bandits had the best weapons and in a desperate fight in which ten shots were fired in quick succession and also a hand to hand encounter the bandits won out and shot down even the head man Storm Black severely wounding him. The sheriff hearing the shots came running out but before he could even raise his

pistol five shots were fired at him as the bandits sped away Amid the confusion came a womans voice at a scream

"Help murder They've shot my husband Help"

The next went to the Sheriffs home and office. They broke in the door to get in and after robbing the place also and tying the Sheriffs Deputy to a chair kidnapped Angeline with the purpose to cover their escape.

"Well boys" said the leader whose name was Mr

Mack "that was a good job well done nobody can prove we looted the bank they'll ever think I was kid napped and nobody will ever know what did happen. And who is this angel faced kid we took with us? and what's she doing in the Sheriffs office? But this kid, got to talk and tell us."

"She'll talk all right" said one of the men. After more than a day and night of fast almost reckless driving they stopped at a large old abandoned Ranch house not far from the town of Mohave at the edge (of not center) of the great Mohave desert.

Angeline was taken by a secret passage way to a dark underground place and with her arms and feet (legs) tied tightly was placed seated against a stone wall.

So she would not be left in the dark a lighted lantern was left on the middle of the floor.

The leader and some of the bandits tried to find out who she was but she would not answer.

"So you wont tell me who you are and why you were in the Sheriffs office eh? What in the world can you possibly gain by that? You'll have

to tell us sooner or later. Come on now. Are you going to tell me?"

"No." She answered

"all right goldilocks. There no hurry I dont suspect you know anything against us and we only took you to cover our escape but you were in the sheriffs office and you look so strange and you are in only a summer suit at this time of year that it looks queer. I'll give you time to think it over. I'll give you until to morrow But if you dont come out with it then we'll find ways to make you talk and you'll talk plenty or you'll regret it"

"Rats with the likes of your kind" answered Angeline spitefully "I wouldnt reveal myself to bandits"

She watched the leader disappear into the dark corridor beyond and then she thought to herself:

I sure must have been dumb. Why did I not keep to the railroad tracks instead of going on that other road. Then I wouldnt be in the hands of these outlaws.

and this place down here is no cave but a lot of tunnels and rooms under that old ranch house must have been dug a out way back scores of years ago. I here bandits must use it as their hide out. That woman, I believe George's Aunt. I knew that woman was wrong but I never guessed she would kidnap me and sent me off like she did under guard. And here I am now in the possession of Bandits with one of them

bossing the whole layout thanks to Mrs George, and everybody in Chicago thought she was a swell woman. I believe nobody will ever find me here. And my poor brother and sisters too? I wonder if anything happened to them also. Maybe if I tell who I am why I was in the sheriffs office they'd beat it and let me go. But I'm not going to tell just yet. How could they harm me? The worst of Glandelinian soldiers could not do much to us. Why should I be afraid of these bandits? I am

Angeline poor girl spent a miserable sleepless night there and no one so much as brought her anything to eat or drink.

During the night too rats ran back and forth but she was not afraid and kept perfectly still so as not to scare them. and hoping some of them would come and nibble the cords loose so she would be free. But not one approached her.

By morning Angeline was very hungry but much more thirsty.

"Leaping a Lizards" she thought to herself "They wont give me anything to eat or drink and my arms and

feet are tied so tight they hurt and I cant sleep. They were talking all night any way out in another room. You can hear awful plain down here- Wait a minute, they're talking about me!"

"Aw I could make little goldilocks talk if you'd let me" she heard some one say "Burn her feet a little, choke her good or threaten to cut her belly open or beat the dirt out of her then she'd be mighty glad to tell everything you ask mack."

"Or give her over to the three bears" suggested another with a laugh.

"No I'm not desiring to torture her, except as a last resort. She'll talk sooner or later, especially why she was in the Sheriffs office when we came. I'd she spot us and try to warn the Deputy? We'll give her time."

"Time- yeah and have that Mohave Sheriff snake eyes and his posse of cowboys drop in and catch us like rats in a trap."

"But surely I don't think there's much danger of that. There's no one knows about this cave and if they did they'd have a hard time finding it and we'd have plenty of warning anyway. Our

guards are very watchful."

"Supposing little goldilocks does decide to talk? What are you going to do with the brat then?"

"Oh if she's a child of some rich person we can hold her for ransome but if she's a nobody or a kid of poor folks and we do let her go she'd stool pigeon on us and cause our capture. So what difference does it make. Leave her here where she is. Nobody is very apt to find here in here for at least thirty thirty years."

The last words

made her struggle most desperately at her bonds but in vain. a chilly sensation went up and down her spine,

She now began to hear foot steps and the voice of the leader coming closer,

"That little goldilocks has got to talk and tell me who she is and why she was in the sheriffs office thats all. I've been pretty easy with her, I've given her a chance but that little angel face doesn't appreciate it" thinks she, "smart does she? I'll teach the little yellow head a thing before I get through"

angelina was soon facing him again.

"Now little miss Goldilocks if you know whats good for you you will tell me who you are and be mighty quick about it see. I'm through fooling with a little smart aleck like you. Come on now- spill it"

"Through fooling are you? You never did fool me very much, and never will"

"And you refuse to tell me who you are?"

"Yes"

"Why you darn little fool we could do anything down here we like to to you and nobody would ever know. Tell me what I want to

know or else—"

"I wont tell you who I am"

"So you wont tell eh? Well how do you like that" and he struck her on the side of the face with a stick of wood "and that and that" and he struck her again while between sobs she screamed out

"Ouch. Yeow. You big yellow coward ow ow"

"aw give her the works and be through with it" growled one of the men.

"I will sooner or later. I'll kill her with a straight jacket."

The leader Mr Mack was a lank shifty eyed man, well over six feet tall with a lean face and a long nose and there was something about

him the way he held his head down and slightly to one side; and his studious care to avoid Angelines eyes that warned her to be on her guard and not be rash.

He scowled sidewise at the little girl who couldnt help cowering away from him. He felt a slight pain and numbness in his right arm but paid no attention to it.

With his long saturnine face, his half closed eyes, a lock of hair drooping over his right eye eye brow and with his clothing stained with the blood of someone he had murdered

he was an evil looking wretch that would frighten any child.

"Whats your name Goldilocks?" he demanded handing her another wallop.

"I wont tell you" Idis long head drooping side wise he squinted at one of his men from the tail of his eye. Ide then stepped nearer and inspected the strange glint of her golden hair with his flash light

"Idow did you get that kind of hair?" he asked. He glanced down at her hair in his hang dog way but she only muttered an unintelligible answer.

"You've got them

from a wig store?" he said. or is it real?"

She remained silent.

"Answer me"

Still no sound from her. He squinted at one of his men, who came forward and then reached out grabbed her hair and pulled hard.

"Yeow yeow"

"Whats the matter with you crazy fool" demanded the leader. Whats the matter?"

The man had let go suddenly as she let out the yell.

"Ider hair. It gave me a burn and a shock. I can feel it all through me"

Nonsense Val. Youve been drinking

again" he said. But
nevertheless he didnt
dare touch her him
himself. She glanced
at her tormentor in
brief surprise and then
muttered thickly between
sobs
"Its my real hair-
leave me alone."
"You little witch growled
the leader, Tell me
what I want to know?"
To Mr Macks further
questioning she made
no response at all.
His sullen nature,
his shifty eyes, the
crafty expression
on his long face
convinced her he
was a dangerous
man. But she defied
him nevertheless
She also with horror
knew that these

men were so far
past repentance that it
was useless to reason
with them. The leader
was a demon.
"I'm afraid you'll get
nothing out of her
Mack" said another
man named Nick
Turner. Pulling a word
out of her is like
pulling a nail from
a four inch plank
with your fingers."
"You must know the
trick"
"I know her from
the way she acts"
He tried again but
not a word could
he get out of her.
Tight lipped tightly
bound she maintained
her stony silence.
"Lets cut her open
and be done with it"

growled one other man.
"Speak up kid" said the leader "Who are you, and why were you in the sheriff's office in that sun suit?"
Still she didnt answer. Mack shifted his gaze merely to one of his men. His eyes now were little more than narrow slits. His thin cruel lips were pressed tightly together. His face was a sardonic mask now. For hours that day the leader and some of his men poured questions at their spinx like prisoner but all efforts to get information from her came to naught. She maintained a frozen silence.

They untied her bonds and took her to other parts of the underground place showing her horrible bottomless pits into which they threatened to toss her.
Still no response. For all the answer they got they might as well have been talking into a dead telephone.
He grabbed her roughly and forced her into another room. Brave as she was she could not help being terribley frightened nevertheless for I she knew they could (unless her angels helped her) do something awful to her and the whole world would not know of it.

Should she give in and at least tell her story. There would be no harm in that. And what difference does it make any how would they really kill her if she didnt?"

"What will you do if I tell?" she asked. Angelines face was all covered with blood from scratches received from the blow of the stick.

"Look here" he said: holding her by the arm "I'll do as I'll please afterwards and I'll do worse than that if you dont tell me why you were in the Sheriffs office"

She screamed and tried to break away from him but he was a

very strong man and held her tight.

"Why were you in the Sheriffs office he kept on saying.

"I was taken there by him when I was lost in the desert, and desert rangers found me" she replied.

"You lie you little rat" he said then he grabbed her by the throat and threw her down on the hard stone floor and started to choke her.

She held her head down so he couldnt, as he hoped get a good grip and she kicked and scratched him.

One of the men came to his aid holding her head back so mach could get a tight grip which he did until her tongue stuck out. But just then he had no intention of killing her, but finally let go, and in disgust had her tied up again the same way and then said giving her a violent kick in the side:

"And thats a sample see. And thats only a sample fa a short lasting you bold little rat. And from now on you go without a bite to eat and no water too. I'll see to it you dont sleep either. Oh you'll talk and talk plenty before I get through with you."

Then he went out

to where the rest of the men were waiting outside. Then one said:

"Wouldnt tell a thing eh?

"no"

"Oh why dont you knock her off. She wont spill anything anyway cut her dam belly open and be done with it."

"She wont talk eh?" said the leader. "She has got to" If youd watched that little goldilocks not like I told you to this this never would have happened Bah that what comes of working with a lot of third raters like you—

"Say" interupted the man who

had got the strange shock when pulling Angelines hair "We've been talking this thing over see? We figger you've gummed the whole works. We thought you was a smart guy weasel, thats why we was willing to go along and follow orders, maybe you are a smart guy. Maybe you knew there was something queer about that little rats hair and wanted to make me the sucker. Thats what we figger on finding out now see!"

"Do you suppose I'd let you touch that little rats hair if I had known there was something queer about it" Mr

Mack answered savagely Do you think I enjoy the company of a lot of cheap thugs like you. Suppose I did know there ... was something un natural about her hair - what would you do about it? Why you" and cursing he felled the man to the floor with a swift right to the jaw.

"I'll get him" cried one of the thugs and they started to rush him but Mack quickly pulled forth a pistol from an inside coat pocket. The thugs were panic stricken.

"Get back you brush leaguers" he cried. I'm boss of this job and don't

you forget it. Try that again and you'll get what a lot of others got. One more move like that from any one of you and not one of you will get out of here alive. They didnt pick that name "weasel" out of a book - I earned it see."

They were subdued at once.

Angeline was too far off in her prison to hear this row about her hair.

"Dog-gone that cowardly brute" She cried between sobs. "If I can only get loose and get to the Ranch the cowboys will hear of this and they'll turn that bird wrong side out like a wind blown

umbrella - but nobody will ever find me here. And if anybody did know of this place how ever are going to find their way in. Even folks living round here for years dont know that! And this comes from taking the wrong road Gee what a dumbbell I was."

This time they left her without a light all the time and brought no food or water.

During the night a sheriff and his posse searched the Ranch house but found no trace of the outlaws. She thought to herself: "When that posse

was searching the house last night I thought there was a chance for me. Maybe there is yet if I can just keep from telling them who I am. If I can make them wait long enough maybe the posse will be able to find this place and if they do all will be all right. If I tell, they'll know who I am and hold me for ransome If I dont they will likely kill me. Sure to do it one way or another But whats the use of weakening? Im going to try to keep a stiff upper lip any way-"

She was interupted with

"Well this is the last

of it. Now we can divide up and be ready to get out of here by to morrow night. The sooner I leave this place the better I'll like it."

"To morrow night" thought Angeline "Well I guess I'm to be done for. They will either choke, shoot me, or leave me here one or the other. Its my finish either way. My poor folks will miss me always unless my angels save me as they did before. Still if they do leave me here I'd have a chance. I'm going to keep real still and maybe they'll forget me-"

She heard a noise and looked up. Mack

and one of his henchmen were standing grimly before her He held a revolver in his hand. He spoke to his man.

"Of course we could just leave her here not one chance in a thousand of her getting away But she knows too much about us now. No we taking a chance. Better knock her off and be sure"

She was looking up at him pleadingly hoping to touch his iron heart But one of the men said; "aw blow her head off and be done with it"

"But the gun will make too much noise and could be heard out

side from here" said another.

"Well then strangle the little yellow head." suggested another "Put an end to her that way"

"Thats a good idea And she wont be able to struggle this time"

Mack reached down to accomplish it while another held her head back so mr Mack could do it without hindrance.

She gave one awful loud scream that echoed through the underground passageway but he stopped any further shrieking with a vice like grip on her neck so tight that her tongue stuck out but

further this time. But one of the men cried: "No dont do that. Dont kill her that way I've got a better scheme. Draw her tight as hell in that small straight jacket we have with us, and leave her here that way that will kill her slowly and no one will be the wiser."

Mack at first did not agree and held on until her throat was torturing her with pain, and her lungs felt bursting from lack of air, then he relented, and threw her to the floor where she lay gasping desperately for air while a man went for the straight jacket.

Sometime later any one who would have gone into the place who would have indistinctly observed over against a darkened wall what looked like a bundle of rags. There was a slight movement, and any one who would have walked to it would have observed that the leader had carried out the mans cruel advice, and put the little girl in a straight jacket still tied hand and foot. It was really a miracle that she lived.

For four days and nights poor Angeline remained there in the dark

place. On the morning of the fifth day the same party going in there if they had discovered her would have seen that in another four hours Angeline would have died. Her beautiful face was terribly drawn and a deathly pallor had spread over her pearl white skin. Had any person been there he would had to lean over and press his hand against her forehead to reassure himself there was still heat in the little body. The little girls eyes were open and staring but any one would have known they

conveyed no message to the brain. But all those four days and nights, rats desperate in need of something to make their "nests" with had been continually gnawing away parts of the straight jacket with their sharp teeth. Finally before she really was totally unconscious they had torn and bitten away so much that it gave way so suddenly as to cause the rats to scamper away in a panic. It made a loud noise as it broke loose.

Before this since she was first bound by the straight jacket she

she had not been in it fifteen minutes when sharp needle like pains began shooting through her (fig) fingers hands and arms.

Gradually the pains had extended to her shoulders and within half an hour shot back and forth like lightning.

Cramping pains clutched her bowels her breath came with a hot dry sensation, the brass rivets ate into her flesh and the cord ground into her back with the slightest movement, even breathing was an added agony.

Her head grew hot and feverish and

a strong burning thirst seized. The anguish became more and more unendurable. As the hours and days passed no sleep was possible day or night. The bodily excretions over which she had long since lost control because of the increasing pressure of her corsets caused by swelling of veins and arteries, ate into her bruised lower limbs adding pain to pain.

Her fingers hands and arms finally became numb and a paralyzing shock stunned her brain.

She did remember rats continually gnawing on the straight jacket but

could not hope they'd destroy it in time to save her life. After the straight jacket had come apart and she kind of came to she tried to stand up after lying there a time longer but reeled to the floor of the cave.

The rats also had destroyed the cords around her arms and feet which as mentioned before the bandit leader had purposely left on when applying the straight jacket.

Her badly bruised and sunburned body was apparently like that of a shriveled little mummy and for a time a

horrible stench arose from her which kept the rats at a distance. It was quite some hours before she recovered from the awful effects of the straight jacket.

Then despite the darkness she was able after some hours to find her way up from the underground prison and it was night when she was up inside the old deserted ranch house, and found it very hot

Hanging over a chair it was her thin long coat which the outlaws had left inside the old place was a

quanity of food and
water left by them.
Being without food so
long she betook of a
hearty meal. She re-
mained in the cabin
for quite a few days
until she was fully
recovered and then
opening the door she
looked out.
To her dismay she
saw nothing but
waste land and cactus
and wondered where
she was. She still
thought she was in
Arizona and had
hopes to find her
way back to
the cowboys who
had befriended
her.
She did not know
that the Ranch was
in a at a distance

of more than three
hundred and fifty miles
away to the Southeast
from where she was.
She didnt know that
she was facing the
dreaded deadly Mohave
a cousin to the dread-
ful death Valley.
But she decided she
couldnt stay where
she was either.
She felt in her
long coat pocket
and found the
money was still
there. The bandits
had not thought
to look for any
money there.
But for what
they did to Angeline
God struck.
While driving
through the wooded
section of California

they got caught in the path of a fearful swiftly spreading forest fire which was then raging. They tried to out distance the advancing conflagration by putting up full speed to their car but the fire storm driven on by a wind storm of its own making from the fierce heat, was far faster, overtook them the gaso line tank exploded, spraying the whole car and its occupants with flaming liquid and they were burned to death without hope of escape. What an awful account they had to render to God,

for what they did before His Throne. And God had designed the rats to save His little girl.

For a time she stayed there and cried piteously and prayed. It was awfully hot there because the Ranch was in the Mohave desert. She loathed to go forth under that awful hot Mohave sun.

And she had no straw or any kind of hat.

But she decided that she had to sally forth for she must reach that Ranch and get help.

Poor dumb foolish

little girl. Had she remained a little longer a bunch of desert Rangers only two hours away on horseback would have come to the ramshackle shack and found her.

And she would have been taken care of and would not need to have stood the tortures of the awful desert.

Before she departed she gathered all the food that was left and water too in containers for each. Then she looked outside again and to her surprise saw a burro teth ered to an old post.

It had been left there by the bandits. She knew these kind of animals are unusally gentle and she decided to ride it to the Ranch. If it would allow her to get upon its back.

It had no objection what ever but looked very gentle and docile as she unfastened the leash and mounted.

It was evening and she decided to travel by night only hoping to reach the Ranch in the morning On the back of the burro she looked like a fairy riding out in the desert combined with the most beautiful and perfect

form of her little body. In the moonlight she really looked like a child of celestial character who came down from Heaven to ride a burro.

"Doggone those rascals. They had that kid in this old Ranch house I'm surprised they did not even flay the little girls hide off."

It was the constable who thus spoke.

The spunky kid rode off on my own burro said Indian guide, called Snake Eye, "I'm shes going to travel this good darn desert -!

"Easy Pard, you're talking about a little girl who's more than angel than

a child - but we will find her pronto you a hollering and a swearing how the Arizona State Cowboys were careless in letting the kid go and the twelve city bandits are to blame for what's happened The kids note left on the old Ranch house says what the outlaws did to her and that she was going to try to find her way back to the Cowboys on the desert".

"What?" cried the Constable "To go over one hundred square miles of trackless sand under a scorching sun The kids crazy. She

cannot do it. She'll perish"
"Dont be discouraged or give up you fool" said Snake eyes savagely grabbing the Constable roughly by the vest. "are you a coward, and intend to quit. If anything happens to that kid it means disgrace to us, our finish. Its bad enough for outlaws to go robbing and killing men, but even cowboy and cowboy outlaws aint gonna stand for killing children or causing their death."
They were soon mounted on their horses it being a new morning. Another horse was connected with them carrying supplies. They traveled a

long time but found no trace of the little girl.
"We gotta find her Snake eyes" said the Constable "The heat of this blazing sun will kill her if-"
"Shut up and keep your eyes open" Or they traveled for hours without finding a sign of her. Snake eyes feared greatly for her because a child being lost in this desert meant a terrible thing indeed. On they rode till past noon not even stoping for a bite to eat and drinking only when they couldnt stand the thirst no longer.

"That kid on the bronco couldnt travel very far in one night" grumbled Snake eyes. "That sand storm wiped out their tracks"

"But we must find her" said the constable in desperation "We must I tell ya"—

"Save your breath" cried Snake eyes. Watch for signs If we dont pick up her trail it wont be healthy for any of us. Get me?"

In the meantime Angeline had traveled through a good part of the sweltering hot night even through a fierce hot desert desert sand storm and by morning was quite exhausted. Not a house was

in sight but trackless sand, and dunes with here and there a tall cactus, and strongly blowing very hot winds.

With the rising of the sun it grew scorching hot so that what little she had on seemed about to burn her and her hair was soaked in sweat,

"Gee dear God in Heaven" she said as she walked in front of the bronco as she was tired of riding 'aint it awful hot I never felt it so hot any where before This looks like a terrible big desert but if I keep on walking

and walking and praying pretty soon we will see a house or something I hope"

For a good number of hours she and the burro traveled through the merciless desert under a beating sun. The winds felt more burning than ever, the sands under her feet felt scorching through her shoes and her summer suit even was so hot and uncomfortable that she was tempted to take it off and wear the long coat instead, and she was getting dreadfully thirsty. She had drank of her water supply very often Her leg hat she had made from some

strange desert plants made her sweat more, but if she traveled bare headed the glaring sun scorched her head like red hot coals and threatened her with the dreaded desert malady sunblindness.

She suffered most intensely all the discomforts the heat of the Mohave desert could bring.

"Honest to goodness" she complained to herself "I've got the worm warm awful We aint got anything to eat and only a little bit of water left And the heat feels as if we were walking through real

but invisible fire. at first when I left the old tumble down Ranch house and made the trip during the night I didnt know the desert was so terrible big. and I thought I'd find the Cowboys or sheriff or some one, give them the clues to 'those city out laws and tell them what the bandits did to me and then find some way to get home to my folks. I kept what was left of the straight jacket for proof. But I guess you cant after all find cowboys or sheriffs on a desert. you cant find no one nothing but just burning sand

cactus and terrible hot weather - I never felt such heat in my life its far worse than French Guiana and such burning hot dry heat. its even just as hot in the shade of the dunes. and to try to sit on the shady parts almost burns you"

I wards noon time with the blazing sun overhead beating down so mercilessly she staggered on leading the burro by a rope How long could she endure.

Soon six days passed and she was still struggling on against the desert

In the meantime the sheriff was quickly organizing a searching party for the little

girl. A fourty score number of cowboys were already on horse-back with plenty of water and provisions. One cowboy on horseback said to another

"If there's a little girl lost in that dreaded desert - this party better start a searching pronto. The quicker we start the better."

"Keep your shirt on cowboy" said his comrade "The sheriffs wasting no time he's getting things organized for a real search."

"Sims right" said another cowboy driving a small wagon loaded with saddles "Its gonna be a tough job."

The party started

out as soon as organized and soon were spreading over a certain section of the desert. As any one knows the Mohave has a wide and long expanse, and you could see far off nearly to the horizon line from one of the sand dunes. But in vain was the search.

They could not see any trace of a little girl lost in the desert.

The search continued on for days. After a ten day search one of a party of cowboys came riding up reporting that no trace of the "angel" child could be found.

"Dont blame me for the bad news Chief said Constable Grayson I found out that a band of city outlaws had, had that kid a prisoner in an old abandoned Ranch house and left her to shift for herself. So after they were gone she grabbed some grub and high tailed it into the desert I got word that she ran away from home her folks being a family in Mohave Ranch called the Rooneys. Thats why Im after her. When the Indian guide, with Sheriff String Bean and Constable Black got the news first they started after her pronto but couldnt find

her and came to me for help Then they returned to their Ranch put in their reports and now Sheriff String and thousands of riders are desperately combing the desert with Indian guides.

String Bean and Black are powerful lucky if they get back with or without the child. Nobody can travel this deadly desert and live unless they know it and the few water holes and can stand this awful heat."

"But we've got to find the kid" said one of the men. "She'll perish before the afternoon is early spent if she

hasnt perished already."
The search went on desperately but in vain and about fourty of the men threatened with sun blindness had to abandon the quest.
Two more days passed and the search was in vain.
"It looks like the deserts got the little girl" said a man called Hank. and it'll about get us too. Its been found out the little kids a daughter of a big Attorney and if she's a goner we'll be blamed for it, for not tracking those bandits up and the whole country will come looking for us with gun a-smok

ing."
"But how can they blame us. The city bandits kidnapped the child some where near Nogales Arizona from a Sheriffs office.
But we had orders to stop and search every auto that came down the road and didnt do it and let the bandits slip by. We are so many here that if those outlaws came at us we would have easily bagged the whole lot.
The hunt went on most dilligently and fearlessly but they might as well have blindfolded themselves and looked for a

pin in a haystack.
The searchers under Sheriff String Bean met with equal failure though they searched longer.
"Its no longer a reason to search for its no use men" said String Bean sadly. "You've been searching like hunting dogs fo thirteen days now! I reckon the little girl a goner. It aint fair to keep you any longer me and Storm Black are paid by the County to risk our lives. We'll drift across to Desert Rocks. Maybe some of the water holes aint dry yet There a long chance the gal might be there"
"Sorry Sheriff" said

Constable Williams "me and all the boys will drag along we can spread out and cover more ground If we dont find water holes - well no use worrying about that yet Our Indian guide will find her."
"Well he's been trying to find her for these last 16 days and not one of us has found her yet"
maybe so but there aint any use of a hollering and giving up hope until we're plump certain the little girl aint still a-living In my time I've known plenty men and animals

to die from heat and thirst but never a burro. now you know Burros cant fly - so"

"But" exclaimed another man" a little girl cant endure the hardships of any desert half as long as grown ups can. For some reason or other. she fled into the desert now."

"Its true we aint found em yet but that dont prove we never will."

The search continued even through the night.

At the Ranch there also was conversation about it.

"Looks like the little girl and the burro are gone forever" said one Sheriff of another division String Bean and his posse have given up the search for her"

"Sisson Boss" said a Cowboy to the Ranch owner "I'm figgering maybe that kid was not ever lost in the desert in the first place -"

"Whats wrong Shotgun Mike. You been a drinking again?"

"no more-n usual and supposing the chief of the banduts scared the kid into writing a note then carried her away with them to throw the Sheriffs off their course."

"But then where is the little gal mountain and Forest Rangers fighting a wild forest fire found the remains of what they believed were the banduts and their scan destroyed

in the blaze but no sign of the gal"

Angeline showing a strong matter of endurance had traveled on for fourteen days resting as best as the heats of the sand would allow only at nights But for the hardships and suffering she endured she might as well have been a lost soul in the infernal region She didnt even yet realize she was lost in that trackless waste It seemed strange her possession angels did not prevent her from starting on such a dreadful foolish journey after all she went through at the hands of the brutal out-

laws.

"Gee whiz" she thought to herself "This is a terrible big desert more bigger than I thought and awful hot too. I was a goose to try to travel without waiting for some one to come and help me. Its a good thing I have the burro with me so I can ride him now and then. But we just got to keep walking and riding untill we come to a house or something"

She continued on for another hour and then stopped again to rest and appease her burning thirst for three times she had the unnatural

good luck of finding every water hole in her path. But now to her horror she found she had drained the last of what she had taken from the last water hole. Then she said to herself as she arose to her feet and staggered

"Gee I'm getting awful dizzy and everything globes so I cant stand up I guess I and the sun better rest for a while in that little shady place by the cactus."

She just staggered twards that shady spot and when she reached it she sat down and stayed there three hours. So far she had

not seen a mirage- Ider head ached her throat feet burning and unusally dry Then she tried several times to rise to her feet but collaspsed at every effort.

"Gee I dont know whats the matter?" she thought to herself "every time I try to stand up my feet wont support me and I fall down again. Maybe after I rest a little bit more my feet will let me walk some more-and oh I'm so thirsty and-and" all he came black to her and she was out.

Chapter Fourteen.

Jim Rooney.

An old fellow who surely might be a prospector of some kind was also journeying through that part of the desert with two well packed burros of his own and plenty of water. He was continuing on when he suddenly stopped took his pipe out of his mouth and said:

"Dad blame it. What, either a mirage? See a there, something surely moving over there but I cant rightly make out what it is."

He followed it closely and carefully and saw something smaller with a strong

glint on top drop down by a cactus and stay there and trying to rise repeatedly but unavailing. He quickened his pace despite the heat and soon discovered the longer object was a burro with a rope hanging from its neck.

Dad blame it, Who's with the burro. I saw something with a golden glint on top but I dont see anybody. Somethings happened sure as shooting. Wild burros dont carry any ropes around their necks. I'm going over there and investigate." He

He walked on for nearly an hour

so great was the distance and I reached the animal. He looked it over for only a few seconds then headed for the shady side of the Cactus.

He couldnt believe his eyes at what he saw. At first he believed it was a desert mirage deciewing him.

A most beautiful little girl half naked was lying in the shade close to the Cactus unconscious with her mouth open and her tongue protruding.

He slowly poured some water from his canteen into her mouth and then lifted her up in his arms saying:

"Dad be arne it,

less I'm seeing a mirage, its a little girl and as pretty as an angel, and almost entirely naked, I wunderation how come she of all person to be out in this Mohave desert. She looks all tuckered out and too the heat has struck her down but she's still a livin".

He brought her to a large sand dune where there was plenty of shade and laid two thick blankets on the sand, so much of the heat couldnt get through. Then he laid her on it and covered her with a thin blanket. Then he kept watch over her all the rest

of the rest day and through that night only dozing off a little every now and then.

When it was daylight he got up, approached the little girl and felt of her fore-head with his hand. "Dad blame it" he exclaimed "if I dont think the youngster's fever is a mite better this morning I wonder what in the world happened and caused her to be out in this miserable desert."

He was a tall slim old gentleman dressed like a Westerner and having a long white beard. He wore a cowboy hat and a long vest which was unbuttoned

His leggings were shot. He reckoned him-

self beside the unconscious child smoking a corncob pipe.

"The little critter looks sorta puny and picayunish but she's tougher'n whang leather. he said. "I ought to pull her through in three weeks."

"Right away he began to work and by means of sticks fastened together he formed a sort of canopy above her to keep the hot sun from shining on her and raising her fever. He did all that in a remarkably short time.

Nearly two weeks had passed and poor Angeline was worse and at times foamed at the mouth. He did everything for

her that was possible but in vain. Her white skin had turned to a sunburn red as a result of the fever.

"If I wasn't such a duck fingered addle brained old want hog" he said to himself. "she would have been up and raring to go the first day - but I'll think she'll win out in spite of me. I wish I could figger out some way of finding out who she is, why she was out here in the desert and make her forget about the brother and sisters she thinks she lost."

He stood there a long time watching her and wondering who she was. Later on he constructed a sort of

stretcher out of the sun shade and placing it across the backs of his two burros with her on it started traveling forth during the rest of the day and way into the night.

In fear of her getting more worse he didn't stop to rest once after traveling for several days with his precious little burden he stopped once more to look at her and then resumed his way, thinking to himself.

"Dad blame it if I don't think the little gal's a gonna make the grade. We should reach that shudder spring by comes daylight"

I forgot to mention the old man had a big dog with him a faithful old companion of his after two more days passed she was still unconscious the fever higher and wailing plaintively about her lost brother and sisters. Another day passed and she was at still as if dead. The man said to his dog Fido.-"Your a smart honest dog - watch her. I'll see if, If I can find some of the desert herbs the Injuns use to cure sun sickness!"

And he went off. It was not long after wards that in a delirium she left her shelter working her way down

a path in an unconscious state on hands and knees, after some moments she halted saying in a distressful voice.

"I've got to find my brother and sisters I've just got to".

The dog a very big powerful mastiff bellowed alongside. When she continued onward on hands and knees, the dog placed himself in front of her and started barking furiously

"Gee" she cried out. "What is that noise. Glandelinians must be chacing me".

The barking brought the old fellow on a hurry holding plants in his left hand,

"Dad blame it" he said I should never have -" and he ran forward picked up the child and carried her back say ing "Poor little angel - plum plump out of her head - still looking fa the mother and sisters she keeps raving about" He quickly placed her back in her shelter. Then with water from a canteen he soaked a clean rag and while he wa doing it he heard her say in a very sad voice.

"Oh Jim. Oh Jim I've lost my sisters again Please please Jim help me find my brother and sisters"

With the wet rag he knelt beside her Then as he wrapped the cool damp cloth around her her head she cried out: "Its raining awful hard but dont you worry Marjorie I'll let you everything is going to be allright"

Poor little like "he said as he let water go into her mouth drop by drop "She's still delirious"

He knelt beside her quite a while working over her, Then he got up and stood watching her anxiously, Then as he still stood she cried out in her delirium

"Come on Jim We just got to keep

traveling till we find my sisters or I will think they are dead!"

He looked at her quite a while after that and began thinking as he stroked his beard with one hand. All the rest of that blistering day and also night he kept watch over the sick child though three or four times he actually couldnt help falling asleep.

Towards morning he fell into a doze again and did not awaken untill the rising sun aroused him. The sun shade was still over her.

"Dad became to it" he said rubbing his eyes "There I go a dozing

again like a doddering old fool just a setting here a knowing a fine nurse and doctor I am— use to was I could keep my peepers for a week at a time. Now after a couple of days I'm worse than old Rip Van Winkle."

When he approached the improvised bed he to his relief found her sitting up, looking about her in a very bewildered way.

"Where am I. Where my sisters?" she cried not appearing to see him as he held a spoon of herb medicine towards her lips.

"There there youngster" he said gently "dont you go a worrying your pretty head about your sisters now—just

drink this nice medicine and rest a while!"

Apparently unconscious as she seemed to be she swallowed it at once, and then he laid her down and she fell asleep. He saw his dog wagging his tail as he still held the spoon.

"Dad became it you got a reason to wag your tail, looks like the desert fever's gettin a little better, n it was."

Yet to get her out of danger he knew he would have to get her out of the flat desert but the distance was long.

They still had many miles to go. The following

morning the old man was snoring away sound asleep but some how in or other Angeline had come to and was looking around curiously and surprised to find where she was lying.

She noticed the sun shelter above her and that she was covered with a thin blanket.

"Gee I must be alive after all" she said to herself "because when I pinch myself I can feel it hurts me. I guess I must have been dreaming but I wonder where I am, and why I was lying here"

At that moment she looked around

quite startled as a loud booming voice called out:
"Howdy my pretty youngster. Dad blamed if it aint good for sore eyes to see you a sitting up looking chipper as a blue jay"
She saw a tall whiskered man sitting on a blanket not far from her.
He rose up, came towards her stooping down to look at her closely.
She saw he had a very kindly face and eyes as blue as her own.
"Please Mr Cowboy" she cried as he fixed things up properly for her "Where am I?"
"I can tell you in all good time" he

said as he stooped to look into her sky blue eyes. He noticed her bright golden hair all in a mess and combed it for her.
"But please Mr Cowboy" she pleaded "tell me where I am, how I came to be lying here, and what happened to me. Yesterday me and the bunch"
"Yesterday?" he exclaimed still stooping over (there) her. Then he sat down on a mound in front of her and said:
"Now my pretty youngster, listen and I'll tell you about how I come to meet up with you. But you gotta promise me you wont get

excited. You're still a mighty sick child"

Then he told her how he had come to find her how long she had been ill (3 week) and of her raving about her lost sisters and mother."

To keep her in more comfort he removed the blanket and propped her up in a sort of sitting posture against a roll of blankets.

"Dad blame it my pretty youngster it make me feel powerfully good to see you looking so chipper" he said.

"I feel kind of dizzy" she answered "Oh"

"Now dont try and

talk little girl you had a hard battle but you won dad blame it, you won"

"Where am I?" she pleaded "Where are my sisters and good mother? are they safe?"

"I here there now" he too answered "you must be quiet and rest your sisters are safe - so is the barrel of rubies and the gold."

"Please Mr Cowboy dont fool me" she pleaded piteously and from her sickness she was a pitiful sight and looked no wan and thin. "Tell me are my sisters safe, they are far away from me and I dont want mrs

George to get -"
She did not finish for she again fell over in a swoon.
"D blame it" he said scratching his head in perplexity "The poor little like fainted again, Ever since I picked her up dying in the desert she's been outta her head."
He watched over her carefully during the whole day doing every thing he could to bring her to her self again.
I wonder might fall at the time the moon was rising he stood over her as she lay flat on her back in front of the small tent, Likely belongs to some unknown Holy Family that must

have perished trying to buck the clad blamed old desert"
After placing her more inside so at least her head would be inside the tent he seated himself beside her and his faithful dog squatted down to the left side keeping watch over the little girl.
"It breaks my (fo) heart" the old fellow said to himself "to listen to her rave about losing her mother and sister I did they perish in the desert I wonder?"
That night as he was placing a cool cloth again over her forehead she again cried out in her

unconscious state.

"We got to keep going Jim. We just got to reach a place where we can find my lost sisters".

The next morning dawned and upon Angeline awakened to consciousness. But this time though still seriously ill she was herself again and clearly remembered her surroundings. She tried to rise in a sitting position and looking round saw the old desert man pulling off some twigs with leaves from a bush.

It was the herb for sun sickness. She saw Buno friend standing near on the other side and she said pointing to her good benefactor:

"Gee Buno I wish you could talk and tell that nice old man that I dont tell lies when I tell him I have six sisters and a brother in far away Chicago, he thinks I'm not of delirious from sickness" I didnt say they were lost in the desert but he says I did"

The man was soon cooking something over a fire and seeing she was sitting up he got the medicine into a spoon and was soon beside her holding her gently up by the left shoulder saying

Study honey gal, just try and swallow this. Then we'll have us some nice jack Rabbit soup

It'll make you grow much stronger'n a "grizzly bar"

She did as she was told and then for a time laid down and kept quiet. Then just before he was finished she rose in a half reclining posture and said:

"But please mr Luster"

"Sorry youngster" he answered "you must lie still, dont talk or think about anything especially your sister you lost"

"But Mr I'm telling you, I must tell you I never lost my sister I left them in Chicago. I was kidnapped and carried to Arizona on a train. Bandits then kidnapped me

and brought me here"

"You, dont understand you said that when you were delirious. Soon the rabbit soup was ready. He sat at the foot of her improvised blanket bed watching her eat. To him she was a very little angel Gabriel eating and yet still ill.

Suddenly the little angel popped a question "Are you a Doctor mr?"

"No youngster I'm not a doctor, just an old wanderer who spents his life try to learn all about the desert. I reckon if I lived here for a million years I'd be all ready to graduate from the

desert kintergarten."
"Honest" she said looking at him gratefully "I know you are a grand kind old man."
He suddenly arose to his feet and pointing to the smiling face "Here here - no talking thems orders. (He doesnt like to be praised) The desert gave you a mighty hard knocking around but youre a dummin the battle but you must have rest and quiet as soon as youre able me and you is gonna have a long palaver bout things then Right now your medicine is silence and rest. I'll do the talking and so on. and an old codger

like me is not to be praised. Youre the one who should be praised as I know by the looks of your face some supernatural source is in you. You are not an ordinary mortal or you would not have survived the desert the first day out"

In the meantime the sheriff and his posse had pressed the search with keen eyes an Indian Chief and guide of the Navahoe in hunting the child. They came upon the spot where the old prospector first stumbled after dis

covering Angeline lying in the cactus shade dying from heat and thirst. A part of the sticks used for her shelter was still there.
The Indian guide stooped to examine what foolprint foot prints were left and after his customary "ugh" said in good English to the Sheriff:
"The signs show she was pretty far gone almost dead already when he found her though"
The Indian continued his investigation for some time around that part of the desert and then pointed Southeast ward,
"any more signs?" asked the sheriff.
"yes good ones. answered the Indian

The signs show they must have been camping here for days and the fresh trails southeast ward says the angel papoose is strong enough to travel again."
The Indian though wearing the pig tail hair was dressed as the cowboy and was well educated. He too was armed with guns. The sheriff said to the Indian
"We got papers here saying the child ran away from a man from Raney. Find them, she must be returned."
Had the sheriff

known for truth about her Jim Rooney instead of getting the little girl would have to answer a lot of questions. He lived in Arizona but had a 101 Ranch in California near the Mohave and was the cleverest and biggest Rustler in the whole west He had received word about Mrs George sending an Agent, and hearing She had been lost in the desert made out papers claiming to the Sheriff that she was his runaway daughter who fled to keep from going to School Being hood winked by the

fake papers the Sheriff was now bent on overtaking her. Had he known her true identy and that the papers were a fake I would not want to be Jim Rooney To put something over on a Sheriff that way, means "the rope".

In the meantime her bed was formed almost like a canal boat in Venice with the two long staves of it fastened to two burros and now they were heading West This was two days later, as they went on, he

said:
"Dad blame it if you dont look as chuppen as a young robin pecking out of a nest."
Another day came and she had improved so that she was far better. During this day of journey she wore a large hat made from the tough leaves of some desert plant.
They continued to travel for some time and as they did so she as graphically as she could, told of all what had happened to her.
"So that old woman put you into all this trouble eh, and as you say, you suffered all this for the sake of

Christ and to protect your sisters from her. "Dad blame it if you aint what I call a real pard. But see yonders a water hole and a pinch of shade where we can rest and a little bite to eat and a little palaver."
Within an hour and a half they had reached the water hole and were sitting there eating and drinking.
"Its like a fairy tale" she said "I getting knocked out by the heat I was out of my head for weeks and weeks and you saving my life and I cin my delirium raving about looking for my lost sisters when

I'm lost from them instead"

"Dont mention your lost sisters When I think of you sick and a dyin begging someone by the name of Dum to find your sisters and take them home in your savings and so, and and thinking of the cause of your trouble I wanna have a couple of kandenoar to kick the britches off of that cruel jealous wicked woman. and yet too because I'm an old half-wit you most died of worrying."

"It aint your fault I think your grand" she said.

All this time she still had nothing on but her sunsuit

In real facts she did look like a half nuddist angel. To wear her thin long coat which she still had he forbade because of the heat.

After a couple of more days of traveling under the hot sun of the Mohave desert.

"Thanks be to God glory ohsky" cried angeline "just to look at all the nice green fields and river makes me glad all over

If I was back home with my folks I'd feel better" she cried anew "But please could'nt we have lunch over there under a tree I feel awfully hungry"

I reckon not youngster" as much as I'd like to myself" he answered "We're still five hours and a half travel from the grass unless you want to wait that long to eat. I certainly dont"

"Oh no I'm too hungry" she answered. "I forgot places often look nearer than they are"

They soon stopped at a spot to rest and

eat and as they did so he said again "Besides I'm in a hurry to get into green Valley after dark - news travels fast and I'm not taking any chances on losing you"

"You mean robbers, kidnappers? Gee oh, gee"

"Now dont go a troubling your pretty head about anything I'm just being careful like"

Again they traveled and they were soon out of the desert in the green.

After an hour more of traveling and night came on they came upon a large cabin, carved a glen with

one solitary lighted window.

"Gee" cried Angeline an aint it swell. Is this where you live?"

"What? that? me live in a house? no siree bob. I was born in the desert and I figger when I feel like dying its gonna be under the stars. But you come in with me und we'll surprise my old pard Happy Hallee. That salty old man and mother will fall down dead when he sees what I brought him."

She followed him into the house. a short white haired whiskered man but very powerful and gruff looking and wearing glasses

was seated at a small round table. It was covered with a white table cloth on the center of which was a lamp. He rose to his feet in surprise and looked at the little girl with the prospector as if he had seen a ghost.

"My goodness Mike, you did grasshopper is that your guard! I am angel, or did you pick up a fairy" he gasped coming forward.

Mike got him to quiet down and then told the whole story. The other fell on it was wholly astonished. After hearing every thing he lifted

up onto the table and surveyed her from head to foot.

"Well I'll be an Australian wood chopper if she aint prettier than the prettiest picture" he exclaimed "I have heard of people rescueing children but you Mike rescued a little angel. She must stay here for a while until she is entirely well and who ever they are her folks must be notified as soon as possible. to come and get her as soon as I get their address. I'll send them word that they have nothing to worry about"

He gently took

her down and examined her hair.

"Her hair is like the golden hair a feather of a Chinese Golden pheasant" he said. "But she sure does need a bath and that what she got on aint enough. I'm surprised her skin is not sun scorched."

"It was on the day of angelines disappearance when breakfast was being prepared that Jennie Indian proposed that they make a journey to Lincoln Park.

"I dont remember being there yet" said Jennie. "But Pennod once told me it was the prettiest

park in the city."
"We all ought to go and have Evans with us" added Violet.
"All right" said Jennie I'll go and ask Angeline if she'll like to go with us This is Saturday and there is no school. Perhaps we'll take the Clark street car which would be much nicer for us than having to walk all the way. This city of Chicago is a pretty big place when you get to all the edges of it.
So she jumped up from her chair and went along the halls of the house until she came to their suite which was in the

center of the second floor. In a little waiting room sat Marjorie Masters who already was busy reading before breakfast.
"Is Angeline up yet" inquired Jennie.
"I dont know my dear" replied Marjorie I have not heard a word from her this morning. She hasn't called for her bath or her breakfast and it is far past her usual time for getting up"
"Thats strange" exclaimed Jennie.
"Yes" agreed Marjorie. "But of course no harm could have happened to her. And no one has ever succeeded in killing any one of you yet and

angeline is the nicest looking and the best and strongest of you all and surely since the spies are gone she has no enemies as far as I know Therefore I am not worried at all about her though I must admit her silence is very unusual"

"Perhaps" said Jennie thoughtfully "she has overslept She has never felt herself since being in Guiana and complained of a head ache last night Because she didnt feel well she didnt go to school yesterday If she didnt stay in bed she may be

reading or working out some lession she wishes to learn sooner"

"Any of those things may be true" replied Marjorie "So I have not dared disturb your sister you however and her sister and I know that angeline would not mind at all if you went in to see her"

"And of course not" said Jennie, and opening the door of the outer chamber she went in. all was still there. She walked into another room which was their boudoir and then passed back to the library

drapery richly embroidered in deep color. The girl entered the sleeping room of her sister. The bed was vacant not a trace of Angeline was to be found.

Very much surprised yet with no fear so far that any thing had happened to her dear sister Jennie returned through the boudier to the other rooms of the suite.

She went into the music room, the library the laboratory the bath the wardroom but in none of these places could she find Angeline.

So she returned to the anteroom where she had left Marjorie and said:

"She isn't (a)? in any of her rooms now so she must have gone out."

"I dont understand how she could do that without my seeing her" replied Marjorie "unless she made herself invisible"

"She isn't there any how" declared Jennie.

"Then let us go find her" suggested Marjorie who now appeared to be a little uneasy.

So they went into the corridor and there Jennie almost stumbled over Tim who turned a corner.

"Stop a minute

she called to him.
"Surely what is wrong Jennie?"
"Have you seen angeline this morning?"
"not?" replied the boy stopping before her "I seen nothing at all of her this morning and thought she was down at breakfast. ahead of you."
"Very well Jim" said Jennie. Jim looked admiringly at Jennie There were other things about Jennie that would have been admirable to one seeing her for the first time.
She was commonly called "the delicate Virian angel" because her

body and limbs though beautifully formed did not look half as strong as they really were Her head was Christ like in form and her neck was well formed, not too long. Her hair was a little more golden than the rest of her sisters. Her mouth was very perfectly formed by the Creator her teeth were like pearls and her tongue more clear in red than other human beings. Yet she had Peculiar expression of face and the shape from Lines. In spite of this celestial appearance

this Vivian girl was more than like she appeared more supernatural ally protected and could protect others and had proved herself not the least jolly and agreeable of her Sisters.

Indeed Jennie was a great favourite a general favourite although she rather flighty and erratic and did and said many things that surprised even her sisters. She was seldom still but loved to be active she could turn hand springs better than any boy could and also normen saueth to climb trees and indulge in many other active sports

But against wicked

things she was quick to anger spiteful and unalterably stubborn.

"I'm going to search for Angeline" remarked Jennie "for she isn't in her room and I wanted her to go with us all to Lincoln Park after breakfast.

"I'll go with you" said Jim "for my eyes are brighter and they can see further"

"I'm not sure of that" returned Jennie. "But come along if you like"

Together they search-ed all through the house and one of them even went to St Patricks School to find out if she was

paying an early visit to Father Casey, but no where could they find a trace of Angeline They even went to St Patricks church three or four times and Marjorie and James Andrews went to the Skinner school to see if she went there for any purpose When Jennie returned to where her sisters anxiously awaited her the little girls face was much solemn and troubled for never before had Angeline gone away without telling her sisters where she was going or without an escort.

She was gone however and none had seen her go. Jennie had met and questioned Jack Evans

but he had not seen Angeline since she parted with her sisters the evening before and had gone to bed. Evans looked alarmed when Jennie questioned him.

"She didnt say anything last night about going any where" observed little Daisy soberly.

"no and thats the strangest part of it" replied Jennie. "Ange always lets us know everything she does."

"Why not go over to the house of Webber George Aunt Jennie" suggested Violet "She might have gone there and forgot to come away"

"Of course" cried Jennie Why didnt I think of that before" and at once Jennie put on her hat and raincoat as it was raining hard and went out Jennie first went to Georges home but the whole family had not seen him and showed real annoyance and alarm over the fact and told Jennie she should notify the police right away. She she then went with Jim whom she met to George's Aunt but the woman was reported out of the city, and got no reliable information either though Jennie's quick eye noticed

her husband (George Uncle) appear suspicously nervous when questioned and anxious to get rid of her and Jim. Then a little after Jennie went out there was great excitement in the house.

Indeed to say the least, it was considered a great honor and favor to be allowed to serve and attend any one of these good little Virgin girls, whose acts of strange and extraordinary holiness were an amazement to every body. Many of his Masters was their most valued friend their knowledge of

the Catholic Church was wonderful and astonished all the priests. And their mother could accomplish almost any thing very extraordinary that his sisters wished him to.

It seems strange to write of this but of all the strangest things which surrounded Violet and her sisters in their own home there was more more marvelous than what was called their great "Book of Records. On the pages of this Record Book each little girl had inscribed all the important events that had happened to them any where they had been and they were inscribed in this book

at exactly the moment the events happened.

Every adventure so far in the war and elsewhere and even in places that the writer have never heard of were recorded accurately in the great book which never had a mistake and every thing stated was only the exact truth and no exaggerations.

This wonderful book was placed upon a big table that stood in the middle of their drawing room.

The legs of the table were firmly fastened to the tiled floor and the book itself was fastened to the

table and locked with six padlocks the key to which Jennie carried on a chain that was secured around her neck.

The pages of the great book were larger in size than those of an American news paper and though they were exceedingly thin there were so many of them that they made an enormous bulky volume. With its heavy cover and clasps the book was so heavy that four men could scarcely have lifted it.

Yes this sunny morning when Joyce entered the drawing room without her breakfast with the

purpose to record the new disappearance of her sister Angelique the good little girl was amazed to discover that the good book of Records had mysteriously (disappeared).

Advancing she found the chains had been cut with some sharp instrument (chain cutter) and this must have been done while all in the house slept.

Joyce was shocked and grieved. Who could have done this wicked bold thing to her and her sisters?

And who could have wished to deprive them of the great book of records?

Joyce was thoughtful

for some time considering the consequence of the loss. Then she went to another room to look through one of her cupboards.

As she threw open the door she discovered that what the cupboard had contained was also gone fancy dishes and soon. Joice was now both angry and alarmed.

She sat down in a chair and tried to think how this extraordinary robbery had taken place. It was evident that the thief was some person of very great power, or the theft could never have been accomplished without her knowledge. But who in all the city of Chicago was powerful and

skillful enough to do this most awful thing? And who having the power could also have an object in defying the wisest the most talented and holy little girls the world has ever known.

Joice thought over the perplexing matter for a full hour at the end of which time she was still puzzled how to explain it.

She also had phoned to the police and detective Burns who came, had described the lost articles and told of her sister mysteriously missing. But could they locate the thief and find Angeline. But although there

were gone her knowledge of what she and her sister had written had not been stolen by any means since no thief no matter how skillful can not one of knowledge and that is why knowledge is the best and safest treasure to acquire.

Joice believed with Penrods help she would be able to discover who the thief was and what had become of her precious darling sister.

"Who ever had done this" she said to herself "is a very foolish person for on time he is sure to be found out and will then have to be severely punished."

She now made a list of the things that were lost and dispatched two messengers to her girl scouth friends quartered in another part of the city with instructions to watch out for strange thieves for she inwardly feared that they may have kidnapped angeline too.

And one of her messengers met detective Burns as he was heading for the Vinans home having recieved the report of Angelines strange disappearance and also of the robbery that early evening

all Chicago newspapers bore the news in big headlines stating that one of the little Vivian girls had suddenly disappeared and no one in the whole city of Chicago (except the writer? (ke)) knew what had become of her.

Two days had passed by and there was no sign of Angeline ever returning.

"Really" said Joyce looking very solemn and alarmed "this is very surprising and distressing. The police cannot find even a trace or shadow of Angeline any where or any clues as to her whereabouts in the city and where ever she is gone she's taken

or has had someone help her take the Record book with her."

She was standing on the side walk in front of her home with her sisters and Maryann.

"Perhaps" said Jennie uneasily "Some one has stolen Angeline"

"Oh they'd never do that" exclaimed Daisy "and stolen the Record Book too and other things and erased all clues so we can't find out where she is" added Catherine

"Thats nonsense" declared Violet "Why all our spy enemies in Chicago are gone every one loves Angeline. She's the best of us all. There isn't a

person in the city who would steal a single thing we own let alone kidnap her. and George has her shadowed so no one can harm her."

(George gang did see her with Mrs George the Aunt but knowing who she was thought the woman was taking her out for a good time and therefore did not follow?

"Huh" replied maryorie "you dont know every person in the city of Chicago."

"Why dont we?"

"youre still strangers here, and this is a big city, and it is full of crime" said Maryorie "there are cracks and corners in it that even the most skilled detectives and plain clothes men does not know of"

"Maryorie just daffy" declared Violet.

"no she right about that" replied Jennie thoughtfully "there are lots of queer people in this city and all are sinners more or less. many crimes are committed according to the papers we wont even try and there are many who are criminals and sex morons. We've seen lots of them ourselves but I have not seen all of course and there may be lots of very wicked persons in Chicago though I think all our spy foes who were here are either

dead or imprisoned."
And then Jim Groveton came walking up.
"Did you find angelina?" cried Jim when he was up to them.
"not yet" answered Catherine tearfully.
"Does not Angelinia Aronburg know where she is?"
"no, and our book of Records and other things are gone, some one must have stolen them."
"Gracious me" exclaimed many one who had not known of this yet and who was alarmed. "This is the biggest steal I ever heard of. Who do you think did it Violet?"
"I've no idea" she

answered sadly.
"I have come to get some book that belongs to Angelinia Aronburg" declared Jim "and take it to her. She is so much more powerful than others that she said she may be able to discover the truth better than can her followers," he said.
"Hurry then" said the girls together "for we are all getting terribly worried."
Jim rushed up to his room but presently came back with a long sad face.
"They're gone" he said.
"What's gone?" they asked.

angelinas books,"
"You dont say!"
"yes some one must have stolen them."
They looked at one another in amazement.
"This thing is getting desperate" continued Jim... The book of records belonging to you and angelinia Aronbing books have been stolen and your sister Angeline is missing."
"Do you suppose Angeline could have taken them herself for some purpose?"
"no indeed declared Jim. "Thats a foolish question to ask! Angeline is no Elephant. All of us together could not budge that big book. I suspect some wicked

kidnapper of superhuman strength had stolen Angeline and for fear we would have the police follow and recapture her has taken the property away from us to throw us off the trail."
"How dreadful" cried Jennie in distress "The idea of any one wanting to harm our dear sister Angeline. Cant the police do something to find her Jim I'd hate to write to Penrod about it unless I have to I'd be so dreadfully worried"
"I'll ask Angelinia Aronbing I must go straight back to her and tell her that her books

have also disappeared. Your good Cousin will be greatly shocked I know."

Then he left hastily to fulfill his errand.

Violet and her sisters were very much disturbed in mind They for a time were more quiet than usual and seemed to realize that a great calamity had overtaken them all.

And their brother was not home having gone to New York with his father at their request to bring something to them from there.

Penrod was a lad of considerable power and all his friends as well as his sisters looked upon him as their protector The idea of

their beautiful sister being overpowered by some unknown enemy and dragged from their home a capture was too astonishing to comprehend at first.

Because too she did not return home they suspected in some degree Mrs Gerge or also their two enemies still at Rikers and Jagan but got proof promptly that they had not been any where in the city for weeks.

Yet still these two were suspected for what other explanation of the mystery could there be,

"Angeline would not go away willingly" asserted Violet" and she could not take

the great Book of Records because she is not strong enough, and wouldnt any way because she could get them any time just by asking for it. I'm sure some wicked person has done all this."

"Some one in the city of Chicago?" asked Marjorie.

"Of course. no one but people here could know about our Book of Records or Angelinia Ambrosia book to where they were kept and so be able to steal the whole outfit before we could stop them. It must be some one who lives in the city and close by us and knows all about us."

"But who- who?" asked Jennie "That's the question." "I suspect three persons declared, Violet; Silas Fagan, and Mrs George Georges Aunt."

"If we knew for sure" replied Joe severely "we wouldnt be standing here doing nothing and just talking about it."

Just then James Andrews approached the group of girls. He was dressed in a blue jacket and knickerbockers, black leather shoes and a blue hat with a high peek.

As James came up to them he remarked:

Hello girls they say Weber Georges Aunt cant be found."

"That's too bad" observed Violet frowning. "We'd like to question her"

"And the whole city knows Angeline is lost"

"That's too bad also"

"Why" asked James.

"There wasn't any use of bringing out all that news until we are dead certain that Angeline can't be found.

"Perhaps it's nothing to get lost" said James Andrews "I've been lost in this city lots of times."

"That's true" admitted Hettie - "but it's different with our sister And we are afraid that the reason she's lost is because somebody has stolen her away."

"Only wicked people steal" said James

"Do you know any wicked people in Chicago, girls?"

"not to speak to" they replied.

"There's a lot of them here though" cried Maryone. "Angeline is stolen! Some kidnapper stole her only wicked people steal so someone in Chicago is very wicked."

There was no denying the truth of this statement. The faces of all of them were solemn and sorrowful.

"One thing is sure" said James. "after a time if Angeline is stolen someone ought to notify your brother Jim

new York and have him come and punish the thief.

"There may be a gang of thieves mixed up in the affair" suggested Daisy "gravely "and the pl police in this city cant help us much as we do not know who took her or where, and there are no clues to work on."

"There's detective Burns" claimed Joice "but where is he"?

"He was slightly injured in a gun fight with some bandist yesterday and is in St Josephs Hospital" explained James.

"Then I cant see that he will be of

much use to us in this trouble" sighed little Daisy "But perhaps Angeline can get away from the thieves without any help from any body"

"She might be able to" admitted Violet reflectively "but if she had the power to do so than it is not likely she'd have let herself be stolen. So the (thine,) thieves must have been more shrewd than our sister"

There was no denying this argument and although they talked the matter over all the rest of the day they were unable

to decide how Angeline had been stolen against her will or who had committed the dreadful deed. Twards evening Jim came back looking very discouraged and perplexed. Angelina Aronbury came later. and she also was worried and unhappy. More of Angelina's friends joined them and that evening they all had a long talk to gether.

"I think" said Dorthy we ought to have ten of us girl scouts directed by Jennie Turner to start out right away in search of your dear sister. We cant allow her to be a prisoner in the power of some wicked enemy."

"Yes" agreed Jennie

Vivian "Some one more clever than the police ought to search for her. We girls as much as we desperately like to cannot go ourselves because we got to stay here now and find some means to notify our folks who will find mean to rescue our fair sister But if the girls scouts can find her in the meantime and let us know who has stolen her it will enable us to rescue her more quickly. Some of you constantly watch the house of George Aunt. Yet if the thief could only realize the awful sin he committed."

"Then all the scouts start to night

decided Dorothy. "Angelina Archbury will help me. None of us will waste another minute."

"I'm not sure that even the girl scouts will make good detectives" remarked Tom "but since this has happened Evans will have to watch the rest of you more closely to protect you from harm and to give you his advice. All his most important things also is stolen but he will by his strength be able to protect you from any enemies that may come your way."

"What harm can happen to us in Chicago since this puts us on our guard?"

inquired Catherine.

"What harm happened to Angeline?" returned Tom "If there is an evil power abroad in Chicago-land which is able to steal (m.) Angeline and also your book of Records and all your most important belongings. And Angeline Archbury looks, then that evil power may yet cause us considerable injury. Angeline has the gift of an angel and so have you girls so now power can kill or destroy you, but nevertheless you can be harmed and so we must watch out for ourselves."

"Nothing can kill me" said Angeline Aronburg "That's true" replied Jim

"I think" declared Dorothy "it may be well to divide the searchers into several parties so they may cover all the city of Chicago more quickly So I will send Bennie Turner and Dane Mellfort and their scouts into the north part which they are now acquainted with. And I will send Angeline Richee and her band into the west section for they are fearless and brave and seldom tire, and to the south I will send Susan Arnold with her

troop. to the east Mildred Maxwell may make up her band and travel the western section all of them must watch out for suspicious persons and must inquire every where for Angelina and try to discover where she is hidden" Angelinia Aronburg must remain here to keep Evan guard you"

They thought this a very wise plan and adopted it without question

In Pennods absence angelinia Aronburg was the most important person and all were glad to serve under her direction.

Three more days dark dreary and rainy ones passed and still no news of poor little Angeline. And now her sisters were greatly distressed and alarmed, even though Detective Brown said:

"Now little girls there is no sense in giving up hope yet. This city is a mighty big place but the little girl is bright and spunky. And I've got men who carry the city."

"But she cant be in this" exclaimed Violet in dire distress.

"All of Angelinia Armbands scouts have searched the city and are still searching it, and even

Weber George is helping us with his gang in trying to find her. The kidnaper has taken her from the city I know it and I'm afraid Georges Aunt & the one for she too disappeared on the same day and has not returned"

"And where is your parents and brother" asked the detective

"Her in New York with mother and father but we cant write to them. The thief stole the address and we dont remember it. We are in an awful situation. We will have to wait until

Penrod writes to us:"
"Day after day passed with rotten weather to boot and still no word of their lost sister. Their grief and worry grew stronger and stronger. But I'm sure they were not suffering like Angeline was.
Angeline still ill from desert fever was already confined for two days at Happy Hallees house while the man who had found her in the desert went off to a far distant town to buy her some clothes.
That following night when Happy Hallee was asleep and his desert friend

was still absent a band of men on horse-back dressed in the habit of Western Rangers, but not cowboys rode swiftly up to the house. They were armed with rifles and pistols. There were six of them but strange to say was headed by a though looking woman of probably forty years of age. An Indian who appeared to be a guide was with them. A tall man on horse back appeared to be a sheriff.
"That um house" he grunted pointing "The trail leads to it. The feed yaw speak off and whom yaw search for in desert must be in there"

The leading man leaped from his horse went to the door and hammered on it with his revolver, butt so loudly that both Hallee and Angeline was awakened.

She remained in her bed while Hallee went to open the door. The man produced several papers saying.—

"Sorry to disturb you you but I'm Sheriff Gray son and the men are my helpers. Been searching for a little girl on the desert for day, Indian guide trailed her to this place so you got a little girl here dressed only in a one piece swim suit?"

Of course he had

to tell the truth. They would burst in anyhow and charge him with kidnapping.

"Yes" he said Mike found her on the desert and brought her here"

"Yes I believe that part of it. She, the one old Mike found on the desert. Well we want her immediately. She ran away from home"

"Yes?"

"Yes."

"I'll tell here, the papers proving the claim to her by Rancher Jim Rooney. She is the little runaway daughter of Jim Rooney She was living in Tombstone Arizona Bandits kidnapped her and brought her all the way to this

State of California. We heard she ran away from them to escape going to school and fled into the desert and was rescued by old prospector Mike from death. Let me see her. bring her here."

Happy Halley called and she came to the door covered partly by her long thin coat The Sheriff partly drew open the coat grunted with satisfaction

"She, the one. What's your name kid?"

"Angeline Rose Unran?"

"I thought you'd lie. It say on this paper your Annie Rooney and every thing about you fits. yo the disruption. Why did you get off train at

Tombstone instead of staying till you reached your destination?"

"That question Mr Sheriff" she said "I won't answer under any condition. I'm not Annie Rooney and am no daughter of Mr Tim Rooney. I was kid napped in Chicago and-"

"That also I thought you'd say. you ran away from home to Chicago, and your Aunt sent you post haste back. I know every thing by those papers. Well Mr Halley I'm sorry but we'll have to take her with us That is the law. If you refuse to let her go we'll charge you with kidnapping"

"Of course as it was the Sheriffs orders Happy

Hallee had to give her up to them. Havens had the Sheriff really known who the man was he was taking the child and who the child really was it would be God help Mr Jim Rooney. He was unconsciously delivering her up to the head of an army of villainous Cattle Rustlers, and Jim Rooney had intended to use her as a guard a spy against Sheriffs and Posse. The rascal by the forged papers had basely deceived the Sheriff, but Jim Rooney was to regret this and will wish he had never seen her.

She was put upon

a horse by one of the men despite her sobbing and protests and a Rancher got on behind her. After a long ride through the Warmer of the Semi Tropical part of California near the desert the party halted and dismounted from their horses near or in front of the Sheriffs office.

A man wearing a big hat came forward

"Want me to sign the papers a second time sir?" asked the Sheriff.

"We wont have time for that" answered the man with the big hat. "Mr Rooney will explain We've got to

get started. Now jump into the car you runaway puppy" he directed to Angeline. and he lifted her forcably into the seat beside him and they were off down the street Angeline was shrilly protesting that she was not Annie O'Rooney.

The man did not answer. His face was dark and cross looking and he kept his eyes on the road. When they left the outskirts of the town and started out across the desert Angeline looked back and saw the lights twinkling in the purple dusk and a strange sharp sense of loneliness and fear came over her. She

gripped her hands tightly in her lap and fought hard to keep back the tears. Once she spoke to the man hesitatingly but he answered so gruffly that she knew he was in an ugly mood. She was afraid to speak again.

They were perhaps ten miles from the town and it was quite dark when he turned the machine off the main highway and started to drive across the desert Over a sandy waste the car bumped its way

"Where are we going mr? Wont we get lost? There's no road any more."

"Yes" said the man harshly. "Where we go

it will be you who is lost. Sost so they'll never find you again."

What did he mean? Angeline was so frightened she wanted suddenly to jump from the auto and run. But the car was going too fast. And if she could despite that, to get lost in the desert meant death. It was dark the air was dreadfully hot and she had to cling desperately to the car (as to keep from being thrown headlong to the ground.

And then suddenly the car stopped. She felt rough hands dragging her from the car tearing at her clothing her sunsuit.

a hot breath against her face. Idedious words rang in her ears. And a great muscular body was bearing her down to the hot sandy earth.

She screamed. The man laughed horribly.

"Go ahead. Yell. Nobody will hear you."

She screamed and cried and pleaded, she beat with all her strength against his bearded face there in the darkness. But it was no use. There was no one to hear. no one to help her.

In the morning she was no angel Child no longer but a limp stunned beaten thing more dead than alive. With mind and body so numbed by terror and shock that all

the suffering of ten years could not be forever paled by that first experience. She could only beg and whimper feebly with no slightest hope of deliverance. To scream and cry and fight back in terrified fury was not in her again.

He watched her closely in the morning as he ate breakfast. although the weather was hot her teeth chattered uncontrollably. She babbled an answer to his insistent questions her breath came in long shuddering sobs. Her condition seemed to amuse him.

"You're not afraid of me?" he would say. "not afraid of me.? If you are

what will you be of Mr Jim Rooney when you arrive?"

Instinctively Angelina knew that her fear was something over which he gloated and she tried to control her trembling body. When he had finished eating he showed his teeth in a grin of satisfaction. He didnt or offer her a bite. Then grabbing her roughly he stripped the sun suit off from her and shook it in a manner as if it was full of vermin. She stood there staring at him her arms hugging her bruised naked little body.

He thrust the sun suit at her.

Put them back on" he ordered, In fearful silence she put them on Then he handed back the thin long coat as he showed his tobacco stained teeth in a grin of satisfaction. Then he took a pair of barber shears from his pocket jerked her roughly towards him with the purpose to slash her hair off close to her head

"You'll be a boy now as far as any one else will know" he said with a laugh. "It'll be the end of your golden curls"

He gasped with astonishment when her hair would'nt cut. He couldnt believe his eyes.

"Gosh darn it Jim will

know of this" he said. He leaned down and stirred the camp fire with a stick. Then he walked over to the bed which had been built into the body of the auto truck and lifted the springs Beneath them was an assortment of cooking utensils canned food and clothing but at one side a narrow space had been left.

"Get in you little magician witch" he ordered giving her a kick and a shove. And dont get any funny ideas about yelling for help If you let out one yip I'll choke the life out of you and your neck fits my hands perfectly"

She scrambled in. Her long terrifying sleepless night had

thought her better than to protest He dragged the springs into place threw a piece of canvas over the bed shutting out the light a moment later the truck rumbled forward

She lay on the hard truck floor the tears streaming down her face. She couldnt think clearly but she knew one thing if she ever heard voices she'd scream for help. She'd scream and scream even if he killed her. And then she began wondering if she could scream. Her voice seemed to be stuck in her throat. She knew now what she was going to be up

against. Hours went by and the crowded space became so stifling that she could scarcely breathe. Her body ached and her eyes smarted her throat was parched.

She must have lost consciousness for it was evening when she felt the hot but relieving desert air on her face and opened her eyes to see the man leering down at her "Get out of there you little witch" he said "and rustle some grub."

She tried to move but her legs and arms were numb and sharp pains shot

her little body. From early morning until dusk she had lain in those cramped quarters. Her head reeled when she finally lifted herself to a sitting position. Mr Miner as the man's name was dragged her from the truck and dumped her on the ground in a heap. She lay there sick and dizzy her cramped muscles knotted with pain. Finally she managed to crawl to her feet and start supper. But now she wished she knew little about cooking. She intended to pretend so at what ever the cost. So she cooked her supper

When darkness

fell the horrors of the first night were repeated This time she had less strength with which to fight and cry out. Her little body was one intolerable ache. She cried and pleaded for freedom so she could get home & only allowed to sleep But her captor showed her no mercy. He forced her to lie exposed to him totally naked and tried to take him pure liberties with her. This was only the beginning Days and weeks went by. Day spent caged like an animal in the back of the truck nights of pure terror. She lost count

of time. They never stopped except at night and never stopped at any town. They saw no one. Mr Miner studied road maps in the evenings and sometimes showed her how he planned to avoid towns the next day.

At first she prayed for and kept hoping that the police would find her. But one day Mr Miner told her that they had gone twardy the city of Mohave first had mailed a post card to San Francisco from there and then doubled back on the other direction. Her hope of rescue dimmed then.

Then the dusty journey

lengthened into another week On days when they were obliged to stop at a store or service station she was bound & gaged gagged until they were well away from anyone who might have heard her struggle or scream, and always before they reached such a place she was threatened in ways that only a mad man could conceive.

"If you ever call on any one for help. I'll shoot them before they can lift a hand. But I wont shoot you, I'll only make you wish to God I had."

They were in a sort of cowboy country on the edge of the desert when the journey ended. When she

looked at the mans eyes she couldnt believe him a man but a mad beast who lived only for the sake of torture and revenge. When nearing the destination he ordered her to ride up in front with him.

A short time later they entered a sort of Western Town. It was Jim Rooneys 101 Ranch Town. He owned it all. As they went through a section of the town they saw swarthy faced men in Cowboy garb standing in noisely gesticulating groups on street corners or staggering in and out of card rooms, saloon taverns

and cafes. And there were women with hard painted faces and cheap flashy clothes. When people glanced their way it was with expressions of recognition to Mr. Munn, and hostility to the child.

"This is Jim Rooney Town" Munn remarked with satisfaction from now on remember that your Jim Rooneys daughter" he told Angeline grimly. "I treated you mean on the trip as a warning of what will happen if you cross him. He's good looking but the toughest man in the West and has power. So this

will and all will be well."

He parked the truck carrying her long coat took her firmly by the hand and started for Sims house. She was almost exhausted by trampsing down the hot dusty street when they reached a large wooden house with a porch in front.

The owner of the Ranch town that appeared was the main head of the rustlers and a tall stout handsome but hard faced looking man. He had a harsh loud voice.

He came out onto the veranda Though a hard looking man he was

strikingly handsome and had a long red mustache and heavy bushy eyebrows But also he was a red head and wore a great big slouched black hat.

"Did you bring the brat Milner" he asked in a loud bear like voice.

"yes" he answered. as a number of men on horse back rode up.

"Bring her in."

Milner obeyed followed by two of the Rustlers. The room was well lighted but appeared to be a large kitchen On a chair busily sewing sat a large dark complexioned woman who resembled Georgen Aunt in some degree.

Take a seat on that

on that chair" he said to Angeline motioning the two men out. He turned to the woman:

"Is the bed ready for this kid mother.

"Yes son" and she motioned to Angeline to follow her She was promptly put to bed. She was awakened at four thirty in the morning given her scant breakfast and a slight cleaning by the woman But Angeline was not given any clothes but made to keep on her sun suit. The woman said shortly-

"Wait in that lounge untill my son comes back with his father."

not knowing what was up she waited patiently hopefully.

Half an hour passed. Then he came

in with a tall lanky Cowboy nicknamed Skinflint by his comrades because he was so thin.

"This is the kid I spoke about" said the Rancher. "She was picked up by an old prospector in the Mohave desert half dead and brought to Happy Hallee another prospector Then that kid pa sent down to Phenox Arizona from Chicago and how she got here to California was by means of city bandits who kidnapped her Look her over pa and see what you think of the little brat."

The tall man who appeared about sixty years old grunted shedding

"Dressed like that?"

"Yes. Crazy old miner brought her to my ranch house last night. Mrs George sent her to me. You can have her pa."

"I dont want the brat. What your name?" "To angeline.

"Angeline Vurran"

"You lie" snapped the old man swinging a fist blow at her but missing "Dont you dare tell me that your name Annabell Ramsey from now on. Understand?"

She didnt answer. He stroked his long red beard (he also a red) head) and glanced towards the open door.

"Come in Snake eyes"

He took Angeline by the bare arm roughly and leading her to a chair seated her there.

An Indian in Indian garb came in. He was a tall handsome red man.

"Is this the little found in this desert country" asked Flintflint to the Indian Chief Chief"

He looked at the child a strange light came into the red mans eyes and "Ugh" was the only answer.

Concerning the little girl he realized he and the Sheriff had been played with double crossed. His enemies and the enemies of his people stole the child. He

Cruwardly was furious. He reached forward taking a lock of hair in his hands and looking it over.

"Ugh" he said again letting go. Then going to the door he put his finger to his lips and blew a shrill sharp blast. Two more Indians appeared one smoking a pipe. The Indian pointed to Angeline and spoke in his own language. Then he and they went hastily away.

Then the tall man said:

"By getting off the train at Tombstone Arizona you thought you'd escape eh? Well we trailed you all the way here. Do you know who I am.

Angeline demurely shook her head.

"Well I'm big Jim Rooney and my son has you at last. I dont want to take care of brats unless they're my own. Good by brats for a while" To himself "Those Indians are going to make trouble as soon as possible. They know they were hood-winked both the kid, and will go on the war path. They got to be watched."

For some time before she arrived at Jim Rooneys she had been feeling faint and dizzy in the mornings and the sight and smell of food had made her wretchedly ill. The morning after

her arrival just at the interview with "Flintflint" when he and his son had gone she crawled into the bed and lay there too weak and sick to move. She grew paler and thinner as the days went by. She could not eat Even water brought on a spasm of violent retching But in spite of this Jim Rooney insisted that she cook and wash his clothes and continue to live the abnormal life which he had forced upon her Oh why didnt police or Gov boys find her? She knew they must be looking for her. And then one day he told her what her ill news meant.

It is words struck her dumb. She had thought she knew what terror and shame and misery meant before but she only had herself to think of then. Deltonia because of her desert experience was coming back again.

She no longer dreamed of escape no one would help her now She hoped fervently that her angels would do something but could they.

Jim Rooney took pains to tell her horrible stories of suffering for anyone who crossed him. He liked to dwell upon the hours of agony which lay in store for her if she

ever disobeyed or defied him. Finally from bad food she got a dreadful stomach ache. When the pains started she clenched her teeth and tried to endure it without screaming for she knew from bitter experience that the monster who watched her agonized struggles was gloating over every cry of pain that came from her lips. When she felt an irresistible desire to vomit and was about to do so he gagged her so she couldnt, which doubled her misery.

"I'm not going to have any one vomiting around my place" he stormed. This sort of suffering

was more than she could endure. She couldnt hold it she couldnt release it on account of the gag. She finally lay exhausted.

Romey told people that she was his high spirited little daughter and that a boy in Phoenix Arizona was her brother.

From the house in the worst part of the Ranch she could see young girls accosting men on the street or horseback.

Often she saw women with blackened eyes bruised faces, cut and swollen mouths. The number of nasty drunks couldnt be counted. Sometimes the

women wore dark glasses but even from a distance discolored blotches showed on the flesh below.

Jim Rooney pointed them out to Angeline sometimes.

"All men treat their women same as I do" he said. And with such evidence before her eyes it was hard to doubt it.

She thought although she was not in the section of the small Ranch town to see them there must at least be some decent people

She met one woman she thought she could trust and tried to tell her who she really was and about Jim Rooney. She didnt believe

Angeline At any rate she hunted him up that night before he came home and told him what Angeline had said.

Angeline will never forget her terror when he entered the door. She knew by the glare in his eyes that one of his terrible orgies was to begin.

She backed away and he struck her savagely across the face. She screamed. Another blow was her only answer.

"Try telling anything again and see what happens" he snarled savagely. Then as if reading her thoughts he added "any more telling and I'll kill you. No telling on me"

After that gruelling session she was greatly afraid to venture again to so much as hint of her abduction. Her very soul shrivveled in terror at the very thought of arousing his insane viciousness.

But finally the day came when she thought she could trust another woman a woman who appeared to be her friend. Maybe she would have kept it secret but he caught Angeline at it and the result was so terrible that I myself close my mind tightly against the memory. She made no further attempt to tell her troubles to the few persons whose acquaintance she made on this small ranch town.

For Angeline the days crawled slowly along monotonously grinding away what should have been her childhood. The only surcease she had from her own terrible life was the Holy Bible which she had bought and which she did not let him see. She read it thoroughly over and over.

Despite poor food and inefficient care Angeline grew prettier every day by God's will.

Angeline poor child now couldn't help it she hated Jim Rooney with a violence that made her tortured little body tremble when she heard the sound of his shuffling walk at the door. But

greater than her hatred was her fear. She decided when ever the chance came to grab his gun shoot him down and make her escape if possible.

He stalked into the room and said:

"Small as you are we're going to the Indian tribes to morrow and be married"

"But we cant get married" she protested "I'll never marry any man"

"Oh yes you will Just Remember that you're Annabelle Rooney my little wife. and you going to say yes to what ever the Indian asks you"

But here where Angeline defied him. He stormed, he struck her

he shook her like a cat shakes a rat but she wouldnt give in. Poor little Angeline didnt know then of the desperate frantic search for her that was being carried on unceasingly by police in all Western section even by sheriffs and posses. How could she.

Because Angeline refused to marry the beast Rooney raved about the place like a madman. all that time angeline noticed that two Indians were standing on the plank walk staring in through the curtainless window with scowling faces. They hated Rooney.

As Angeline still refused his request Rooneys little eyes became cunning speculative as he eyed Angelines neck"

She stood braced up against the kitchen wall every drop of blood seemed to have drained away from her heart. If she still refused she knew Rooney would grab her by the throat and strangle her in his wild fury. Tears were running down her cheeks and she could not help screaming at him- I hate you, I hate you I ont dare come near me"

Her eyes moved slowly to the wicked butcher knife she had just placed on the table Behind

her back she grasped the knife tightly in her hand. For long minutes she stood there motionless. The burly Jim Rooney started towards her, He hesitated - stood still. Then suddenly he turned and walked swiftly away

She had not had to use the butcher knife as she was sure she would have done if he tried to choke her. but the very fact that she meant to use it gave her courage. She never was quite the same after that day Some of the fear that had paralyzed her mind and body went out of her. She defied him now. Soon he learned

how desperately she was hunted for and he conciered a dastard plan to frustrate them if they came to his place.

"Well you little damn brat so no one will know you, parties I know are searching for you I'm going to make you look like a boy. I'll call in a barber and get going to cut your hair."

"Cut my hair off. why you cant do that. If he tries it I'll scratch his eyes out" she retorted.

He in answer called in a Rancher. While one powerful man held her she was tied to a chair by another.

"now" said big Jim Rooney "we'll see who's going to stop me from shaving your hair out Go to work Joe"

"no no" screamed poor Angeline. I must keep my hair. You have no right to disguise me as a boy."

"You shut up you little devil or I'll choke you your hair will be cut as I order Go to it Joe.

Joe started and poor angeline began to weep Her wailing grew louder and more bitter and she kept saying over and over in her grief. "now they wont be able to find me."

Quit your hollering you brat, go ahead Joe

why dont you cut her
hair. Dont mind the
squalls. Cut her hair"
"I am but darn it
the fears wont cut."
Angeline not suspect
ing anything unusual
sobbed and if her heart
would break
"Darn it what kind
of hair has she got"
ejaculated the terrified
barber. "She's a spirit.
Her hair wont cut."
There was an alter.
cation about it and
the argument enabled
her to hold back
her sobs. So she
began to understand
that something
strange was happen-
ing it comforted
her it helped
her greatly. If
she would never

have been able to stop
crying. The barber tried
as hard as he could
to cut the hair for
twenty minutes.
"What's the matter
with your fears Joe
Why in hell dont
you cut her hair"
"There's something queer
with her hair, it
wont cut."
"You're nuts you
spalpeen Gemme
them scars. I'll
cut it myself"
He started to work.
He gasped. Actually
her hair would
not cut She
though still sobbing
was surprised her
self.
"Darn this scare" he
exploded What the
deels the matter with it?

He looked it over carefully tried it on his own head He took off a good lock of hair. He tried it on her again with the same astonishing result. He exploded at her put the sean aside and made the trembling barber produce another. It wouldnt cut either. The barbers face was turning white. He was frightened In a rage Rooney produced a sharp straight razor and went to work with that. The men who were in the room and his mother and negro woman ren vent gasped in blank astonishment The negress a religious woman

suspected God was frustrating the man and laughed.

"Shut up you black nigger" he stormed. The razor would not cut.

Confound it. I'll burn her darn hair off foot by foot.

He lighted a match and put the flame to her hair. The hair would not burn.

"What the hell are you little girl a witch?" demanded one of the men as the barber ran out in great terror.

"no" she sobbed. A crowd had collected in the room hearing of the strange incident.

Some kind of

magic protects the little brats hair" sneered Jims mother "I'd like to slap her pie face off. and she handed Angeline a smacking blow. strange as it was she felt much more pain in her hand than Angeline did on her face.

"I tell you she is a witch." cried the woman in a fright "you cant hit her without getting it back."

Mr Rooney however knew better. He knew that God was standing between him and the little girl and he inwardly blasphemed him.

Mr Rooney motioned the men out of the room and roughly turned Angeline loose from the chair.

The woman stood

before Angeline and questioned her.

"What's your real name kid?"

"Angeline Rose Vivian" came the answer between sobs.

"What are you? What are you? Why is it that my son cant cut your hair?"

"I cant remember. I didnt know he could not do it?"

"What sort of an answer is that?" remarked the lady shaking her head nicely. "Are you silly or pert".

"Begging your pardon mam'm if you will permit me I will do the talking for the brat" said her son but not untill he had

I gave her a mean punch in the back for her answer to his mother - "She is not silly, though she may be very pert. She means exactly what she says. Only these days she doesnt know us well enough yet. She is stood by some of Gods crazy Angels and that stands to reason for her strange hair. She is possessed by such a damn spirit like her sisters. Mrs George your sister warned me of that but I forgot."

"Oh very well, There is something there for I got it back when I slapped her" said his mother scowling at Angeline "But

I'm I must really tell you the child looks too odd and pretty to me to presage good for us. And the strangeness of her golden hair. I tried to discolor it yesterday and it wouldnt work I informed my sister you know that I wouldnt take the hat if there was anything peculiar about her. How old is the Christian brat?"

"I just cant quite figure how old she is" answered her son "How old are you?" he demanded of Angeline.

"I will not tell my age to you?" Angeline declared defiantly. Jim rocked her on the back again.

"What's that you im-

prudent little rat" cried Jims mother indignantly. Answer my son that way and I'll cut your throat angels or no angels. What can you mean by that. And what have you learned in Chicago? What books did you use in your classes?"

"Catholic books" said Angeline.

Eh what? asked Jims Mother again. "So you're a Papist eh?"

"Yes and I'm proud of it"

"Heavenly powers, you cant be anything else you really cant?" cried Jims mother in the greatest horror. "You dont mean to say you're a hated Catholic? What else are you then?"

"I'm a girl" said Angeline which was the truth."

"Son" said his mother after a few minutes in trying to calm

herself. "This is not at all as agreed upon. How could my sister send this creature to us?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

His mother was very much excited by the fact for she had no chance to go into details as to what the child really was. And as she did not know how to undo what she had done she was all the more excited as she had proposed the entire affair of securing Angeline. Her son was very angry and hated Angeline as if to him she was a viper.

Harsh as Jim had been since she came he had never done anything worse than

shout at Angeline but now after this han incident Jim struck her savagely. whenever he suspected that the little girl prayed for her deliverance. His mother was worse.

She kept Angeline busy enough scrubbing and scouring and sterilizing dairy equipments besides keeping the woman cook for the foremen and the Boon-eye. She was made to orient hours every morning seperating the cream. Angeline wondered long after she was free how she ever survived her compelled stay at the Rooneys. She from her work didnt have her full strength any more. She'd get so tired that some

times she lost track of time and found herself turning wheat cakes and browning slices of ham while she wondered what day of the week it might be.

Her hands became chapped and then raw from scalding out milk cans. The nights when she was able to fall into bed right after washing the supper dishes were best. After a week she was able to systematize the work so that she usually was able to get five to seven hours sleep, from four in the morning until nine at night she was always busy at three tasks at once.

The mega woman

who also was stern to Angeline at first had no inkling of what was wrong one morning when she tried to throw a ten gallon can onto the truck and upset and spilled it suddenly sinking to the ground in a spasm of dreadful pain.

Frightened for once in her life Miranda the negress carried her up to her room. Angeline had severely strained her arm and chest muscle on the left. She moaned in pain.

A little later that day she stifled a little scream of terror as Jim Rooney entered the room. Miranda told him what had happened as he turned to Angeline his face

was white with fury. "Who knows about this?" he demanded. Who's responsible. Who told you to lift an eighty pound milk can you little dumb rat"?

"No one" she gasped. A little relief showed in Rooney's eyes.

"Then why in hell did you do it. Your being laid up means that I'm to hire some one until you get better & that like you can't be trusted. Good. no one around here knows you're a crazy rat. Don't you dare lift a milk can again. You're detailed to clean empty ones"

Sometime later when Angeline was able to come downstairs he

struck her when she went to get a drink of water.
"Get away from that sink" he roared. "A rotten little chippy like you wont touch water even if you die of thirst."
For a time too Mirandy (too) also was harsh with Angeline thinking only at first she was only a a naughty child. But the negress nevertheless had never in her life ever seen a little girl before I with such blue eyes or a mouth so much like a rosebud a such silky brilliant golden hair that Rooney couldnt cut and the poor child had been so over worked and lonely since parted from her folks. The negress woman marvelled at a

Angelines daintiness and perfection. A day later Angeline had a chance to tell Mirandy the whole truth as she did so Jim Rooney came in unexpectedly He overheard Angeline and caught her little wrists and wrenched them until she screamed.
"You let me find you with that damn nigger again and I'll horse whip you" he yelled
"You no call me damn nigger" said Mirandy advancing threateningly towards him, "I'm as good as any ole white trash like you any day. You leave

the little chile alone or I'll use a razor on you"
"Get out you're fired"
he cried.
The eyes of the negress dilated with fury.
"Put me out" she cried. no got say here. Your father has. I go if he say not for you. You leave chile alone"
With a muttered curse she walked out
Choking with suppressed sobs angeline stood there for a long time trying not to tremble remember that she could never see her loved ones again, that to try and run away in her sick over worked and run down condition was impossible without reliable help.

If it was not for the dreaded desert she would dare to. Before this Angeline had been strong But now night after night she had been almost too tired to stagger up the stairs and some times she had been so exhausted that it was hours before she could sleep.
Work like that would have killed other little girls.
Angeline had changed though. Her waist was smaller those beautiful eyes were graver.
The next day the negress found Angeline crouched on the floor where a pain had caught

her while she was trying to scrub that huge kitchen. Her face showed that she was suffering worse torture at that moment than most men ever feel.

Miandy just carried her up to bed when Tims mother came and ordered her to get out of the room and stay out. So she left with the memory of the little girls pain drawn eyes of angelines frightened eyes.

And no one would get a doctor for her either. Poor angeline suffering from over work without any sleep while Rooney still abused her in that condition.

Two weeks after this

though Angeline was up and around again Miandy gasped at the sight of the little girl as she did her work in the kitchen. She'd always have fair pearly skin with her golden hair. But now her face was milk white and both cheeks were flushed. She was really beautiful.

Then Miandy noticed her thin cheeks scrawny neck and poor little pipe stem arms. Why the child was sick. That flush was not health it was fever.

As if Angeline were sleep walking she looked around and then stood beside the negro woman.

"Please colored lady" she whispered as they bowed their heads to pray "please run away and take me home. I cant stand—

Mr Rooney was glaring at them from the open doorway. He would have attacked Angeline but secretly was afraid of Miranda.

"Come with me child" she answered softly. Once in Mirandys room pitiful little Angeline dressed still in only her sunsuit became hysterical She was rocking Angeline in her arms as if she were a baby when a Ranch came into the room.

"Rooneys gone for his dad" he told the negress. "I guess

youll have to let the kid continue her work Angelines eyes became huge with fear. She was so shaken with sobs that Miranda couldnt leave her when Dad Rooney knocked and came in.

Sorry Miranda he told her But you cant keep this child from her work if my son objects"

"I cant put a such child to work and I wont" Miranda cried.

The older Rooney looked troubled. He had not such a heart nature as son.

"No I would nt ask you to Thought I could make you give her up." he agreed.

"I'll tell my son you are keeping her till to morrow because she has hysterics."

There wasn't anything the negro woman could do. She was compelled by Mrs Rooney to turn poor Angeline over to the wild beast who made her young life into hell.

Some time later Angeline was told by Rooney "We are going to learn you to rude a horse today. (Ha ha that's a hot one) You'll have to change your tune since this work is too hard for you and rude around with the Calle men and you'll rude in the saddle in your "birth day suit" so you cant

get away."

For good reason Angeline did not want to tell the Rooneys she was an expert in horseback riding and therefore decided to pretend to be slow to learn hoping for a chance to escape that way rude or not.

She was led outside towards a good strong horse saddle and all. All day long she took riding lessons pretending to be dumb, and often getting on and off the horse the wrong way to the exasperation of her instructors and amusement of others.

Rooney that night got word of her stalling which her

instructor suspected and he in a rage struck her in the face savagely three times with his fist, shouting: "Stall the instructors again and I'll kill you".

She could see by his fury that he meant what he said too.

The Indian she had seen one day looking in the window had been a spy sizing up the cattle and horses, for many hours had been from the Indians.

The one who had led the Sheriff to Idaho Falls, Chief Black had not been seen again. He was a great Chief of the Cherokees thousands of them in men. Not added with the

women and children. He did not know that he was the cause of Rustler Chiefs getting hold of the little girl whom in his heart he had felt sorry for. His tribe also had lost of horses to these Rustlers. He was an honest to goodness Indian but he was soon to learn of his mistake. You cant fool an Indian and get away with it That means war.

The next day he appeared to sell Indian beads to the Rustlers. His purpose was to size up the number of missing horses. He was dressed as

a civilian wearing a large round hat coming to Jims house he blinked hard when he saw Angeline mounting a horse made for instruction.

"What?" he thought to himself. "Did the Sheriff make a mistake?"

From his Indian shrewdness he read on Jims face there was something wrong. He proposed to instruct the little girl, as he was anxious to find out who she really was.

Jim not suspecting anything said to his men near him:

"This Indian will learn this little brat how to ride a horse. If she acts dumb to

him it will be to bad for I'll fix her sure."

The Indian swung her onto the horse leaped onto his own and they rode off to the spot where she was to learn.

When they were alone the Indian gave a grunt looked at Angeline and after his customary "ugh" pointed to her and said:

"You can't foolum me. You can rideum horse withouturn 4 lessons."

"No one can fool an Indian on that line, and she knew it."

He dismounted from his horse and took her off it very gently to her surprise, and stood her beside him.

He sat down.

"Come here" he said.

She obeyed. She heard of American Indians from Pennod and was not afraid Ide took her by her bare arms and pulling her gently to him stated seated her on his lap. He fingered her golden hair gently grabbed her around the body and hugged her tightly saying "Big Indian Chief of Cherokee little girls ums friend Bad white man foolum Sheriff Grayson but not Indian. But me save you when I can. Surround place with braves and makem makeum giveum you up Me get revenge."

Angeline realizing the Indian was truly a friend wept bitterly with her head against his bosom. He hugged

the weeping child closer. Yet the Indian being unarmed had no chance whatever to help her now as he strongly desired to do.

But through him she learned that all the workers of Mr Tim Rooney were not only cattle Rustlers and horse thieves but bands of murderers and cut throats and she knew therefore she was in the hands of the leader of an army of dangerous cattle thieves and murderers.

The Indian chief therefore very reluctantly brought her back assuring her that he will help her soon.

Had he known what was in store for her he would never have brought her back at whatever cost, and the horrible Indian uprising would not have come on.

The next morning the fore most rustlers were ordered by Jim Rooney to raid a distant Cowboy Ranch for cattle and also horses before branding time, not exactly to raid as yet but just to spot and the raid to be done at night at noon the spotters came back with their reports.

Angeline was told that she would have to go with a

part of the raiding band a long distance that night to learn more better the horse back riding when it was Jims wicked purpose to try to make a rustler out of her. (if they can)

It was not untill the herd of cattle were being driven from the corrall, that Angeline divined their wicked purpose and regardless of consequences tried desperately to warn the cowboys by shouts and screams untill one of the Rustlers hurled a lasso which caught her around the waist and pulled her from the horse to the ground.

At the same time a swarm of cowboys soon swung into the saddle but in the desperate gun fight that ensued they were outnumbered by the Rustlers and couldnt save all the cattle, and were badly worsted with ten of them killed and twenty wounded.

The Rustlers in the fight rode the cowboy dour raided the ranch killed the Rancher his children and wife and set the whole outfit on fire.

Then by the far reaching light of the fire the Rustlers rode away forcing Angeline along with them but not saying

a word to her. But so far they didnt get all the cattle they intended to capture because in the confusion of the fight a number got away in the dark.

On the way towards where they have the hide out for the cattle four of them took the little girl back to the ranch none of them saying a word to her all the way but keeping her closely under guard.

She dreaded the consequences now but since she could not escape had to face it.

The Foreman reported the affair to the Ranchers mother as the son was

away visiting his father who, not a Rustler owned a different Ranch but was a hard hearted man nevertheless Angeline was not allowed any supper by Mrs Rooney and when her son returned she told him. He sent for the Foreman to get the facts.

At first Mr Rooney was too much taken aback to say or do anything. Unfortunately for Angeline Miranda was at old man Rooney Ranch.

Then Jim burst out to the Foreman and the men with him

"You gosh darn fools its your fault as well. Why didn't you

keep your eyes on the little double crossing rat. Why in hell did you'd let her double cross you. And a number of cattle got away? Sad blame it you cod livered scum of the land you'll get that cattle or else your jobs. Every one of you. Its your fault as well as hers, and I hold you just as responsible. Get that runaway cattle or might as lose your jobs" he added to his mother "bring that little gutter snup here"

She was roughly pushed into his presence. The men lingered.

"Get the devil out of there and round up that runaway cattle" he stormed wildly at them. "Dont dare come back till you bring them in, you had no business letting the little no account double cross you. Get out I say"

They went in a hurry scared out of their wits. He could throw them out of a job and they couldnt find means to get even.

Then he turned to her.

"You little she devil" he stormed "What do you mean by warning the cowboys?" and he swung his

fist at her but she dodged and he missed.

"It was my duty" she answered. "Your men were stealing cattle

"You little-" and he cursed at her "I wanted my men to do that That's the only way I can make money and you dare to double cross and say its your duty to do so. Its a wonder the men didnt shoot you. I'll make you pay for this mother" he called "bring the rawhide whip.

"Heavens surely you're not going to-"

"Bring me that whip." His mother though also unhuman looked terrified and refused to obey.

"What's the matter with you ma turning softie?" he demanded. Then I'll

get that whip myself. Dont let that brat get out" he ordered to the foreman.
He soon returned to the un room with the writhing whip. Angeline recoiled in horror and screamed. Would he really dare to strike her with that? Was he that heartless and cruel. It was flourished and a blow stinging like fire caught her around the chest and back knocking all the breath out of her and causing her to fall writhing to the floor. She suffocated and gasped for air. Another swish caught her around the neck Another blow caught her around the face From lack of breath she couldnt cry out but only gasp. He struck her across

the legs He struck her across the belly Mrs Rooney screamed as Angeline was struck across the face a second time To try to stop him before she died from not breathing She picked up and struck him with a chair across the head and staggered, out the door and fell writhing to the ground. A Rustler pulled her to her feet and forcibly put her back in again still gasping for breath Again any where across her little body. Rooney laid the lash until the blood stained the bare skin and her sun suit. Relentlessly he kept

up this playing untill the poor little girl fell face downward on the floor shrieking hysterically. Her mother unable to bear the piteous sight shrieked again. Mr Rodney shouting "Shut up you fool" turned his fury upon his own mother & she threw something at him and fled. He cursed and swore blasphemed and raved shotting vile imprecations upon Angeline, He seemed to have gone mad, He evidently was in a blinding rage that made him carry things too far.

As Angeline lay there gasping he delivered a kick at her and slashed at her again with the whip. He

had lost his temper and was a dangerous man. In his rage he picked up a heavy vase from a table and flung it at the wall It was dashed. Into a thousand pieces Nothing made him madder than being double crossed

He nearly killed Angeline He slashed her again and kicked her four times. Rustlers looking in the open door made no move to interfere nor did they care. And more of these Rustlers were Cowboys. They frequently stole horses from the Indians and cattle from Cowboy Ranches, Seeing the men looking in he slammed the door shut with a bang that shook

the house to its foundation It was a miracle that Angeline survived the fourteen blows he struck with the rawhide whip. Then he picked up the little girl and threw her roughly into the cot.

"Now" he roared as she lay there gasping and writhing with intolerable pain "That'll learn ye to double cross me you little she devil If you do it again I'll empty my two pistols into you no account little carcasse. I dont care how you'll be to mor-row you'll get upon a horse and ride with the Rustlers to mor-row and help them in the work of branding the stolen cattle. DO you hear?"

Poor Angeline couldnt

answer but lay there sobbing and writhing. The door he had slammed had reopened from the force of the bang. He turned and saw the men still standing in the doorway.

"Vamoose you Spall-peens" he shouted at his loudest drawing his pistols "Get out" As they ran he flourished the whip towards them with a thunderous snap getting one of them across the leg. They vamoosed.

For two hours after he raved and stormed at Angeline and would not let no one attend to her sores and flays caused by the whip and the sheet was stained

with her blood, Miranda did not come that night. The next morning she was hardly in no condition to get out from the cot and the sheet was red with her blood.

"Get up" he ordered, Two men stood near him. She tried to rise but couldnt He grabbed her by the arm pulled her shrieking with pain from the cot and stood her on her feet. She staggered reeled and fell to the floor unconscious. Mr Rooney swore picked her up and threw her back upon the cot Then he and the men went out leaving her without receiving attention from any one. Miranda who had returned early in

the morning came from an adjourning room and seeing what had happened bathed Angelines forhead in cooling water and clenched her wounds She bandaged the wounds and was not afraid to for Rooney was scared of her.

Sometime before noon Angeline regained consciousness, she fancied in that state that the negress was bending over her. When she came to no one was in the room The Rancher had come back He and his men were branding stolen cattle and therefore were gone nearly all day It was late in the evening when Mr Rooney

returned and with him this time was his "Skinflint" father as soon as he was home he telephoned a certain party to try and find out who and what the little girl really was as he wanted to get rid of her but getting no satisfaction on that line and seeing he had to keep her, he then called up another party.

After supper the telephone rang and Rooney was called up by a fellow Rancher by the only known name as Gun Joe Joe was as harsh and cruel as he was but not the kind that would carry a thing too far however. He was a Rustler also but very far away.

Rooney related all the circumstances to him

Joe was dreadfully skeptical about Mr Rooney not being able to cut the little girls hair and asked Rooney what kind of moonshine he had been drinking.

Rooney dared him to come and try it himself for the same purpose stating he would give him fifty dollars if he could do it. Joe accepted the bet and decided to come as soon as he could get there.

When he noticed as he went into Angelines room that Miranda was sitting beside the childs bed, and that Angeline was moaning in pain.

"Get outa there you old black nigger" he stormed "And go to

your own quarters my father didnt hire you as a nurse maid to any darn brat. Get into your own room" and reaching it from where it hung he flourished the rawhide towards her.

She obeyed but slowly but as she did so she flashed a look of hatred and scorn at him. As she stood at the open door for a few seconds she cried:

"Ever come the day you dare slash me with that whip you ole good for nothin white trash ah'll kill you," and her face was so distorted with rage that he was cowed.

"Yourse lower than the lowest beast and a cowardly viper" she

continued. "Ah's never had of a man befoah beating a little girl like that and such a pretty chile. Youse'll answer to God for it and your not my mawster I'm mistress of mah self. You treacherous snake" and she suddenly slammed the door shut. Suddenly she reopened it. "And remember" she added with a sneer "if ah heah the slightest noise from that poor chile ah'll come down heah in ah hurry and kill you" Then she closed the door with another slam. She meant what she said too.

He stood looking at Angeline for several minutes without saying a word

and then noticed the salve colored bandages the negro woman had put around her bleeding sores. Then he said "I don't keer what you do after this. You wont get a single penny from me and you'll not get good eats either as soon as I can I'll get rid of ye an I dont want ye any more. Youre no good to me and never was. I wont allow you to go anywhere with the boys and as soon as you are well I'll make you stay always in your room and I wont let ye work either. I'll hire a woman to take your place in cleaning up. But dont think you will ever get away I've got the orders from my wifes sisters

to keep you here and I'll do it until I can send ye to some where where you'll never be seen or heard of again. I'll fix ye for a double crossing the boys" and with that he went into his own quarters mumbling to himself.

Fifteen days passed before Angeline was recovered from the cruel lashing to sit upon the cot and she had got better eating than she said she would thanks to Miranda. Joe came seventeen days later tried to cut the hair and mum it off and did not earn the fifty dollars.

Joe suspected some thing oda. He was

slightly superstitious, for
that reason he was scared
of what Rooney had done
and said:
"Why you dog-gone fool
you went too far. I'll say
she deserved a punish-
ment, but you went too
far in using the rawhide"
"But I didnt hit her
enough to kill her" said
Jim" and she double
crossed the men while
they were getting the
cattle, warning the cow-
boys. I was so mad
I lost control of my-
self She, trying to be
a goody goody'
"That doesnt make
any difference" snapped
Joe. "I've never heard
of any one ever
daring to lash a little
girl with a raw hide.
And there's something

strange about that kid
If for the purpose you
design, we cant cut her
hair or even burn it
off. She may be a
special favorite of God
and He may strike
you yet If you dont
be wise and let
her alone. And also
remember there's great
unrest among the
Cherokee and Semi-
dians. If you dont
leave their horses
alone they'll go on
the warpath against
you"
"I'll do as you say
concerning the Indians
horses, but let that
little brat do any
thing out of the
way again and
I'll kill her. She'll
never get away from

here. I'm under obligations to my dead wifes sister to either keep her or send her off to where she will be lost to the whole wold. If it wasnt for her I wouldnt be owning this Ranch. I've got to obey her orders."

"She'll bring you bad luck for that lashing you gave her."

"Oh Bosh dont be so superstitious Bad luck for what?"

"For striking her with the rawhide I've heard she's got angels on her I've read of to whom she belongs. In a natural way the angels will get even with you and mrs George both."

"I defy them."

"You do. Ha Ha. you

cant lick angels orders, and devils quail before angels. They are responsible that you or me cant remove hers hair no matter what we used They are also responsible that she survived your rawhide whip. Any other ordinary child would have died"

"Yes and to defy those gosh durn angels I'll do it again and worse" growled Rooney If she's got any I'll drive 'em out of her. I'll-"

Suddenly he jumped to his feet in anger. "What's she up to now" he snarled.

He heard a slight commotion and opened the door into angelines room Then he stood

in the doorway watching Angelene The child was moving softly almost furtively up the steps to Maundy quarters Once she got there remembering the old negress threat to cruel Tom she felt she would be safe from him She had almost mounted the sixth step when a large hairy (had) hand encircled her throat in almost a strangle grip.

The little girl turned with a half choked scream There was an eerie hysterical pitch to her voice.

Tim Rooney kept a tight grip on her neck so that she had great difficulty in drawing her breath his mouth a thin line in his

scrawny face

Sneaking up to that dirty old niggars quarters to steal out eh he sneered. a sneak Sneaking up there to get away from me. eh."

"I'm hungry" the poor holy child wept as he let go of her neck "I was not going to steal only I thought that good black lady might give me something to eat I'm so hungry and thirsty and so hot."

He remained unmoved by her tears and her words alike.

"You lie. I'll fix you for that. I'll teach you not to double cross me a

second time. Ide turned to his woman cook Suzzie a saucy fresh looking woman with her hair done up in a physic knot on top of her head, who just came from the kitchen.

"Bring me a red hot poker" he demanded in a surly tone. "Then a rebellious naughty brat I'll burn her tongue with it for telling me that lie".

While he waited for the cruel woman to heat the stove poker he took down despite Joes warning protests a long snakehide cowboy belt from a hook with rivets on it.

It was something

worse than the rawhide whip Angeline looked at it in terror and screamed:

"Not that one with the rivets in Rooney O'Lease not that one just dont hit me with the rivet belt you cruel man. If you do I'll get even if I have the chance"

He locked minandy, dan so in case she was upstairs she couldnt come to Angelines defense and then coming at the child he with one swift move pulled the half naked little girl over his knee and brought the strap down in a sickening blow.

Angeline shrieked:
"I didnt try to sneak away. I wasnt going to steal an Jim not a thief Please dont hit me with the rivet belt."
Jims face bore an expression of maniacal fury. Joe looked on unable to do anything you couldnt reason with a hot head like Jim Rooney.
Again and again Jim lashed out with the heavy strap the cook stood by unmoved At last he allowed the strap or belt to slip from his hand.
"Now give me the poker" he said to the cook. I wont do it too badly but Ill make her know how it feels just the

same. If that negress breaks the door open (for she was pounding madly at it) and comes to interfere shoot her down Joe."
She went back took it from the coal fire and handed it to him.
"Now open your mouth you little lying brat" he cried I'll teach you to lie."
She terrified of the red hot poker refused.
He grabbed her by the throat no hand that her tongue protruded from the pressure. "Dont dont that's going to far" protested Joe. But Jim hanging on

strove to burn her tongue with the red-hot poker when an unseen power knocked it from his hand it landed against the wall with such force as to splinter the plaster off. He cursed and blasphemed. The cook screamed and ran out of the room. Joe was scared sick with a roar of rage flung Angeline from him so she crashed to the floor.

"I'll fool the angels damn them" he yelled drawing his pistol "This and the switching from the rawhide is only the beginning of what you are going to get" he shrieked

to the quivering choking and weeping child and he aimed the pistol to shoot her when it too was knocked from his hand by the unseen power. Joe blasphemed like a demon"

Angeline staggered to the old negress who had broken the door open and came in.

"Mammmy dont let him hit and choke me any more" she pleaded. At that moment Mrs Carey the mother came in and pulled the little girl away ordering Mirandy to mind her

own business.
"and dont you dare go near that old black woman you hear" she snarled to the child, "We'll have no truck with the likes of you" To her non she said"
"She's terribly wicked and has a devil that interferes with you. This that has. She needs a real punishment that the spirit has no power to interfere with. Where's your friend Joe"?
"Got scared and ran out"
Rooney eyed angelina angelines shrinking figure.
"I dont know what to do with her Joe say she's possessed by angels. If she

is why do they not interfere when I beat her. Appears like she will always double cross me and will never be of any good to us. She got to be taught a lesson she'll never forget despite her damn angels. I'll show them too"
His pale eyes moved around the room out the window where the cactus was moaning and sighing wildly in a severe hot desert storm.
Jim snapped his fingers triumphantly.
"I got it We'll tie her to that cactus in that

hot sand storm so she'll have a real punishment. The storm the sand and the cactus will torture her naked body. His old strap nor the old rawhide don't do much good. She'll be getting used to them," He turned to Angeline.

"Come on you, you're going to be tied to that cactus in that storm."

Grasping her roughly by the shoulder he shoved her out side Angeline shrank from the fury of the desert storm and her thin summer suit clung tight to her as a fierce blast of hot wind struck her but she made no cut cry. She was fastened to the cactus yet she was a stoic

She accepted such punishment as the ordinary routine visits of fate and so on and then angels suffer them with her, a child without angels would have died under this.

Inside the house the man and woman watched her as she tied to the cactus writhed from its torture and the torture of the storm. The wind and sand almost suffocated her. Their eyes met understandingly.

"That'll fix her" Angeline was not sure sick from that awful exposure long.

She groaned and writhed for a week

and then she began to recover contrary to all expectations. Yet despite that she had no one to care for her and Mrs Rooney who alone was not afraid of her wouldnt let Miss Andy come near Angeline. And also she was not within reach of the negress.

She was sad eyed the poor little sick girl and wondered why she should recover He had hoped she would die.

But nevertheless she was still ill She had taken ill from the ill treatment treatment over exposure to the sand storms frequent occasions of

total or partial suffocation for some minutes and under nourishment.

Yet at first Angeline had shown no desire to recover. Her illness had been called "sin sickness" by Rooney.

The little girl for all that week writhed in silence on the hot cot as wave after wave of the terrible pain filled her whole swollen whip and strap lashed body.

Often she wanted to scream to bite, to tear anything to relieve the awful suffering But she must not do so. Somebody Somebody might hear Mrs Rooney or perhaps her cruel

husband. The thought of what they might do next was enough to make her choke back all but the merest whisper. "Dearest God - please help me - please help me return me to my parents brother and sisters if you will."

Some three weeks later while still ill she recieved another violent attack from him which nearly cost Angeline her life.

She lay on her cot upstairs hot and sweathy and dreadfully thirsty and wished desperately she had a drink of water. She felt too ill and groggy to go for the

water herself. Probably if she called, Miranda might bring some up to her. It was Jim Rooney sitting at dinner who should back.

"What the hell do you want with that old nigger now?"

"A glass of water please Mr Rooney"

"Well dammit come on down and get it yourself you lazy little rat."

"All right I'll come down" Angeline said hastily, fearful she had roused his terrible aguin. In her dazed feverish condition, and confusion. She stumbled and fell on the stairs banging

her head twice.
Rooney jumped up.
"Clumsy little good fn nothing rat"
He strode over and stood towering over the frightened child. Rooney looked down at the little girl he had hated desperately since her entrance into the place as his capture and felt a wild desire to stop that nobling, to be rid of it forever.
"I'll see you'll get all the damn water you can hold" he grated
He carried the little girl to the sink and turned the tap on full.
"Go on and drink, you wanted water did'nt you" he shouted shoving her face under the open tap.
She didnt answer

but was forced to keep her mouth open as the water poured in, She struggled gasped for air and tried desperately to draw her head from under. Mr Rooney pulled her head back.
Angeline strangled and her tongue began to protrude as she tried to vomit out water
He held on She jerked in a dreadful convulsion her face was bloated and a fearful belching sound came from her
Mr Rooney came in with a basket of washing at that moment Angelines struggles ceased She was still, She saw what was happening and

and flung basket and all over Jims head bringing him down in a heap on the floor. As he did so he dropped Angeline into the sink. In a rage he came to his feet and made for Miranda with a knife in his hand, but she quickly disarmed him, and handed him a blow in the eye that sent him rolling out into the veranda. Then grabbing the drowning child she fled up the steps with Rooneys mother in pursuit.

She slammed the door in her face and locked it. She had an awful difficulty in rescuing

Angeline doing all to her that a life saver does to a drowning man, but she succeeded.

The wicked cruel man to tell the truth was a coward at heart and afraid of those who were not afraid of him.

And he certainly was afraid of this negress, especially when she'd closed within her room. And when she's in there and in on the warpath she was a dangerous woman. And when she had Angeline in there and you try anything, look out. Of course she worked for him

but in reality was almost his mistress. To day too she had a little drink in her and therefore was all the more excited. Had mrs Rooney managed to forced the door open Mirandy would have knocked her headlong down the stairs.

Once the door was closed on her she went down the steps growling to herself "What darn old bleach she devil meddling in my sons affairs. Then she took charge of her son bathing his bleach eye and fussing over him as if he were a five year old.

When she got angeline

to her senses the poor little girl started vomiting water and squirming and gasping hardly yet getting her breath and was going into unconsciousness again Yet Mirandy did not give up and soon managed to bring her back to her normal self and had her in her own bed when she came to. But from the shock angeline was dreadfully ill.

All night long she watched over angeline but with a shot gun well loaded lying across her lap

Yet nevertheless

1962

she was able to watch over Angeline without interference from anybody Jim had said to his mother on several occassions

"If the old black nigger wants to keep the little rat, she's welcome. I'm through with her. I'd kick that little rat out of here if it wasn't breaking my promise to Mrs George.

Yet in his wicked heart he'd like to kill her for sure if he could But he dared not go near the door."

Chapter 16. 1963

Snake eyes grim threat.

By the time Angeline was at least well enough to sit up but still bearing the grim marks of her lashings the negro woman had a visitor in her room. It was the Cherokee Indian Chief Snake eyes. He might have had his "ugh's" but he was well educated in the English language. The negro woman having picked it up knew the Indian language perfectly. She was a friend of the Indian Chief once having saved his life.

Angeline was sound

asleep as the woman spoke
Then at the Indians
request Mrs Andy awak-
ened her. Then Snake
Eyes gently took her out
of the cot and gave
his customary "Ugh" as
he examined her body.
"Poor little white girl
dont you cry" he said
as she started to sob
you'll soon be home
again, I do not make
a promise and go back
on it you will see
them soon I will come
with my friend Sone
Eagle again and de-
mand the bad man
to give you up to
me. If he refuses
I'll make him. I
have spoken."
He took her into
his arms as before
and held her in

such a snuggling
embrace for so long
that she first nodded
and then fell asleep.
While she was thus
so, the negro woman
with a scissors clipped
off a long curl of
her golden hair from
under the outer curls
and handed it
to the Indian.
"I will show this
to my brothers
and to Sone Eagle
as proof of what I
say." he said. "We
soon come surround
Rustlers with thousands
of braves and make
bad white Chief
give up little girl
so she can go
back to her white
father"
He gently put

Angeline back on the cot and left as secretly as he come. Some of the readers may wonder why he didnt kidnap Angeline from Rooney and take her away For the Indian alone that would be impossible The Rustlers had too many guards out.

As disguised for selling things he could come and go with out question but he couldnt take her with him, which he greatly desired to do

Two days passed and Angeline was still ill though she could be sitting up.

It was early the next morning when she awakened still ill, and saw Wicked

Mr Rooney looking down at her. At first knowing his ways she was very frightened but then she saw near him also an Indian Chief in all feathers with a number of braves about him.

Also by his side stood Snake eyes in all the regala of a mighty Chief pointing to her and talking in the Indian Language without once looking at Mr Rooney.

The other Chief Sone Eagle and his braves stood majestically with folded arms looking down at her but remaining silent.

Then Snake eyes turned to one of his braves who stepped forward and and drew the cover from Angeline, Then the Chief

stepped forward, bent down and looked at her little body He grunted and replaced the cover.

Then realizing there was something he had missed he changed his mind and exposed her again. Though she did not resist, to her embassment he removed from her the sun suit leaving her totally naked. He saw bad mark - the suit hid. He bent low looked her over then again grunted with a grim haughty look on his face as he gave one glance twards Rooney.

Then he handed the little girl the sunsuit motioning her to put them on. As she obeyed he stood watching her with folded arms.

He not so much as gave Mr Rooney another glance. Then he spoke in Indian dialogue to Snake Eyes assuming a very haughty aspect. Snake eyes very grim faced drew himself up more proudly. Hate bitter burning hate was in his heart for Mr Rooney who was lower than a beast to him. Also calm anger and fury against him and true pity and compassion for the child. She was going to replace the covers but he motioned her to stay as she was.

Then Rooney said sarcastically "Any way what is the little brat to a

savage" 24

Sone Eagle turned with a more haughty aspect twards Mr Rooney and spoke fiercely

"You call her a little brat and us savages? I know it is written in your Indian war stories that Indians are savages. ignorant low down savages and vile red men. Those are insults for which we have sworn ever lasting vengeance. You call me a Savage, the little white Papoose a brat"

He drew Angeline up from the bed and pointed to her as he glared angrily at Mr Rooney.

"Would Indian do that to little White Papoose? Beat her with raw hide whip. and mangle her with strap

full of rivets. Tie her up in burning sand storm because the Great White Spirit wont let you burn her tongue with Red hot poker, Try drown her under water faucet because she thirsty and ask for drink? You rob your own kind, murder and rape, burn their villages, steal our horses, nearly murder this little white Papoose and call me a savage. Faugh. White man is savage lower than most Savage beast. I no can take her from here as she too seek to travel with us now but remember you is savage not Indian"

During all this time Snake eyes didnt say a word but drew himself up in an haughty an aspect as he could assume.

Angeline wondered why he was silent and so grim.

Having spoken Sone Eagle turned and strode to the door followed by Snake eyes. Sone Eagle went out tears running down his eyes for poor Angeline. At the threshold Snake Eyes turned with the same haughty manner.

"Sone Eagle my friend have spoken" he said to Rooney with an awful sneer. Then he looked sadly at Angeline poor little Angeline who was sobbing.

"He continued:

I am the great Chief Snake Eyes. My people and Sone Eagles people are angry with you Rustlers for what you do to White papoos steal her from her white father and nearly kill her. You have here only five hundred fifty white men savages I should call them. I have around your grounds ten thousand braves."

He looked at the clock. "I'll give you from now (three thirty) till sundown to deliver that little girl to me safe with the negro lady so I can have her restored to her white Fathers.

Remember only till Sun-
down. My brothers are
eager to (attack) fight.
If defy me and he will
attack. I have spoken."
Then he and his braves
left except one who re-
mained in the room
and sat down on a chair
near Angelines bed. He
too was a chief. He
was to bring Angeline
to the waiting braves
if Rooney willed to set
her free he was to
come back alone if
Rooney refused The
main chief was his
brother.
Even this Indian
would not so much
as look at Mr Rooney
who went out of
the room afraid of
both the Indian
(woman) and the Negro

woman, yet he decided
to defy Snake eyes
believing all the whites
in the other Counties
would come to his
aid if the Indians
attacked,
If not it would
be too bad for him
and all his Rustlers.
The Indians would
get the little girl any-
way. The Negro
woman saw to it
that she got a
good breakfast and
good care too.

"Where was Angeline?"
Violet three weeks after
her disappearance had
found that Angeline
had not taken any
of her clothes with
her but her one
piece bathing suit.

Why should they not be in her clothes closet And she and the sunsuit was gone Where was Angeline? Why was she gone. After Jennie had inquired of Mrs George about Angeline then afterwards she too was gone and why.

Frantically now Violet being more afraid than ever called for Jim for Marjorie. There was no answer They had gone out with Joe hunting for Angeline.

Panic Stricken her little hand against her throat as though to stifle a deep sob the worried little girl rushed back into the bedroom.

She couldnt think before because of her wordless terror. She could

only look wildly and somehow vacantly about the room. Then she saw it and at first breathed a sigh of relief. It was there on the writing desk a penciled note It might be from Angeline explaining where and why she went.

Violet snatched the paper Would it really explain why she went away? Would it explain where she had gone? Probably something had come up and she had been forced to go away for a while. But she would be back. Violet read the first few sentences and the words were like stab wounds

to her heart. They were like so many darts jabbing into her worried heart, now she was terrified really frightened sickened almost to the point of hysteria.

She knew now how helpless a person can be when faced with an impondrable problem.

She ran to the telephone "The police quick" she shrieked to a startled operator "Give me the police just as quickly as you can its life an death. They have kidnapped my sister"

The call caught Burns after he opened the door to his home after a busy day at headquarters.

He dropped his derby hat on the table

and hurried to answer this phone which was ringing like mad.

"What you burns?"

Burns recognized the voice at Headquarters - Inspector Charles Drange head of the missing persons Bureau.

"yes Charles what's wrong?"

"come back to Headquarters as quick as you can" he advised "They've snatched that little Vivian friend of yours, Angeline"

"What spies again?"

no not spies this time. Revenge plot"

Burns cursed to himself fiercely. This trouble the Unions were having was getting on his nerves.

"Revenge plot eh? Get your men ready at once. Make it snappy. I'll meet you at Headquarters"

Short fast sentences. Crisp orders given by stern faced men. Burns knew that others like himself were on the way already but six minutes after the call Burns

from Headquarters pulled up in front of the Hall of Justice and bolted for the Inspectors Bureau. It was nearly 6 P.M. Thursday in second week of November.

Waiting there were Lieutenant Frank Whiters acting Captain of Inspectors and Inspectors John H Temple James Hart and Jerry Henderson.

They told Burns what had happened, that is they told him as much as they knew.

"Kid snapping out in the Addams and Halsted Street District" It was Whiters talking. "One of those good unusually

holy Vivian tyler Angeline snatched with a three weeks and four hours start on us. didnt get the note until to day. our works cut out"

"Any clues?"

"yes sure. A sort of note but more of an insulting nerven defue nature and asking no money. but only conditions funny kind of note and written by a woman. funny it was not asking for money note not signed but informer says she can identify writer. Thats strange too the threat of revenge on Angeline for causing the conversion of a boy unto the Catholic Faith"

"Thats strange allright-

screwy said Burns "What else?"

"note dictates that kidnapper will send the girl to a party unknown from which she can not escape or any one rescue her from. We have nt seen the note yet but the little girl Violet says nobody else knows but us and that means"—

"We will have to be very careful cant tip off our hand We've got to work fast and secretly" Engler added a few facts and then Burns jumped to his feet. "So thats the story"? he snapped "now get going. Scatter all of of you Get along Its

useless to try to find the child if she was sent away on a train to an unknown destination Get the kidnapper. as she didnt go with the little girl But be careful) and my detectives must bring this little girl back safe and alive"

Burns pounded on the desk with a clenched fist Understand he added. "Alive and Safe"

Cautiously they made for the Vivian home at No. 201 (14 abstreet) Halsted street Burns had already flashed full description of the little and the kidnapper to every police station ordering that a sharp lookout be kept for that Quiet search was

ordered for every hotel and rooming house as she was not found in her home. And her husband didnt know where she went and said he did not know she had kidnapped the girl

This was a kidnapping of the worse kind and the wheels of the Police department were turning in high speed now but hampered just the same because of the nature of the crime.

They could not risk a little girls life by coming out in the open. That why the teletype had not been used they couldnt for fear there might be a leak. Kidnap-

pers are killers.
Was the house being watched? (yes by the uncle?) Who were the movers behind the snatch? Would they see the inspectors when they came to the Vinian residence?" Would they the kidnappers be suspicious of one or two strangers came and rang the doorbell?
What chance did little angeline Vinian have if the criminals knew they themselves were endangered?
Was the good little girl dead already past history repeating itself?
Like ghostly shadows that stormy night the inspectors rided up to the door and Violet Vinian a pathetic

courageous but terrified little girl met them, let them in and took them to the living room. To the men she was the most beautiful little girl ever seen and her grief stabbed them. Her sisters were not home yet. Her problems however were in other hands now but the men couldnt shoulder her worries. They had their own.
"Tell us" said Frank Winters all you can about Master Webber younger aunt. How did you know she's the one?"
"I know her handwriting on that note"
"Has she people here?"

yes her sister."
"Has she any friends we can trace her through?"
"Yes"
"Good. Any other lead at all?"
"Yes"
The dis consolate little girl long golden hair in beautiful curls several of which fell across her tried face to be put back by weary hands nodded her head sadly.
"Yes there very little I know about her" she continued slowly. "I know Webber Georges parents but they're good people I'm sure they had no hand in that I'm sure and his mother and the aunt were far from being friends"

you know her name of course I am Anna George is it not?"
you mean the Aunt?"
"Yes"
"No sir. Her first name is Mildred She about fourty five and has a swine like face and short bobbed red hair and wears a dress too short for any modesty about her"
The inspector looked at Violet carefully. To them she broke all records in being athractive with the most unusal beautiful little face and a wonderful white complexion like pearl. Big sky blue eyes that looked you through and through

and a beautifully formed rounded neck not too long not to short. She still wore her school dress and had a beautyful violet ribbon in her hair, part of which gave a dazzling glint in the electric light.

"Who are her friends - her people" interrupted Inspector Withers.

"Her friends are in new Yourk" said Violet "Mrs George hardly ever went out none of her friends ever was ever seen by us and her folks, Well they're in the South west I believe a mother in Los Angeles."

"Dont you think she in it alone?"

"I cant hardly believe she in it at all"

the worried little girl said "I couldnt that is if I didnt identify her hand writing on the note - even now I cant hardly believe she could for what had she against us. And I never heard a word from any one of my Sister Angeline comment ing George into the Catholic Church. We thought he did so of his own decision At least Angeline did not tell us about it"

The unusal contents of the note puzzled the men. Had Spite or a disagreement about Religion of any sort been the motive without money a secondary consideration?

"Never a cross word between us since we knew her" Violet assured them. "I know she was on no friendly term with me or my sisters because my brother Percival had a misunderstanding with Webber George her nephew, and she surely feared and hated Percival She - oh? I just can't believe it, I can't. But where is she? And what about the note?"

"Lets discuss that later" Withers said gently He was abrupt on purpose. They couldn't let poor Violet become hysterical. They needed her help if she wished to see her sister again.

"You better show the note" he said.

The troubled child hastened into her bedroom and they followed her anxious to help such a beautiful beautiful child.

She gave Withers the paper. He handled it gingerly to preserve possible finger prints although he knew that Violets must already be on it.

He examined the the writing before reading it aloud. The note one of his men noticed was written by a neat hand It was without salutation breaking immediately into the terrible business at hand. As Withers read, it became apparent to all that the writer was a person of

intelligence and of more than average education. It could have been Webber Georges Aunt. The thoughts of the others were interrupted as they listened to Whithers reading.

I will not give you any instructions Miss Violet Vivian "the note man," but nevertheless I wish to advise you, and truly it is for your own good before you answer your first impulse, you stop and consider three minutes.

A constructive thought now will save you years of bitter regret. I'm sure that your sister's welfare is more important to you than even your own life. Yet I am not intending to hold your sister for ransome. I do not need any money as bad as that. Yet I have found out that your sister directly or

indirectly has converted my nephew to a Religion I bitterly hate, and therefore I must stoop to this. I must warn you and I actually mean it that it will do no good to tell the police, for if you do or not you will defeat your own purpose, any power whatever. It will be useless to even call your brother from New York, you need not even think to ask God to Handle this case Himself for it will do no good for even the neighbors to know for you'll never see your sisters again as I to avoid her being rescued in case I get trailed by police, have sent her off by train under guard to a place unknown to any one even myself.

So again I reiterate if you call police or neighbors it will

do no good for you will never see your sister again"

Withers voice stopped after the first long paragraph with its goodly and correctly punctiated message He glanced at poor Violet to mark how she was taking it But the little girl was bearing up courageously and was listening to the message she already knew with tearful eyes and quivering lips Withers continued to read:

"These are your instructions mind them carefully Remember you'll never see your sister again"

"Do you think Angeline is safe?" Violet asked as Withers carefully folded the paper and slipped it into his pocket

"Why uh"-

Butt she sent her to some unknown place" the little girl cried "and the note says-"

Yes" Withers said: "I know but thats probably pure bluff.

Withers couldnt say more It wasint in his heart nor was it in the heart of any of his men to tell this poor little girl the fear that beset each of them and that fear was this "Kidnappers are cowards are vile cowards kidnappers are killers They kill when their own skins are endangered.

And couldnt a little girl like Angeline be endangered by any one who had sent

her off to the mysterious unknown,? The thing to do was to make Violet think of other matters. Was that possible? Sent off to an unknown place? It was Withers aimless questions.

Wonder how she came to fix it that way against Angeline, and now you see the men were thinking the kidnapper was not Mrs George but one of the accomplices of the Glandelinian spies. And now Violet added another link that made the case against Glandelinian spies more clinching. Didnt those spies do that three times before? That sending off to an unknown place is easy to explain. Violet was

eager to tell the thing she knew and they listened just as eagerly "A map of Arizona cut from Jennies school Geography was leeft lying on top of the note. There, I'll show it to you"

She produced the map. "Its strange though" she added "that she put this map there without explaining the reason"

Withers asked for a more detailed description of the missing woman and learned that she was stout almost fat and had a hoggish expression of face though rather good looking. In contrast to her hog like face her sparkling

defiant gray eyes and soft dark bobbed hair she was poorly proportioned. Her lips were large and her legs unshapely.

"How was she dressed?" Whithers asked Violet.

For an instant her eyes brightened.

"I'd almost forgotten to mention that fur fur" she said "And it might help find her. She has always worn an expensive silver fox fur coat. She took it with her, hat and her new hat one of those large black ones in latest style a black conical affair."

A woman with a silver fox coat who had stolen a little girl, yes such a woman should be easy to

trace, if she didnt do cand the fur and-and-didnt kill the child.

Violet went on to tell of the woman harsh spoken manner, her apparent refinement, but interest in foul books, naked children and filthy magazines.

"Did she take any bag with her?" asked Whithers.

"A bag?" Violet was surprised. "I should say she did take a bag. She somehow took more luggage with her than four men could carry. Look out when you find her. She's awfully strong."

"Tell us about it?" Whithers demanded.

"First of all she somehow took our big

record book and large Remington Typewriter she had one in her own home that was not paid for but its still there. In addition she carted off two black suitcases and an overnight bag all of it mine."

"Anything more?" Whiters pressed.

"Oh yes. I've been with the help of my sisters checking up since the officers from the Desplaines Street station were here. She took an important Geography our slip of paper with our parents address in New York on it and nearly all our money about four hundred and forty nine dollars."

Whithers heart had been sinking as he

listened to this catalog of articles. Surely one woman could not carry all of this from the house alone. Didn't that mean she had confederates? Did it not mean that her confederates had driven up to the house while Miss Violet and her other sisters were away to school and Angeline had returned home earlier kidnaped her loaded up the car and driven away?

In what part of the city would such people hide? Could he and his men ever find them? Could they ever get the little girl back alive? The distracted

little Vivian girl had little more to tell them? Her parents and brudder were in New York. Though she had that address in mind she nor her sisters had not notified them fearing that in some way a telegram or a long distance telephone call might let the story out and result in death to her sister. (You see they didnt yet know their possession angels would not let any one go too far or kill them. Try and kill Angeline and you wont be able to.)

Her parents she explained were King and Queen of far away Alexandria and Pernod was her brother.

With these facts the men hastened back to Headquarters eager to jump into action although any

one must say they were doubtful of success.

Before they reached headquarters they parked their car and discussed procedure. Secrecy they realized was imperative.

A tense conversation among them in the inspectors room for example would arouse curious newsmen. The threats in the kidnap message were surely enough to make the men move cautiously. If the story got into the papers there was no telling what would happen to Angeline Vivian at the place to where she was sent. The whole case was baffling but it wasnt

untill they had talked it over that they realized how difficult it was going to be. A dreadful looking woman a beautiful little girl and perhaps a confederate or two in hiding in a big city. That is they might be in hiding in the city or they might have taken a sent the little girl to the highways. Trains, automobiles were leaving the great city constantly. There were hundreds of roads.

The kidnappers had a three or four weeks start now they might be headed for points far distant perhaps they were already in another state.

They wondered how they could safe guard their secret and yet

have the highways watched, the depots and other stations. What dangers the little girl faced they dreaded to consider. Was her captor someone with a disordered mind, perhaps a body opening sadist with a lust to kill for that purpose.

Might this harsh spoken woman or her confederate become panic stricken and suddenly realize the enormity of the crime and kill the holy-child to facilitate a get away.

Could the little prisoner continuously suck from her French Guiana confinement withstand exposure and hard handling?

Those questions and

others went racing through their minds as they stood in a sheltered alley to decide what was to be done. Four suit cases and a type writer and a "big Record Book Withers remarked:

That should indicate clearly enough our first job Certainly she did not carry them wherever she went. Either a strong accomplice met her with a car or she took a cab to a prearrange meeting place. We cant check every private machine in the city but at least we can check the cabs."

"Right" snapped Heller "It may not help much but at least thats where we'll start."

Quickly the group broke up. Inspector Hart and Smith were sent to cover railroad depots and other terminals, With them they carried a photograph of Angeline that Violet Vivian had given them. Besides covering the depots and other stations, they were instructed to check with the headquarters of various Taxi Companies, and have drivers view the picture. The case for the time being would be treated officially as a missing person case.

Withers and Heller rushed to Headquarters In the privacy of an inner office Heller

grabbed the telephone and called the Mayo cab company. They asked them to check their drivers records as quickly as possible to ascertain if a call had been made to the Vivian Home. If so they must know at once where it was discharged

"Such a check up they told them would take hours. 2 rivers were scattered in every section of the city.

"What now?" Wuthers asked Helen.

"Lets take this thing in logical steps in sequence" he said slowly weighing his words. "You were right We've got to start at the beginning whether we want to or not. We'll have to start with the Vivian

home and mrs Georges departure We'll have to trace her to her first destination if we can after that we'll try to trace her to her second stop We must trail her step by step. Some cases call for just such methodical procedure and this is one. It may not get us any where but its the thing we will have to do."

"Sure" said Helen "we'll go ahead along those lines at least until the kidnappers make a contact with the Vivians Then we may have a new lead And while we are waiting lets go over and see that boy Georges father and mother. They might have a suggestion that would help."

Before long they were dashing down to the desired address 220 north Halsted Street. They found the Georges family greatly concerned over the mysterious disappearance of Angeline and Mrs George the aunt

He the boys father speculated freely on possibilities but he was as baffled as the rest of them. He ded not know of where his wifes sister could have fled with Angeline or sent her nor did he know of any enemies who might be seeking revenge by stealing the child.

He did know of his son and Pernod having a fight over some unusual lies written about Angeline but could not see where it could

be of any concern of his wifes sisters especially as the conflict was a draw any way. There was nothing he could do to help although he told Withers that his wife and her sister had parents near Mohave city California. It was near midnight when the weary detectives drove back down Halsted Street and headed back to the hall of justice.

Once there the men decided to call the companies again. They hoped against hope but luck with them, the first call was a ten strike. "yes" a cab company dispatcher said; One of our men mdmade such a call. "He on his way

now to tell you about it.
Was this it? Was this the lead they were looking for? Their first big step? Or was it going to be too late?

Edward Young the taxi driver walked into the office a few minutes later. He pushed his peaked cap back on his forehead and studied Angeline Vivians picture thoughtfully.

Said young "Sure that's the kid if she's really a kid and not a sprite. I couldnt be mistaken to a chance, and she was with the homeliest looking dame I ever seen any where in my life. Her face put me in mind of a swine or wild boar. Her nose was

like a parrots beak. And the little girl was indeed a little flipper but she was dressed only in a sort of one piece sun suit topped by a long opened something that looked like a rain coat but wasnt. I gave her the once over, the woman is a little heavy, tall as hercules and seems very powerful. and she was sure a winner for a hogs face and she was all dressed up fit to kill with a silver fox coat and luggage. Her hat put me in mind of a stove pipe. Picked them all up in front of 201 Idaho street

Halsted Street at one twenty six exact I rove em to the Union Depot on Canal and Jackson. Didnt get much of a tip though considering all that luggage The little angel child seemed dreadfully upset about something and I thought the woman was her mother and had scolded her. I had asked the woman who the little girl was and she gave me a good snappish sermon on the art of minding my own business."

"Perfect" cried Withers. "Now where did she go. What did she do when she got there?"

Young took off his cap and frowned as he scratched his head. "Sure" he said. "It all comes back to me.

now. I called a station negro porter for the dame and he asked what train she was taking? What the dame answered I cannot tell you out of respect for you men. I never thought a woman would use such language? I was burned up. I didnt get no big tip. But I saw the startled and nervous porter helping her with the luggage to the depot I bet the dame gave her only a dime and she with all that junk. But the kid looked very queer to me strange and holy like."

The first (like) link" Withers whispered as Young left "And the little girl is still

alive now we have something to go on"

But did they? Of the hundreds of trains that left the Union Depot, which one had the woman put the little on, and which one had Mrs "Hog face" taken. Could they find the porter, and if they found him would he remember?

Their work was cut out. They had to find that porter first. First they rushed word to Hart and Smith to check out all out going trains believing the woman was still in the city and maybe going out today. It was their purpose also to locate the crews of trains that had departed day before and of trains departing

that afternoon and ascertain if any a few weeks before had carried the missing "angel child" and the woman. Then Withers and Heller hurried off to the depot

Canal street usually busy with all kinds of traffic was temporally deserted and it was a dark snowy day. Withers looked at his watch and noticed it was long past midnight now and they hit a blind alley almost immediately

That is it was not entirely blind but it looked like they were in for some long hours of work. The names of several Porters on duty between one and two o clock that afternoon were

given them But their homes were widly scattered

Daylight found Withers and Heller still on that trail. And as they speeded back and forth they checked regularly with Headquarters Had the Vivians heard heard from the kidnappers? Had any one heard anything new?"

They hoped vainly that Mrs George had sent some word to the terrified Vivians.

That morning the men made an early call on the Vivians, and poor little girls they thought detectives were bringing good news to them when it was news the desperate men sought.

But they had heard from no one but their friends. Early

the evening before the men had made special arrangements with the telephone companies to check any calls the Vivians might receive.

The men thought the woman, or an accomplice might try to make contact, that way, possibly with new instructions.

Telephone officials had made elaborate arrangements to trace the sound of every call. An extension phone had been installed hurriedly in the Vivian home and Inspector William Stanton was listening in on every call.

Violet or her five sisters were instructed

not to answer the phone at the first call, to let it sound a second time before responding to give the special operators time to check back.

Plain clothes men concealed in near by doorways watched the house for strange visitors women or men.

But there had been nothing, no phone calls, and no messengers Violet and her sisters were discouraged in deeper despair than ever, So were the Inspetors and the Detectives.

Withers had a suggestions, They resumed the job of running down the railroads porter who had carried Mrs Georges luggage, from the Taxi.

They found him but it was another pain in the neck

"She asked me to call a cab" said the red cap. She didnt go on no train but put the little girl on one and came back looking at me as if I was a toad,"

"What train did she put the little girl on?"

"It was a Santa Fe one of the Speacal Limitods. the kid was put on. I did not look at the ticket as I punched it"

So that was it. the woman deliberately put the child on the train with some unknown Confederate and deliberately came back and was covering up her own

tracks and was leading the men on a for and goose chase. Instead of boarding the train herself she had simply gone to the opposite entrance of the terminal That was the sort of clever operator the men were up against none of your moron brained small timed crooks.

This woman may have been a professional but she also had the making.

"What kind of a cab did she get into?"

"I got her one of those Checker cabs" said the Red Cap.

"Where did she wish to go?"

"Gee Mr I wish I knew, after the language she used at me after my question I was

afraid to even go near her. Her face looked as if she was a very dangerous woman"

So there was another job of checking. Would it lead to another blind alley.

With sleuth Inspector Darge they began checking on the numerous Checker concerns. At any rate they had had followed the trail another lap.

"But" said Heller "She hasn't got so much dough. She cant keep taking cabs all over town. That runs into real money. She's got to eat, though now she's free of the kid. She has to light some where"

"Yeah but where? and when?
The Chicago Chief of Police meanwhile had assumed personal direction of the case. He realized immediately that within a few hours the reporters were bound to learn what was going on. Then the fat would be in the fire.
If the story broke in the papers anything might happen to that little girl no matter where she be.
"I know what I'm going to do" the chief of police announced to his lieutenant "I'm going to take the papers into my confidence newspaper men never have betrayed us if we treated em right I'm sure they'll play ball again

especially if they know the life of a little Virian girl is at stake."
And so he talked to the reporters who grabbed phones and called their editors. The response was unanimous.
"We wont print a line untill you give us the signal. Nothing must be done to jeopardize that childs safty Tell us whats going on step by step But there'll be nothing printed untill you give us the word."
after hours of checking Checker cabs the other men realized they must short cut the trail.
The thing was stretching out into too

too many hours and a kids life was at stake. Withers and Keller decided to check the other depots.

Perhaps the kidnappers using the railroad depot for a ruse would make a get away in a bus. It was blind grouping, but but they had neared on behind it and any chance was worth the effort. They had to do something

But that was in vain.

They made for the yellow Yard Terminal. The porter they talked to was pay dirt but a very discouraging one. He looked at the picture of the little girl and stopped chewing what ever he had in his mouth.

"Sure" he said: I remember that tyke with the unusally bright golden curls and the swine faced woman with her had a silver fox coat I know. Had a devil of a lot of luggage too, five suit cases I recollect She got off at the Santa Fe depot and would not tell me anything."

Hot on the scent again, now if they could only find the stage she had taken. They went to the Santa Fe depot The man at the ticket window was even more positive than the porter.

"Said he, The moment I laid eyes on her

nearly three weeks ago I recognized her furs. She had been here about a week before she came with the kid asking about the fair to mohave city. She herself did not buy any ticket to go on the train but only bought one for the kid, I told her it was ridiculous to put a kid on the train in only a sun suit covered partly by a long coat but she told me as sharply as she could, that I'll mind my own business if I want to stay healthy and escape the "hot place" down below. and my didnt she have a loud voice though. Every body in the Station heard her

say that to me. The driver that brought her to the Station with the angel faced kid will be back here in 45 minutes. Want to wait?"

And so they were going to have another city to search, more cabs more porters, cab drivers hotel checking until their red rimmed eyes would pop out, but a kids life was at stake. Fourty five minutes gave the men time to hurry to the Evening American office and insert the classified ad calling for a threatening note which they had planned. Whatever might developed it should not be overlooked.

"Mrs George. Have everything ready. Please come back with my sister.

The Woman."

The thing was done and they went back to the railroad Terminal. A dark cab man Joe Mills brought his machine to a grinding stop and climbed down from the drivers seat.

"Ever see this little girl before?"

"Course I have" Mills replied studying the features in the photograph. The little girl was sort of resisting her escort and when I asked the woman questions she told me it was my job to drive to where she wished to go and

tend to my own business. I saw her put the child on the train a limited of the Santa Fe, speak to the conductor and come back when the train pulled out. The woman whose face put me in mind of a swine wore a big fur coat and man alive what a lot of luggage. She hired me again and I let her off at the end of the run."

"Know what hotel she was bound for?"

"Not me Mr. She would not let me see her go anywhere after she got out of my cab. I secretly tried to follow her Mr, for I was

suspicious, but she had disappeared".

Where had the woman sent the kid. Was the woman still in Chicago? Or had she left the cab at that location to confuse the trail?

Might it be possible that she had doubled back to the Halsted Street district to make it appear she had been no where.

Maybe she caught a seperate south bound train a started off in a confederates car. Who could tell?

Withers rounded up Inspector Desmond, and later back and other and took a fast train for Pasadena California. And as they traveled

they wondered where next they'd cross the trail of their elusive kidnappers.

Their first call in Pasadina was on the Chief of Police. They presented their problem and asked his help. Before they had finished he had two important inspectors at his side, ready to accompany them.

The whole group made for the Santa Terminal. But the listening porter shrugged his shoulders. When they showed him Angeline on the picture,

"no sah a little girl with no woman ah reah" said the Colored porter.

They described the woman in detail.

again he shrugged. He could not recollect even having seen them. Had the taxi driver in Chicago been mistaken? Had the kidnapper slipped off the stage before she reached the terminal.

With a woman as shrewd as this one anything was possible.

But what could the men do?

They were in Pasadena and the porter could have easily missed their quarry. They held a hurried conference and decided to tackle Cal. head quarters. Some one simply must have carried that woman's luggage. They made for the largest

company first. The manager gave the men his whole hearted co-peration. He began rounding up his drivers. Most of them were scattered on all parts of the city moving passengers or hunting new ones.

The manager sent machines out for them ordering them in as fast as they could come. Sixty came and they expected six. Then came ten more. They eyed the picture and shook their heads "no" though they commented heartily on the beauty of the child.

Yet none of them ever saw the child. nor the woman.

Then there came more

drivers. More negative head shakes. More questions. Finally a man by the name of Henry J. Williams drove in.

He shook his head when shown the picture. Then Withers described the woman. Ide grunned.

"Seems to me" he said "I might have hauled a woman like your description yesterday. I thought a magician changed a swine into a woman but left its head. But she had no child with her though she appeared excited and nervous." Ide grunned as he paused to light a cigarette and the men hung on his words, Ide concluded with:

'But if I had a face like hers I'd join a freak show. She had a lot of bags with her and goodness knows what she was doing with that immense record book she had with her and which she carried herself all strapped together. She's a powerful woman. I dropped her off at the Pasadina Hotel right close by here. But she did not have any little girl with her or no kid of any kind."

It was too much to expect that Mrs Jane Henrietta George would still be at the hotel. But the men had hit the trail again. And the only thing

to do was to push on. The little girl though. What had become of her. That was something the woman. woman alting knew."

"Its us for the hotel" Withers snapped "But we'll take it easy now. This thing may be a wash out another blind. The police chief will talk to the Hotel clerk in case she's still there which we cant rightly expect. Anyhow there's no sense in taking risks and remember to draw your guns at once when you surprise her. For she can carry all those things herself she's a fearfully strong woman and twenty men couldnt

capture her by fighting. So the rest of us will scatter and keep guard."

They parked their car some distance from the place. The Chief went in with Withers strolling leisurely behind him. minutes passed like years. Then Withers headed briskly towards his helpers.

"Keepers" he said grunting "She's still there Can you beat that Registered as Jane George. Went out a while ago alone for a walk the clerk said. I'll be a wait even if she's taken another powder."

"What's the plan?"

asked one of the men he was wondering if something sinister lay behind that walk. Was this the time the woman had chosen to ditch the body if she had killed the child. Withers poked his head into the squad car.

"Jack" he said "you stand in that doorway next to the hotel. The rest of you stay in that car your eyes fixed on that door, and dont miss. Black and I will camp in her room. If you see her, take it easy. We dont want her to turn on us like a grizzly bear. Let her get into the room then close in for emergencies."

But what if she

doesnt come back?" asked Jack. "And what if the woman comes back alone?"

Withers shrugged his shoulders helplessly. "What can we do? We cant go out on a wild goose chase now. This thing is too hot. We got to clear up this angle - if we can. And we'll have to take a chance that she's coming back because right now there's nothing else to do."

So they waited - fifteen minutes, half an hour.

Jack Weller looked at his watch and its hands seemed to stand still the second hand seemed barely to move. But

time was passing. Wild fears raced through Jacks mind. It was maddening just waiting there. Why couldnt they do something Then was that the woman?

A tall hog faced awfully strongly looking woman came round the corner. But the woman wore no fur coat.

From Jacks hiding place he watched tensely waiting-hoping?

She came nearer walking slowly however Jack could see her face now and glory be it was Mrs Jane George. But no little girl was with her. Now she was at the hotel.

The woman sauntered in a carefree manner To all appearances she must have been out for a quiet stroll. She turned into the hotel entrance, and the boys in the squad car waved a signal.

Quickly Jack edged nearer He saw the clerk hand the woman a key A second passed and the woman was out of sight.

Was she armed? Jack slipped into the lobby motioning the others to come along

Meanwhile in the room upstairs the Police Chief and Withers listened as a key clicked

in the lock. The door opened. Before them stood a defiant faced woman.

The woman stared at them but was not terrified. Rather she assumed a haughty and defiant air.

Then she burst into defiant derisive laughter.

"I guess you've got me" said snappishly "But try and get any information out of me if you dare"

And this was Webber Georges Aunt A phone call to the lobby brought the rest of the detectives to the room in short time.

"Where's your fur coat?" Withers asked.

She moved to the closet door and opened it The silver

fox was there The woman glanced at it for a moment then turned her eyes away.

"Oh I know" She said "that fur coat sure was a tip off. It was too warm to wear it here"

She talked freely of the crime. She was 45 years old she said and from the east

On only one point did she shy at their questions and that was where Angeline was.

"She said: Angeline is in the possession of my parents but if you torture me to death I wont tell where they are, and if any one tries to force

me to tell I'll kill myself."

"Why did you do it?"

"I hate Catholics like person" she said. "My scamp of a nephew was in too much contact with those angel like Vivian likes and through Angeline somehow he became converted into that hated Catholic Religion. something I did not want to happen at all. And worse of all he had that Angeline and her pesky brother become this God father and God mother.

From what I heard Angeline was the one on me responsible and so I struck I kidnapped her and put her on a fast Santa Fe train. But

I to make sure to defeat any ones hopes of rescueing her had my parents to take the that to destinations of which I even don't know myself. The conductor in whose charge I put her only knows where she was going and what his name is is my own private affair. In fact he'd kill me if I gave him away. I'm fourty five and I don't have to tell if I don't want to."

The men asked her about her threats to kill the little girl. the penalty of death she had written in black and white.

"Why I could not harm that little brat if I wanted to." She laughed bitterly. "As much as I hate her, or her meddlesome sisters I could not think of it. She's got angels and try to kill her if you can. You can harm her in many ways I suppose but you cant kill her as I feared I would read about it in the papers I put her on the train for the unknown destination and after staying in Chicago for several weeks afterwards to cover myself I went on alone for this city. I intended to go to the city of Los Angeles and try in some way to

get in contact with the party to whom she was sent But I was hoping the Vivians would follow my instructions as it would do them no good to notify the police anyhow"

"Maybe not, but God help you when their brother hears of this. You are a wicked woman to do this" said Withers. You'll have to come along to face a kidnapping charge"

The men took the woman to the office of the Chief of Police, and by long distance telephone, phoned Detective Burns of Chicago He notified the Vivians

and promised to send for them as soon as the detectives arrived, Then he called the newspapers. "You may release the story now" he said. "They're on their way back"

Half an hour later "kidnap extra". were on every corner

Violet and her sisters had steeled themselves against emotion to meet the woman in Detective Burns office. They did not want to impress the woman with the seriousness of their own experience.

Violet and her sisters looked Mrs George full in the eye.

"I hope you didnt

realize what you did you foolish woman?" said Violet.

Mrs George was silent She had been charged with kidnapping under California most drastic law which provides a life term without a parole. What will the charge against her be in Chicago.

Violet and also her sisters demanded of the woman why she had kidnapped her sister and where she had placed her

She told the same story she had told the detectives

"I was determined to get even with Angeline for causing my nephew to become a Catholic. That's

why ? kid napped her ? had read of ? other kid-nap cases and ? tried to make my plot "fool proof" But though ? sent her off on the train ? do not know her destination though the party she goes to owns a 10C Ranch and hes called Jim Rooney Only my parents know the destination but ?ll kill myself and ? dont mean may be if any body tries to force me to tell God help your sister if shes in Rooneys hands"

"Yes and God helps you for what youve done" said Jennie. "If we cant locate our sister we'll sent you a prisoner over to our own Country where you'll get the fiery

stake"

"Surely you wouldnt—"

Yes we would and how" Daisy sneered. W'ell teach you to leave us alone"

Chapter Seventeen.
Anxious days.

Violet herself was reading aloud her lesson to her kindly teacher Miss Wright. The day was very chilly outside and it was dark and rainy in fact for some reason or other the weather was not itself since the day Angeline was gone.

The book she was studying from was not very interesting. Ever since Angeline disappeared it had been continuously very dreadful bad weather and many people knowing what kind of a little girl Angeline was as well as her sisters believed what happened to her was responsible show

ing Gods anger and distress. Poor Violet was listless tired and lonely and also too heartsick to attend to her lessons properly. The past three weeks had been especially trying for there had been no bright little face to make the house on the corner of Halsted and Adams look homelike no Angeline to gladden the long chill dark evenings with merry chatter and loving caresses.

She and her sisters had tried to continue schooling despite their great misfortune the capture of the wicked jealous woman had been some relief

it is true and she and her sisters had spent many an otherwise lonely hour in making bright plans for the future but even the prospect of possible fame cannot make up for every thing and the Virians were very lonely They had tried to communicate to Pernod and their father in New York, but got no answering letters. They sadly wondered why.

A little girl wearing spectacles came into the school room and spoke to Mrs Dwight

"The Principal wishes to see you immediately miss Violet and you alone" said the teacher.

"To see me Mrs Dwight "Are you sure there is not some

mistakes?"

"That I cannot tell you. You'll have to go and see."

Violet said nothing more but hurriedly left the schoolroom, and in another moment she entered the Principal office, which to day looked a rather forlorn place with the dreary rainy day outside.

A gentleman was standing before the principals desk and as she entered, he turned quickly and came forward. The Principal had risen to her feet.

"Little miss Violet I believe"?

"Yes" she said in a rather tremulous voice. Then raising her

eyes to the man who was a stranger to her, and clasping her little hands together nervously she added in a different tone:

"Angeline my little sister - she is not found yet you have come to tell me"?

"Now my dear little girl" said the man very kindly and he took Violets hand as he spoke- "I hope there is nothing to be alarmed about. Your little sister is not located yet but we hope we sincerely trust there may not be cause for serious anxiety all the police and sheriffs in the Western and South western states are hunting

for (you) her. Wont you sit down and let me explain it to you?"

Twenty minutes later Violet was again in the school room and went up to the teachers desk. She was dreadfully pale and her lips were trembling but she made a great effort to appear brave and cheerful.

"Mrs Dwight she said "I and my sisters must go home at once. My sister has not been found yet and Mrs George wont tell where she sent her" Violet declared afterwards that she had never known Mrs Dwights true color until that sad day.

all other school duties were forgotten in a moment. and she had but two great desires, to hasten the departure of the little girls as soon as possible and to say all the cheerful encouraging things she could during the few brief moments while the little girls were putting on their things.

"Now my dear little girls dont go worrying yourself sick" were the parting words as she held Violets hand for a moment. "They'll find your sister in due time I'm sure and because she like you has angels, her life cannot be in any real dinger There run along, I wont keep you Let me know

when she returns and let me know how the little girl is"

At home Detective Burns was waiting for them and told of the results of his interview with the woman prisoner. It had been a complete failure for the woman evidently did not know where she had Angeline sent off.

He was very sorry for the little girls and tried his best to encourage them recalling all the kidnap and disappearing cases he and his detectives had worked on in which most of the people had recovered their lost ones.

Of course they were not assured that

that there was nothing to be worried about and though they did their best to smile and appear cheerful their hearts were heavier than ever before in their lives and they felt conscious of the foreboding terror that they would never never see their little sister again which made them cold and faint with grave terror.

Mr Burns indeed was unusually how kind Violet and her remaining sisters did not realise till afterwards.

They did not know that he had given up a sacrificed two nights of sleep solely that he might apprehend the wicked woman, and locate

her stolen sisters. But Detective Burns was not happy He had grown very fond of Violet and her Sisters during the time they had made his acquaintance.

And he had, had a little talk with Jack Evans that morning when he had called at their home on his way to the Desplains Street Police Station.

"The woman evidently wont tell a thing?" gasped Violet with a start?

"no"

"Why I thought she knew where she had sent my sister"

"no, you did not under-

stand what I told you. When the woman feared she might be captured sooner or later she insisted on an accomplice acting as conductor on the train to take your sister to some unknown destination in Arizona or California, and not ever to tell her where she was to be taken. She did not want to be forced to tell so she did that. I am sorry to have things end like that but what can you expect."

"I suppose nothing" said Violet regretfully "It would be terrible if she got into the hands of some cruel people. The detectives Mr Hinsdale and Withers have also

been kind to us. Have you seen Jack Evans lately?"

"Yes I did and he sure is a sort of eccentric fellow" said Burns smiling "But he has a wonderful fancy for you little girls but Angeline seems to be his special favorite It was while he was out on a walk with Marjorie that they met Angelina Armburg yesterday who told of the woman's stubborn silence. Gladys tells me that the woman would really kill herself before she would tell if she did know. I never saw a man any where before

so utterly crushed and distressed than he was when he came to my office here yesterday afternoon to tell me about Angeline Angelina Aronburg in her broken English told me that no one would have known of it if the woman had not been captured. A mob tried to get her twice to lynch or lynch her."

"It is our fault for we seldom complain no matter what happens. We sent Penrod to New York with pa on an important mission, and she took advantage of that to do that to us." said Jennie sadly. "Oh Mr Burns I hope Angeline will escape those who have her. She

knows how to travel and can get back by herself. She must have been secretly shadowed by the woman before if she had such an easy chance to kidnap her."

A shade of anxiety crossed Mr Burns face but he tried to speak cheerfully.

"Detective Hinsdale does not seem to think there is very much danger of anything fatal happening to your sister if she really has angels for he said no one can go too far with her or kill her. He has given all his men instructions in Mohave city California

and of course he will be successful if she is there. And too (o) if you and your sister were Jack Evans grand children he could scarcely be more devoted to you than he is now.

After some few minutes more Violet returned on her way home with Mr Burns

"Well here we are little Miss Violet" he said "You will excuse me if I dont go in with you as I must continue to work on the case. Ah here comes your Cousin Angelina Anon-ing she will be able to give you all the latest news"

Angelina who had been watching for them came hurrying

down the steps to meet Violet, and in an other moment the little girl found both her hands taken in a warm friendly clasp while Angelina said.

"It all right my dear dear princess. Jennie" Summer phoned me that her scouts are working in California and Arizona. Just as well as we can expect. Angelina Richee says and they think they are closing in on the exact location where

where she's being held" (She spoke in abbreviations)

Violet gave a little gasp of relief. squeezed her cousins hand hard and then turned to say good bye to Mr Burns. "I dont know how to thank you" was all she said but the look that accompanied the words said a great deal more and Dr Burns drove away quite satisfied.

Angelinia led the way into the house and upstairs to the waiting room on the second floor. Violet wondered a little where Jack Evans could be

but she did not like to ask.

"now Violet dear you must just take off your hat and rain coat and freshen up a bit and dont worry yourself sick over poor Angeline" said Angelinia Armstrong "Here take a nice hot cup of tea and some fruit cake- I thought you might be a little hungry after your work" Violet was not feeling at all hungry but she did not want to appear ungrateful so so she made no objections when her cousin insisted on placing her in a comfortable easy chair and she forced herself

to swallow the cup of tea, and eat the cake. The girl scout watched her keenly all the time she ate and drank. And Violet could not help at all wondering at the kindly tender expression in her Cousins face.

"Angeline has often told me about you my dear Cousin and how kind you often have been to her" she said trying to smile as Angelina took away the empty cup. "I think my little sister has found many good friends"

"Good friends" ? repeated Angelina frowning "Oh my dear you have no idea" she broke off abruptly

and the tears started to her eyes. The sight of the tears started Violet into fresh anxiety.

"Oh please tell me please tell me the truth" she cried nervously springing to her feet "you are keeping something from me I know you are. Angeline is dead murdered, something has happened much worse than you want to tell me"

"No no, my dear no no" said Angelina soothingly "you must not be so frightened The woman wont tell anything no matter what third degree she goes through and that

makes matters pretty serious I wont deny that but stolen people are generally found by the police sooner or later you know Jack Evans would insist on having Detective Sesemann and Wenth with try on their own though I told him Burns and Withers could do every thing themselves in due time just as well as not but they are nice sensible men and they wont give up their efforts like most of them do and there isnt much I dont know about detective work I can tell you. Didnt I help Pen nod trace you girls when you were on Moloki when things seemed hopeless and didnt Burns tell me it was one of the worst

situation he had ever heard of?"

"Moloki?" repeated Violet she thought she must have misunderstood Angelinia reddened and looked as if she had said something she had not meant to say.

"And do you fear Angeline is dead Violet. What ever was you thinking of all of you, including your mother though he does not know it are possessed by angels and so no one can go too far with any of you."

"Yes and you are too Angelinia or you couldnt do what you accomplish. We did not know our good

brother was that way too" Violet said "Are you sure Angeline has not been killed?"

"Yes dear, she's very much alive and she's the breathing image of of your good dearest mother That's why why the little girl seems to Evans and me too as if she were your good mother at that age"

"Can't I go to my other poor sisters now?" asked Violet impatiently.

Yes of course they're in the room just across the hall. You must not be frightened if they do seem a little dazed just now their anxiety and grief is pretty strong just now mrs Jennie a Jerry says But that's the shock you know"

As they came slowly out into the hall again Violet caught sight of the tall powerful figure of Jack Evans standing rigid and motionless by one of the windows looking out at the continually pouring outside.

His face was as gloomy as the weather outside "What is poor Jack Evans doing there?" asked Violet in a whisper. Angelina did not answer and at that moment the figure turned and Violet found herself confronted by her tall guardian whom she knew must be in as much grief as she and her sisters She

saw his solemn face and with a sudden impulse she went up to him and held out her hand.

"I know you feel just as bad as we do" she said in her low sweet voice which caused Evans to start and wince slightly "and I want to thank you for all your kind mess to us all since papa placed us under your guardian ship."

For Jack Evans did not speak but he took the outstretched hand and held it for a moment in a warm firm clasp while his face showed passing over it some very strong emotion

"All people know by now how good you alway have been

to us" Violet went on blushing like a rose for she was beginning to find her friends silence somewhat disconcerting, Angelina herself has told me that you are the best cousin on earth to us and-"

"never let me hear say that again"

The exclamation indeed was so unexpected and to her the voice so gruff and harsh for the first time that Violet started and involuntarily drew back a step or two.

"Don't you know" Evans went on fiercely "Have they not told you that it was all my fault. I trusted that old fledge hog

of a woman. She asked me to let her take Angeline to Lincoln Park and I let your good little sister will go with that old she wolf Granger Aunt. I ought to have suspected there was something wrong from the way the fool of woman looked when she asked me to let her take Angeline but I never did. Even Angeline asked to go and I let her. A proper person I was to have the care of you little girls — you will say I am not worthy of you at all"

There was not the slightest doubt at all as to the facts that poor Jack Evans was suffering keen remorse and grief although he might have a rather peculiar way

way of showing it and Violets tender heart was touched

"It is very foolish to go and blame yourself" she said earnestly, raising the blue eyes that were so like Angelines to his face. "It wasnt your fault. You were tricked by that wicked woman It wasnt your fault I know it."

A softened expression crept over Evans hard stern face.

"Now" said Evans huskily "I believe I wasnt — God help me, — I wasnt" and then he turned and walked quickly away. without speaking another word.

Days passed and no word of poor little Angeline Period had not yet come for he

was still in new York and as he abhored newspapers of any kind he never bought them or ever glanced at the headlines as he passed a newsstand and therefore did not know what was happening. And they did not write to him because of the loss of the address. But he was worrying why they did not answer the letters he sent to them continually And the detectives were too busy trying to find mrs Georges confederate to think of hdving Pennod located by new York sleuths.

If Pennod had known, the horror soon to occur would have been prevented.

In new York he was looking at the picture

of his dear sisters and especially Angeline in a large beautiful frame hanging on the wall in his small but handsomely furnished room in new York city near if not on Broadway.

Dear bright little Angeline whose pretty face had never failed to brighten with a glad welcoming smile those around her And poor Jack Evans. In spite of all his efforts at self control the strong mans knees were shaking so that he could scarcely stand as he was alone in his room Catherine sadly passing by his room heard some one say something in English and then Evans come

back urth:-
"Leedle Angeeleen. Leedle Angeeleen. Zis long speel of ze suspense weel leave Angeeleen leedle seestars very much exhaust. But eef zare budder een found no more weel 'theese be necessary. Heen weel make zat old wart hog of ze Meeseer George tell ze all a heem weel make her weesh she had nevare been born. Ha Ha zat makes me laugh. no one can trifle wiz heem no matter whom zay are and geet away wiz eet."

"But where is she taken to Enamos?" came the other voice.

"She ees hidden in ze home of some relation of ze old wart hog. But nodding yo

weel make he tell ze truth she ees on ze house of some guy by ze name of Deem Rooney. I weel be veree happy eef she could be traced. But ze awful ol woman won't tell ze all. I try geet detectives of ze Californian section to find Deen Rooney but zay nevare hoid of heem. I have loined zat Peenrod een the most important person een zare lives. But heer seestars lost ze address and no can write. And heen no write eether zate ees strange, and zare are so meeserable. I feel zat weel be an asset een what een to come. I beet eef Peenrod come he weel find heer sistar een deed."

It was very quiet in the horne of the unfortunate Viviams A strange hush seemed to have fallen over the whole place even the noise of out side traffic was far less and even the boys moved about softly and spoke in low ative struck voices

All through the dark and stormy (snowy) and unsettled October days of rain and wet snow, and one unreasonably Sunday night thunder storm Jack Evans had sat all alone in his own solitary room sometimes trying to look at pictures in books as he could not read English sometimes pacing the floor in restless impatience but most of the time

sitting idly with his elbows resting on the table before him and his face between his hands.

Every little while he would rise and steal softly downstairs and out side into the street glancing up and down the sidewalk on both sides looking at every little girl who passed, hoping one of them would be Angeline.

But he never seen any one who even resembled her.

Then he would steal softly upstairs to listen outside of the closed door of the room of the little Viviams but his ears never caught any other sounds ex- cept an occasional

low spoken question or answer from those within and the heavy labored sobbing of the little girls.

For nearly the whole month of October now that same unbroken stillness had prevaded the old house.

It was now more than two weeks since Angeline first was missing and every day the pain at the hearts of her sisters had been growing sharper and sharper.

Four times that wet stormy day had detective Browns squad car stopped before the door, and as often he had come in and said a few words in a low voice to Mrs Jerry, words which the

quick ears of Violet and her sisters had not failed to catch:

"I think their brother Pernod alone will only be able to decide the question one way or the other. We think that woman lies. Pernod could make her or her old husband tell."

Neither Violet or her sisters had thought of saying anything then but when the detective came out into the hall Violet and her sisters had followed him softly outside to the sidewalk. They spoke in a chorus, "Mr Brown" they said together, and their voices were brave and steady in spite of the dole-some misery that could be seen in

their blue eyes. 'tell me the truth, can Penrod make that woman tell where Angeline is?'

And the kind detective unable to meet their look of suffering answered a trifle encouragingly.

"My dear little girls your brother can do any thing for you. We will make efforts to have new York police sleuths look for him Confide in us. If Penrod is here and discovers Mrs Granger lies he'll force her to confess or God help her."

"But" cried Violet with despairing look and out stretched hands "But we got to find our brother and father We just got to maybe Angeline will die—"

"But said Brown: It's as hard to locate anybody in old new York, as it is to find a disappeared smoke ring."

That was at three o'clock in the afternoon and now it was after five and still there was no news of anything any news of the woman giving in.

Night came and the little girls did not go to bed.

"Gee oh gee Jennie" said Violet I wish daylight would come I got the wrong warm so badly I wont be able to sleep all night long." Mr Brown says the only one who can help us

is our dear brother."

"Yes and Pennod is way out in that big city of new York" answered Jennie "all the detectives were notified to look for him, but its awfully hard to find any one in that big city and if they dont find Pennod—"

"Gee Violet" cried Daisy "I wish some one would find Pennod. Brown said mrs George stubborness remains unchanged, and thats just a fancy way of saying 'She wont tell anything.'"

"Wenth wath told me" declared Catherine "that mrs George is a mighty tough old wild cat" Burns had a herd of experienced hard boiled police and

detectives working on her day and night at grilling and the third degree whatever that is. Some of them must suspect that she must know something"

"I aint blaming the detectives - but you know sister" put in Violet, "what happened to us all before. And no one could help us, excepting Pennod."

On the following day, for all that day the little girls had not moved from their seats - by the table continually praying, but now some of them gave a slight start as Violet was roused by a slight touch on her shoulder.

"my little dears" whispered the house keeper "I believe you ought to go down stairs and eat a little supper "Its been ready for more than half an hour, but I've seen that none of you have ever gone downstairs into the dining room though you are usually so punctual about your meals. Come on down.

The little girls did not move but only shook their heads protesting about eating with their sister gone. Once was more upset than the others and looked very pale.

"Yes my little dears" every one knows how you feel but you must. It wont good for you to

go without your meals and it may make you ill."

Still the little girls shook their heads. At that moment Angelinia Aronburg came in.

"I think you'd better come to your dinner girls" she said with cheerful decision "We dont expect any news for sometime yet, and I could send for you at any moment if I wanted you you little girls will have a serious breakdown if you dont take some rest, and what will your little sister do if she does come back and find every one of you ill. She will surely come back some day I know she will."

"She will surely come back some day, I know she will"

How those hopeful words thrilled the aching hearts of these poor little girls. They were almost the first hopeful words they had heard since Angeline disappeared.

The detectives and Mr Perry had been very kind but neither of them had spoken of the time when Angeline might return.

Angelinia Aranburg was a bright sensible little girl and Violet and her sister had come to rely upon her more than upon any of the others. Now involuntarily they arose one after the others.

"You will surely call us if there is any good news?" they asked.

Angelinia nodded and Violet and her sister left the room followed by Angelinia.

As they did so they overheard two people standing by the door in conversation.

"Detective Burns has just been here" said one more for the sake of saying something than for any real interest she felt in the subject "The little Vivian girls are in great trouble here. Their little sister is still lost"

"Still lost?" her husband repeated

pausing on the threshold of his room "That little girl still lost? How very dreadful. Are you sure its true that she cannot be found?"

"Yes. It seems she mysteriously disappeared sometime weeks ago, and nobody has been able to find her since though police in every Western city has been looking every where Her little sisters are in a terrible state of fright and despair. The worst of it is their father and mother are away on their own request for more than a month to stay for a reason of something important they were to obtain and bring back here. They went to

New York and they dont expect them back for another month. And the little girls cant write to them because their New York address was destroyed by Angelines kid napper"

So every body knew that poor angeline was kidnapped and lost. It was very dreadful and yet now Violet and her other sisters felt themselves wondering as they washed their hands and faces and tended their hair why it was they did not resist a revengeful feeling against this Grange

Perhaps because of the blow to them they were grow-

ing cold and heartless, they had fancied sometimes lately that they must be. Why it was days and days since they had shed a single tear and yet Angeline was not coming back.

They went straight to the dining room but found it empty. Violet walked across the hall to Evans's room. Then she paused.

Jack Evans had acted strangely since Angelines disappearance and she remembered the fact that for some unknown reason or other she or her sister had not exchanged more than a dozen words with him each day

since Angeline went away. They had met at meals it is true but Evans never talked very much when he ate, and except for an occasional remark about Angeline, and the ordinary civilities of good morning and good night they had sat at the table together in almost unbroken silence.

The door stood partly open and Violet could see poor Evans lying on his bed his head buried in his pillow.

When she did see him other wise, he looked very miserable and lonely, and for the first time the thought flashed into her

mind that he might be as miserable as herself. Could it really be that he had learned to love Angeline and her sisters most dearly, and that it was not alone remorse for having been the unwilling 'cause of her disappearance that was grieving him so deeply? It was a sudden thought, and it brought with it the sensation of pity for (her) him as much as for herself.

The next moment Evans felt a light touch on his arm and lifting his head with a start, sat on the bed, staring for a moment at the little bare armed girl beside him

almost, as Violet really thought as if he did not recognize her.

"What do you want?" he asked in a strange low voice. "Whats the matter?"

"nothing. I only came to tell you that our dinner is ready."

"Any news of your dear sister Angeline?"

"no. Angelina Armbrung does not expect any news at all."

With a sigh Evans rose slowly to his feet. He walked a few steps towards the door, then came back and laid his hand heavily upon Joices shoulder.

"You're looking very pale" he said in

his harsh abrupt way.
"Why dont you and your sisters take rest and some exercise?"
"Oh we are quite well" put in Violet herself. with a faint attempt to smile. "We should be all right if only our sister would return."
"Did detective Brown tell you little girls that he has telephoned to Milwahae for Detective Richard Tracy the great Specialists of Detectives?"
"No indeed" said Violet looking rather startled. "Well he has. I told him to Tracy will be here this evening to see you and me and then he will interview with Detective Burns who

will take that woman in hand. Between them they ought to be able to do something"
With a sudden impulse Violet held out both her hands to Jack Evans as she had done before.
"Oh how good you are" she said unsteadily "how can I ever thank you"
She had scarcely uttered the words which were very impulsive when she wished she had left them unsaid. for Jack Evans had turned upon her an almost savage light in his gray eyes.
"Say Violet didnt I tell you before that you were never to speak to me in

that way? I suppose you think because I foolishly let your sister go with that selfish crotchety woman that I must have lost all the affection I ever had. I told you before I'm responsible for what happened to your sister, I'm not worthy of you little girls, and I tell you again that I wont be thanked, now do you understand me?"

"Yes sir yes" faltered Violet "I'm very sorry if—"

"There, there, that will do, there's nothing to be sorry about. Now come in to dinner you two fairies. Your sisters are waiting for us".

Dinner passed off in the same unbroken silence as usual. Neither the little girls or Evans ate very much and

the little girls at least were very thankful when Evans at last pushed back his chair and rose from the table. They were just leaving the dining room, when one of the servants came up to him and gave a rather deprecating little cough.

"Mr Evans—ahem excuse me sir, but had you heard about Mrs George that George's boy aunt being made ready for another third degree?"

"No" snapped Evans his face turning purple "and what ees more I dont want to heah eet eether. What do I care what zay done to her. What ees she to me" and

Evans stalked angrily and impatiently out of the room, but the little girls lingered behind as Violet inquired: "Has anything been heard of our sister yet?"

"No miss, but the woman who kidnapped her is to go through the third degree again? The queer thing about it is she claims she does not know where she sent your little sister and yet no one believes her."

Violet was conscious of a feeling of spitefulness towards the wicked woman. George family alone had been very good to Angeline it would be terrible if any sorrow were to come to them, but once back in their own

room, the little girls had thoughts for nothing in the world except of Gods own sad past suffering, and their own, and wondered sadly and extremely how the Blessed mother must have felt when His enemies seized her Son and murdered Him on the Cross.

It seemed to them that they would never, never see Angeline again there was not even the slightest news of her now and oh how dark and rainy it was outside. But when Violet whispered her fears to Angelina Wronbrug her cousin still spoke encouragingly

"The police cant make that cruel woman tell anything yet" she said. "Its only up to them. She must naturally give in sooner or later to the repeated third degrees you know, but I'm almost sure she'll give in to night."

It was after nine o clock before Detectives Brown appeared. He was accompanied by a gentleman with black hash and a kind but clever business like face who wore a high black silk hat, and long black coat, whom Violet and her sister knew at once must be the head of all City Detectives of whom Evans had spoken of the great detective spec-

ialist who might be able to do something about Angeline.

"Now my dear little girls" said Detective Brown kindly looking at them with abject pity "We shall have to ask you and Jack Evans to come with us to the Champions street Station. Detective Tracy and I are going to make an examination of that woman and before her he is to answer questions and you are to be our witnesses and Miss little Armstrong will help us."

The little girls rose obediently. Then they turned and with hearts that were almost breaking they slowly left

the room to go to their own boudoir to dress up closely followed by their old house keeper. As they were outside the door Joice tottered and sank down into a small divan suddenly becomming very week and faint. It seemed to her as though in the next few minutes her little sister was to be reported dead and gone forever. Her sisters were scared.

With a cry of pitying tenderness Mrs Jenny gathered the fainting child in her arms.

"Poor little joy Poor little joy" she murmured as Jennie with a great tearless sob laid her aching head down on the good old womans breast. Why dont you try hard to cry like

your poor sisters are now doing. Surely it will do you all the good that is possible."

"Oh its impossible impossible, I cant I cant" said the little girl in a most plaint ive cry. "I've tried oh so hard but I cant. She is our best little sister in the world and when she never comes back I shall feel so terribly terribly alone."

The clasp of the old house keepers arms tightened perceptibly

"My dear little angel child" she said very tenderly I hope you have not forgotten to ask God to keep you from this trouble and to

bring your little sister back to you?"

"Oh yes but it may be His Holy Will, and sometimes I'm afraid I dont deserve to have my prayers answered when He Himself was torn from His mother and murdered before her eyes. Millions of good people have the most terrible sorrows ever experienced and how can I therefore escape. I cant always feel that its Gods holy will to always answer when people pray to Him for things."

"In most cases He does give in, and surely will for you and your sisters" said Mrs Gerry softly stroking the little girls forehead as she spoke. "We dont always understand, and

it isnt always best for us that our prayers should be granted but He always hears and wishes to help. and now I'm going to ask you and your sisters to do something."

"I will do anything I can" said Joce raising her head with sudden eagerness "you have been so good to us. I shall be glad. to do something for you"

"Well it is not exactly for me" said the house keeper with a smile "that is to say in one way it is and in another way it isnt. At the station I want you to try and convert that foolish wicked

woman Mrs Jane George."
"To convert that wicked woman?" ex claimed Joyce looking rather frightened. "Oh Mrs Jerry I dont think I could do that and whats the matter with Jack Evans Ides so harsh to violet lately I dont think he likes to have us near him any more"
"Only try and see whether he likes it or not" said the house keeper reassuringly "He's gruff and short in his manner towards her because he blames himself for Angelines disappearance; but bless you he does not mean anything by that Ides got one of the kindest hearts in the world and he just about wor-

ships you little girls."
"You told me once that Angeline looked very much like his little guardian angel, is that why he's so fond of her."
"Yes its partly that and partly other things"
Jack Evans was sitting by the desk of Detective Burns with his face between his hands. Under guard near by sat Aunt George. Evans too felt that little Angeline would never be seen again.
There were slight sounds around him and for the second time he raised his head to meet the gaze of six little girls whose eyes

were filled with a name less grief and misery. This time he did not stare at them but rose at once to his feet.

"Is there anything I can do for you little girls?" he asked in a tone they scarcely recognized it was so low and gentle.

"No" they said in a rather unsteady voice.

Detective Burns soon appeared with Zeserman Wentworth and Tracy.

As soon as the men were seated Tracy asked Evans

"Are you fond of little miss Angeline?"

"Fond of her?" Jack repeated slowly and there was a strange ring in his voice and a strange gleam

in his eye "I think I am fonder of her than I have have care of any other hooman being but sex odders"

"Are they these little girls here?" Burns asked calmly.

Jack Evans gave a violent start.

"What do youse know about Zeem sex odders?" he demanded sharply.

"Nothing only that you are their loving guardian. Mrs Jerry told me that and I thought perhaps it is why you care so much for Angeline."

"Mrs Jerry told you that did she?"

"Yes indeed?"

"What did she tell you?"

"That is all?" he said

calmly.
"She did not tell you I was a careless nut who turned the little girl over to that heartless female brute."
"Eh What?" said Burns as Evans spoke in Abbie annian by mustake"
"En-En excusee me? made ze beeg meestake. She deed not teel youse zat I wan ze careless nut who tohned ze leedle girl over to zat heart less feemale brute because she make ze beeg lie to me saying she take Angeeleen to ze en-en- Lincoln-Pa-Pa-Park and zat she done set to ze Angeel child because she indirectlee caused zat womans brat of a nephew to choose ze Catleek faith wheech she

no likeum. Meeses Jenne deed nt teel youse zat zis woman freak" and he scowled fiercely at her "foolum me tn letting Angeeleen go weet her did she?"
"no said Burns" she never told you that."
"Weel eef she had eet would have been modding, but she seempeel truth. Zis ees wan thing zat wont bear talking aboud and zat a man weel me vare forgive heemself for and zen."
"Stop blurming your self for snapped Wenth wath "You re no more responsible than the little girls here now there-" turning to Violet "sup

pose one or all you little
girls tell me some
thing about yourselves
before the prisoner to
try and enlighten her
as to the seriousness of
her crime. If Angeline -
if she shouldnt even
come back you say you
wont be able to bear it?"
Violet nodded, she
dared not trust herself
to speak.
"Where are your parents
and brother?"
"In new York She stole
the envelope with the
address and we didnt
even have it long
enough to memorize
or recopy it and
she did that so
we could not send
them word."
"Angeline told me
before she disappeared

that you knew the
Webber George family
have you anything
to do with them?" asked
Tracy.
"We dont know very
much about them" said
Violet with a slightly
heightening color "His
woman is the sister
in law of Webber
Georges mother and
she too has relatives
in Arizona and Californ
ia."
A strange light came
into the eyes of the
detectives at these words
"Any other brother
or sister in either
state I suppose?"
"She has a married
brother in California
and a cousin also
married to a man
by the name of Jim

Rooney who has a wife and an overgrown son by the same name who owns a 101 Ranch near Mohave city in California I am not sure if the son is married but he lives with his mother".

"Hm. black sheep people I suppose Has any relatives disappearance got anything to do with that misunderstanding between the boy George and your brother?"

"No I dont think so They became good friends after that squabble It was trouble over Religion From what George had told us of his aunts relatives I would not want to be in their hands though we never heard very much about her family".

There was a pause Evans was drumming rather nervously with his fingers on the desk. Burns spoke

"What other troubles did your brother have with Webber George?" he asked abruptly.

Violet hesitated.

"I suppose you will think it very strange" she said "but I cant understand it, Webber George calls my brother names during a fight in Lincoln Park Pennod beat him and George threathened revenge but refused to keep the threat and they made up. I suppose his aunt got news of it and may have planned revenge herself.

I never like to ask my brother about it again knowing the subject to be a painful one to him Otherwise I dont really know the cause of all this"

"Dont know the cause of all this? Well thats a queer state of things George didnt often mention his Aunt then?"

"yes he didnt like her for she often was very cross to him. George told me" she added looking at Evans "that our Guardian loved Angeline very dearly"

A wave of some very strong emotion swept over Evans face and for a moment his whole frame trembled visibly but they were all too preoccupied with their own sad thoughts

to notice it Then Evans spoke and his voice shook in spite of all his efforts at self control

"She loved me yours say loved me dearly to ze last een spite of everytheen?"

Violet and her sister started. Something in Evans manner suddenly struck them as decidedly odd. They gave one quick glance into his white set face and the next moment Violet had started impulsively to her feet.

"You are pale let me do something for you" she cried in Abbieannian "Oh I'm so sorry if I have said anything to hurt you. I forgot you loved little Angeline

no. Oh please forgive me and let me do something to help you."

"You haven't hurt me and I'm not ill either so you needn't worry about that. Sit down again and tell the Detectives some more about it."

Violet did, in English this time.

"Tell them some more about Georges Aunt Yeah. I've got the idee zat I used to know the name of Mr Georges Zauther."

"Oh how strange it seems that you should have known them. Why did you not tell us before?"

"Because I never knew zis sad theeng would happen. George heemself told me zat his Aunt was what youse call

heem velly furious when heem become ze Catleek and made zis vow to herself that as long as she moight live she would never forgeeve Angeeleen never have noddings to do wiz her or hers But I never had ze suspect she planned zis revenge"

"She made that vow that wicked blasphemous vow" gasped Violet growing very pale. You must have known Mrs George very well then. Oh Burns tell us what does it mean?"

"Zat means zat I have been a careless fool" interrupted Evans before Burns could speak. "A careless fool. Mine foolish pride and ze presence of zis

wicked woman and the
mention of her row
might have kept me
from speaking the truth
even now if it were
not for ze kidnapping
of leedle angeeleen.
I should have known
what kind of ze woman
George Aunt ees, and
who ees her relations
too from ze first day
I hold of zem. Ze
suspicion ought to have
been known and zen
zare was George becom-
ing a Catleek and
she hates Catleeks
like ze poison. Were
eet not for poor
Angeeleens strange dis-
appearance she might
have passed for
the living image
of her mother Joy Ann
Vivian at her age."

"Joy Ann Vivian" repeated
the little girls in
growing bewilderment
"you knew her long
ago, was she was
she any relation of
yours?"

"no but when we
were leedle cheeldren
we were play mates.
I should have drove
zat Miss George from
ze door when she
asked to take leedle
Angeline to the pa-park.
I should have
refused to see her.
Mine fadishment
almost broke your
leedle hearts but
I theenk I broke
mine at ze same
time. Seddle girls
can youse ever
forgeeve me ze wrong
I deed your seestar

by trusting that treacherous female serpent for I am very velly sorry."

There was a sound outside the door and Detective Brown entered the room.

Without noticing the agitation on their faces or else mistaken its cause he walked straight up to them and said very gently:

"Little girls" Dick Tracy and I think we can make that woman tell a few things. We are sure she lies. We are sure she does know where your sister is and we see every reason provided no unforseen complications come are to believe that she will tell us

everything we wish to know."

"I miss George do not talk" answered the woman haughtily "That is final. Do your worst, still I shall not talk."

("D) "No?" sneered Brown. "After we do our worst they usually dont talk- O.K. I'll leave you alone with the boys to get acquainted."

Evans sank back on his chair with a murmured "Thank God" and then covered his face with his hands. Next moment he had lifted his face again with a violent start for a pair of warm childish arms were around his neck a soft tear wet face was

pressed to hus.
"Evans" said the sweet young voice "I think I understand it all. It is not your fault and you must not acuse yourself or worry. We all love you Evans dear nearly as much as our dearest father and Angeline loves you most"
"Isnt Mrs George horrid" said Joice tossing her hat on the bed in a manner that any good mother would scarcely have approved of, she was so upset "Kidnapping our dearest sister and pretending she does not know where she sent her. And folks all around says its our fault for sending Pernod away to New York when he should

have remained here to protect her. We had to. But how should we know Mrs Georges vile intentions. Others say we ought to let bye gones be bye gones and get out of this Country and go back to our own where we belong. All right we will. Everybody seems against us, and are always saying disagreeable things and declaring we took advantage of Pernods absence to get rid of her. Burns said he'll see that New York papers will publish about us missing. Pernod will see that and come very quickly."
"She is a very wicked woman indeed,

and an arch enemy of the Catholic Church." Angelinia grudgingly admitted. "but I suppose she cant keep it, its only her way and God may open her eyes yet to a realization of what she did."

"Well I wish it wasnt her way" said Joyce crossly "for its a very disagreeable one and when she kidnapped Angeline she did to us what she cant and will not be forgiven for. If she dont give in soon I'll turn her over to Evans to be sent to Alcatraz on kidnapping charges and they do awful things for kidnaping a princess" There was a pathetic little quiver in Joyces voice and Angelinia hastened to say very

sympathetically

"Perhaps if you could only make her understand the situation and tell her you'll forgive her she might be different and see that you get your little sister back. Why dont you try it anyway."

"It wouldnt be of any use" said Jennie mournfully "I guess she was born hard she does not like us, she only likes very bad people."

Angelinia laughed and flushed a little too

"I know nothing about all bad people" she said "but nobody's good to perfection in this great city. But girls I do think in

deed that her nephew Webber George loves you now. Hannah says your cook told mrs Jerby that George was dreadfully frightened about Angelina when he heard she was lost. You know how often his whole family comes to see you and console you!..

It was Jennies turn to blush. She did not like to have the event of that first sad day mentioned by any one even her cousin. Still she was an honest truthful little girl and it was not fair to be unjust to any-one.

"He did cry when he heard the news" she said "But I dont see why people should ment-

ion that we sent Pen rod away to get rid of her while he was in new York, and upset all the police by pre-tending she was kidnapped and get an innocent woman in jail. They talk about it every single day since. I've heard people who dont like us talk about it the whole time and say we dont want to write to Penrod for fear he'll investigate us, and it does make me very uncom-fortable. Oh Angelina if we only had our little sister back it would be so swell. Ever since we came to reach the year of 1905 we never

had any nice luck. Even at home" Jennie went on in an aggrieved tone. "Oh dear how I do hate it all. I dont see why all bad people have all the nice things and good people have all the horid ones"

It was the first time in her life that she ever complained

"Of course" she continued "We've got lots of nice things all our toys or things and we have a chance of going places. We have angels will always remain little girls, never die, but toys are not 'every thing' when we lose some one we love. Our friends say we are the loveliest little girls in the world but our

enemies say things at us that it makes me blush to think of mrs Jerry is always so dreadfully afraid of our taking cold Violet says she worries a great deal more about us than there is any necessity for, but we wouldnt tell her so for we love her very much. Mrs Jerry says we are so pretty and sweet that she cant understand how we could have enemies any where"

"You really are the prettiest little girls any where in the world and that can easily be proved" agreed Angelina "but beauties too have enemies."

"Do you know anything about kidnappers?" Daisy asked. Some of her sisters shook their heads.

"I've read of them" Violet said ruefully "but I never really knew any."

"Mrs George is very cruel" said Daisy with a catch in her voice "Oh I dont want Angeline gone from us forever- I dont I dont" and poor little Daisy started weeping bitterly.

Her elder sisters couldnt cry. It was best for them if they could. Jack Evans came in that moment and was still more distressed, He had both arms around the little girl in a moment hugging her tight and kissing and hugging her tight

and soothing her as best as he could. At the sound of Evans sympathetic voice and the feeling of the kindly hugging arms around her Daisy broke down anew and burying her face on Evans breast cried as if her heart would break.

"Dont cry so Daisy dear please dont" Evans said pleadingly the tears streaming down his own cheeks. "Why you dont even know yet thats its really true. God is so good and loving I'm sure he wont even allow you to be parted from her always."

"Poor dear God I'm sure didnt cause it even to cry us. Oh he suffered too and no one helped him" wailed Daisy. Poor God was kidnapped

from His good Mother and cruelly murdered on the Cross because He was so good. I read all about it. They called Him a Seducer, and really hated and despised Him because He warnt one. It was dreadful She His poor mother could not stand it either. I know she couldnt. They said His apostles were very good but at first they were afraid of His enemies, and they ran away and oh it was terrible."

"But Im sure our Dear Lord would nt let anything bad happen to Angeline" urged Evans. "And she like you has angels and any one who has her can go so far with her and no more. Then if they try her angels will interfere"

Poor Joice only smiled

sadly, very sadly and looked at Jack Evans in a dazed way. He grew troubled and said:

"Now brace up Joice dear. The worse will be soon over and Im sure little Angeline will soon be coming back."

"And then far away from us also grieving her own heart out for us. Three whole weeks of suffering and that wicked woman the whole cause of it. I who - who - would sacrifice my life for her any time if it could blot out the memory of her own misery The wicked woman who would and could help us, and yet will keep us from our little sister. She has broken our hearts when

one word as to her where-
abouts might have spared
her. May God Almighty
forgive the foolish woman
but I can never never forgive
her. Evans dear I cannot
endure this agony of spirit
I cannot. I cannot."
And with a low moan-
ing cry poor Jorce fell
forward upon the table
Unconscious.
Her sisters were terrified.
Evans sprang to his feet
and rushed to her side.
Quickly lifting her he
carried her into the
bedroom, and laid her
upon the bed. At the
same time Violet
ran back to the kitchen
hastily ran some cold
water into a dipper
and hurried with it
to Jorces side. When his
efforts proved unavailing

he grew thoroughly alarm-
ed Her sisters were more
frightened than ever.
Neighbors were near
at hand and Jennie
hurried out to ask
their aid.
They came speedily
but nothing seemed
to avail to recall Jorce
from the death like
faint.
"I'll go call the doctor.
Violet you get Mrs
Jenny or Hannah" said
Evans" and presently
Dr Brown was upon
the scene as Hannah
was attending her.
But four hours pass-
ed before Jorce knew
those about her, and
then her mind seem-
ed pitifully weak
The strain of the
past three weeks, the

critical events of the past two weeks, and the excitement under which she had recently labored had done their work most effectually, and while the little sister who had brought into her life the keenest joy and the bitterest sorrow she had ever experienced, was going through a hell in Jim Rooney's Ranch home, poor Joice was either dead to everything about her, or talking about her.

They were anxious days for those who cared for her faithfully, and now the little girls had more friends about them in their adversity and sorrow than they had ever known in summer times. Mrs

Jerry, Hannah and Evans were tireless. But Joices condition baffled their skill at nursing and caused them much concern. Cases of nervous prostration among the little Virians never happened before.

In vain had the good doctor and the two women striven to bring Joice back to a realization of things about her.

Nearly as white as the pillow upon which she lay Joice rested quietly though quite impassive to the ministrations of the friends who came to her aid in her trials although she had seemed to have so few before.

Chapter 18.
Chief Sone (Wolf) Woef

"Now to go back to poor little Angeline. Mr Rooney thinking he could get aid, from any nomber of Cowboys, and troops of soldiers as well defied both Red Eagle and Sone Wolf. Red Eagle and his Indians had reasons also revenge for the Rustlers under Jim Rooney had stolen many horses and provisions from the Indian tribes. As the Rustlers had clever ways to make the horses beyond identification the poor Indians had to take it at first, and couldnt do nothing.

These Indians hated the rustlers and the few redmen that came unto their midst to

buy to sell or bantar only did so to spy The wicked rustlers jealous of the Indians desired their fine horses and clothes and often raided their camps in the dead of night.

Thus craving revenge Red Eagle who had buffalo horns on his feather head gear, in his heart hoped he would be defied, and that the rascal would refuse to deliver Angeline, for it would be a good excuse to go on the warpath. And he could rescue Angeline any way, and do to the poor little girl what Heaven almost would. He had been shocked beyond belief what the white man did to the

the little girl and knew that for her it would be justified for him to go on the warpath. As he waited till sun down standing within easy view of the distant ranch he had illusions of what he had seen of her there.

Sun down.

No sign of any one bringing poor Angeline. He glanced at the sun. Then he almost strained his eyes looking towards the distant ranch. No sign of the unhappy child coming.

He straightened up very haughtily. Soon on the trail below come a scout a chief a warrior who was to report affairs.

"See" said the Chief to one of his braves.

It is Nukee. He comes to report no one else comes with little angel papoose. Poor kid. I will deliver her I do not trust white trash called Jim Rooney for his heart is not good. Rooney will never keep little white papoose We will deliver her to her good white father and burn bad man at stake."

The scout came up to report. He shook his head.

Bad white man no give her up. He em defy yours."

"Your words make my heart glad" said the Chief. I can get little white girl anyway. I will order my braves to put on

much war paint. I will attack before dark But first it is our custom to consult the spirit of the burning hill who will decide what we are to go and do- I will deliver to her the curl of the little girls hair."

After a short march through a dense wood the little band came upon a strange circular formation of rock with smoke issueing from the top. A flight of steps led up to the near top where there was a dark entrance This was the home of the weird spirit When they were close to the entrance the Chief held both hands high in the air and cried out!

"Hear me mighty

spirit I have brought you a curl of golden hair Sister to my story" and in a loud voice he related all about poor Angeline his promise to make the wicked white man deliver her. Then he added "How must she be delivered from this bad Malo Home- he on whom we vow everlasting hate and vengeance."

"Great Chief of the Sky Let me have that curl of hair and tell me her name and from what people she comes." came the answer from the now strangely lighted opening.

The curl was

was delivered and the Chief answered:

"From a people who come come to this Country from a far away land and calls themselves Abbie-aninans, The white papoose is as holy as the Great Spirit the white people worship."

"Go quickly and leave the golden curl to me. When you hear the great Tom Tom sound send me the keeper of the Buffalo Bundle"

The Indians obeyed Twenty minutes passed then came the tom tom from a very big and loud drum like instrument. The medicine man soon appeared.

"Mighty spirit of

the blue flame" he said raising his right hand respectfully "The Fox people have heard your call and they send me for the curl of hair and your advice."

Then there appeared a tall Indian woman dressed in black carrying a pole in one hand with a death head on in, and a big flaming torch in the other

"Courage keeper of the Sacred Buffalo Bundle I have come to advise your noble and wise Chief."

"But how can he defy the will of all the wicked Cattle Rustlers?" demanded the medicine man who wore a buffalo head and

striped trousers and carried a long curious bundle.
"Your Chiefs promise to the little White papoose must be kept to prevent her future tortures of the Malo Hombre, Let him keep his promise, and success means freedom. no help will come to the Malo Hombre. If your Chief goes back on his promise the Great White Spirit her God, will be angry at us all and bar us from the Happy Hunting grounds. He has done well to make the little white girl that promise. He must keep it I have had a vision (she told the truth) and seen the little girl in that Malo Hombres home. If your Chief rode into the town

he'll won. As soon as you tell Red Eagle he must prepare for the attack I have spoken. But to him a word of warning Do not try to bargain with these wicked white men for the pipe of peace has been often broken by their lying tongues. The Chief must keep his promise and free her."
The Tor medicine man thanked her and returned to his Chief after many words he concluded "and these are the spirits final words Ride furiously against the Rustlers Ranches and you will won many enemy scalps.

and save the holy papoose. Have no fear for you will be victorious."

The Indian Chief and his three braves returned to their posts as before. Then to his alarm Red Eagle saw one of the Rustlers racing around a bend in the road He knew what was going to happen and wanted to warn Jim Rooney father of an Indian uprising against his son.

"See a spy Rustler" said the Chief "He goes to warn his people. I do not hurt him for his heart too is not good."

"Rustler will never reach his destination" said an Indian "I will wait on the trail below and take

his scalp."

The Rustler continued on not realizing he was running into an ambush. He reached a clump of trees near where he had hid his horse.

Suddenly without warning two arms seized him from behind. In terror he broke loose and faced his assailant who said in English,

"no trust you malo Hombre. So now I kill you so you wont tell other Rustlers we on war path."

Then with death in their eyes the Indian and White man with drawn daggers locked in a fierce mortal combat.

By greater strength the For had forced his opponent to the edge of a cliff. Then with wild screams of terror the two fighters plunged headlong to the rocks far below.

Regaining his senses and seeing his opponent lying dead under a huge rock, the Rustler dragged himself to his feet and again set out to warn his fellow Rustlers of their great danger.

But the fall for him too had been fatal. With his strength fast failing he stumbled from rock to rock unaware that he was being watched from above.

"Look" cried Red Eagle "The Malo Hombre still

lives. Give me your rifle" he said to the nearest warrior "I will stop him this time."

From above came the report of a gun and the whine of a bullet. Then a yell and the rancher lay still upon the ground. The scream meant courage to the For warrior but to another Rustler on horseback near by it meant danger. He had three men with him. They set out to investigate and found out that a Rustler was killed.

"Hank has been killed. He has been shot by a For rifle. We must warn Mr Rooney before it is too late" he said to his companions.

But before the man could turn to go back to his horse the sound of foot steps caught his ear. Unable to tell from what direction they came his three companions scattered out of sight while he hastily climbed into a tree.

Then from the thickly wooded underbrush came two naked fox braves. one armed with a rifle the other with a long rounded lance.

Cautiously they approached the still form of the dead Rustler and made sure that he was dead.

Then the other Rustler seeing his chance to avenge the death of his comrade, braced himself, and drawing

his knife he threw it with all his might at the chest of one of the fox braves. With the speed and force of an arrow it buried itself in the warriors heart. Before the remaing brave could raise his rifle to shoot, the Rustler leaped from the tree bearing him to the ground.

As he was about to kill the warrior a war whoop stayed his hand.

Turning he found himself trapped. The Indians were led by Snake eye. With a cry of dismay the Rustler faced his atackers and

fought like a demon. Despite their great number he broke through shooting two Indians down and racing for where his horse was.

"Dont let him get to the horses" cried Snake Eye dressed like the Indian Chief he was. An arrow was shot at him but missed.

Cut running his pursuers the Rustler overpowered a bewildered red man who tried to reach the horse by a direct right to the jaw. Then he leaped his horse and sped away. Some Indians on horse back saw the escaping four and put spurs to their horses. One

Indian raced behind a rock barricade and thrust his rifle through a narrow crevice. The Rustlers seperated as best as they could and with wild whoops raced off.

The Indians rifle barked one of the Rustlers tumbled from his horse another sagged in his saddle wheeled his mount and started back.

The Indian fired again and the already wounded Rustler toppled to the ground.

The other two men opened fire but the Indian was far too well hidden. He was a crack shot and every time his

rifle spoke it brought down one of the Rustlers. The third man rolled in his saddle clinging desperately to the pommel as he turned back. The fourth rustler dismounted concealed himself behind a small rock and began shooting. From somewhere an Indian arrow got him in the back.

The fourth a last one began to make good his escape. Recovering from his surprise Snake Eye ordered two Indians to send up smoke signals to his scouts in the surrounding hills. Then turning to his followers he said:-

"Quick your horses and chase him into the pass. Then our scouts can easily trap him."

"In the meantime the scouts near the pass had seen the signal and were hurrying forward. There were five of them armed with long rifles. One of them said first: "First a signal now a rider coming this way. Lets go see whats wrong."

As the Rustler rode into the pass he was recognized and the 3 or scouts prepared to ambush him.

As he approached they leaped forward at the astonished

white Rascalp. But recovering his senses the Rustler seized a warriors tomahawk and hacked his way free. With an open plain in front of him the daring rustler put forth all his best efforts in making good his escape.

But a Cherokee warrior raising his bow and fitting an arrow let fly the shaft at the mans unprotected back.

However the poorly aimed shaft missed its intended mark, and stabbed through the horses heart. The animal plunged forward to the ground dead

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throwing its ruder headlong. Undaunted by this severe setback, the Rustler after firing at the Indians with his pistols and and bringing down four of them sprinted towards a near by wood, hotly persued by a howling band of Ft Anfl Cheenoked warriors.

But his luck failed him for a deep gorge with only a tree trunk across it blocked his way.

At the same moment a command came from behind him. He turned to look back. A fierce looking Indian Chief wearing the

full regala of Indian clothes and a big full feather braid with buffalo horns standing w/ within easy sight It was snake eyes and his band of Indian warriors.

"Dont move your cattle and horse thief or I'll sent a rifle ball through you"

But he defiantly disobeyed.

Desperately he took the only chance he had and started across the tree trunk while bullet after bullet whizzed past with some arrows also.

Suddenly an arrow struck against his foot & he slipped and plunged

into the depths below. As he fell he straightened into a perfect dive into the water at the bottom of the gorge while Snake eyes gave new orders to his warriors.

"Take the riflemen and see that the Cattle Rustler does not succeed in climbing out of the river until he reaches the plain. There I will wait with the rest of the braves for him."

"In the meantime the Rustler realized that as long as he is alive the Indian Chief Snake eyes will not give up the chase.

So he began to seek for some crevice where he could climb out of the water. As he swam onward a narrow beam of light led him to a large opening in the rocks. As he climbed out of the water and onto dry rocks he was unaware that stealthy figures moved in the underbrush about him.

He laid down to rest while grim shadows cautiously moved towards him.

The Rustler realizing that these Cherokees may cut off his chances of escape sprang to action lest he be discovered by the rest of the

pursuing braves. With a blood curdling scream three of the redskins fell as the Rustlers pistol shots ended their warlike life.

But now for warriors poured out of a glen and the Rustler found himself surrounded with foes all eager to avenge the death of their comrades.

Then the Rustler plunged into the deep undergrowth in a vain hope of losing his fierce pursuers.

But his relentless enemies continued to follow a slim trail through the woods and over rocks.

Instantly one of

the warriors caught sight of the fugitive in the distance. As quick signals of the discovery was passed along to the other but nearest warriors they quickly began to circle around encircle the Rustler and close in on him.

Then the leader of the party rose to his feet and with his rifle carefully aimed. fired.

But a sudden gust of wind caused the ball to go wide and it splintered a branch above his head. Then with a wild war cry 7 or and Cherokee warriors sprang from all sides while the Rustler

with a clubbed rifle faced his attackers. Then they rushed him but using his clubbed rifle with deadly accuracy he felled warrior after warrior while the cries of the wounded echoed through the woods.

Fighting with the fury of a wild beast the Rustler rifle butt killed a dozen of the attacking war party before the others could take to cover. - but behind him in under brush - Two Cherokee warriors unseen by the Rustler hit upon a daring scheme.

One of the warriors screened by

rocks and foliage crept up on the Rustler who however caught sight of him. Leaping at his Indian foe who tried to give battle the Rustler doubled him up with his deadly rifle butt. However this was part of his enemys plan for now with the Rustlers attention taken up by the other foe the second warrior aimed and let fly an arrow. The Rustler tried to dodge the fatal shaft but it was too late. It ripped into his chest and he fell dead.

All this excitement and pursuit and fright lasted as long as it takes

a slow reader to read about it or at least, thirteen or fourteen minutes.

In the meantime during the night of the day of the Indian Chiefs visit and threat to Rooney Angeline had this strange dream.

"Never had any one seen or observed a more impressing spectacle than she could have found in the front parlor room of her home in Chicago. The room was in very good order and everything in it was in the most neat style. It was a hot day and a

very beautiful little girl dressed in shorts lay on the bed. It was clear at a glance that something must have made her unusually happy in the most unusual manner.

Six other little girls with bare arms, legs and neck were standing in the place also in abbreviation shorts which they only wore inside and between them their mother managed to get a fairly coherent account of what had happened

The little girl sitting up now on the bed was Daisy Vroman. The others were her sisters.

"My brother did it"

Violet cried beside herself with happiness of her own. He could make any little girl think she was in Heaven.

A friend asked who her brother was and she replied:

"He's the best and most kind brother any little girl could envy us for. His name is Elmod. He has done something awfully good to Daisy and made her very happy. Then he did it to one to me. He holds you so long in his arms too and it sure is Heaven.

He often said He'd make us all more happy than all those in Heaven if he could.

With tears of happiness running down her cheeks she pointed to a beautiful vase full of flowers on a table.

"Try to calm yourself little angel child" the man told her "and tell us what happened here."

Sobbing but from real happiness she related how she had come home from school that afternoon to find her brother and sisters talking and all in the highest glee.

"But at first I did not pay any attention to that" she said. "because we are nearly always like that" He hates like person to see a tear in our eyes.

Pernod gave me some

some money and told me to go to the drug store and buy two quarts of ice cream for supper.

Violet went to the store bought the ice cream and walked back home As she stepped inside she heard her sister Mary cry out

"Oh Pernod dear I feel like I'm in heaven after what you did to me." Violet continued

"I went into the parlor my brother was standing there" she went on dabbing at her eyes with a handkerchief" and as he stood there with an arm around Catherine and Angelina

"Violet or" I asked him what had happened to Daisy. He grabbed me by my bare shoulders and gently pushed me to the bed. Daisy was sitting up on it. Her face was partly covered with her golden hair.

She was sitting very still and I could hear her give a soft happy cry. I felt terrible sure something good had happened to her, which was meant for us all" the little girl told the witch "and I knew something awfully good had happened to Daisy. I said to him as he hugged me tight with one arm.

"What have you done to her?"

He gently removed the curls from about her smiling happy face and when I saw her look I screamed not from fear but from a strange happy feeling of my own. She looked as if she was in Heaven but alive and with us.

"Look at her darling" he said holding me still tight and drawing me towards the bed. That is what I did to her and I'm going to do the same to you for helping

her to do to and for me what she did the dear little angel"

"What did I do?" I asked.

"You tell people what a wonderful good boy I am and they treat me like a hero and call me your guardian angel. Well so I am" and he continued to hold me.

I reearred in happiness of my own as I saw his eyes.

"Who is the party" "Daisy told all that too?" he kept on saying.

I told him I did not want to give away secrets of hers unless she said so"

"Oh is that so?" he

said. So you are complicated in this so I am all that people hear from you girls about me. All the kids in Skinner School are crazy about me because of you. Then he let go of my arm grabbed my bare shoulders spun me to face him and then had me in his arms hugging me and covering my face with kisses. I threw my arms around his neck and let him hold me to his hearts content and he love to feel my heart beats against his breast I felt like I was

in Heaven in his arms. but he held me sat on a davenport and I was soon happily asleep in his embrace. When I awoke he still held me. I held my head against his breast and nodded away again. Finally when I was awake again he gently let me go and told me to cook his supper.

He followed me into the kitchen and stood watching me while I peeled the potatoes.

I was so happy I hardly knew what I was doing. I kept thinking of Daisy lying in the next room happier than I

was and I was suspicious every moment he would grab me again and fondly embrace me. I was trying to think of some way to get out of the house and tell the neighbor what he had done but I continued my work.

Finally after I had peeled the potatoes and put them on the stove I told him I had to get some milk to make the gravy and he let me go outside.

The moment I was outside" I the little girl continued. I started to run. I ran across the street to an apartment building

and rang the bell. A woman let me in and I told her what had happened. She told me he was worthy to have us for his sisters. Then I got the milk and soon had supper ready.

At supper Pernod told us before father and mother that we were not one third as happy as he wished us to be.

"Why Pernod" I cried "we couldnt be any happier if we tried"

"Thats the trouble" he said "But I'll do it yet"

For a time she feel saddened when she awoke and found it was only a dream. When she

recovered sufficiently from her disappointment she ardently hoped that Jim Rooney would give up to the Indian Chief and let her have her freedom but the vile culprit believing he could get help from near by ranches and from troops of soldiers was defiant.

Of course on account of the negress he dared not approach the little girl or even the room she was in unless he could get men to over power Miranda.

But he did not like to try that as the negress was a very strong woman and he had seen

her carry a large heating stove with one hand. Therefore she could easily hold her own. As to shooting her that too was out of the question. But being over confident in getting help he defied the Indian Chief.

These Indians had no intention of making war on any other white settlements.

They were determined to punish the wicked Rustlers and rescue the little holy girl.

May be it was strange or not strange that this happened but some of Angelines angels appeared to the sheriffs of the various counties on the neighborhood telling them

what was going to happen, and warning them not to help the rustlers as the Indians had a holy cause in their intention. Also to his fear and surprise an angel did appear to the commandant of the big army post with the same message and warning.

Therefore Irma's expectation of aid was a rash presumption. Of course his Father and his many men were with his Rustlers but that did not make enough to hold off all those Indians.

So being over confident he went upstairs and opened the door

of Mrandys room where little Angeline was sitting on the bed. Mirandy near by. He glared at her and said:

"I suppose I cant get at ye now my rebellious little fairy princess but Ive got something to tell you. See that clock? Well its exactly four thirty getting nigh unto sundown and I aint a gonna ye up. Set the red devils attack and see what they get But I wont give ye up."

"Its a clever defiance youre putting up but you fool only yourself" snapped Mirandy.

But with a sneer at Angeline and the defiant negress he went out. The crazy

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fool was facing the peril of being burned alive, as the Indians intended if possible to take him alive. To be burned at the stake is a fearful fate.

"Can it be true?" poor little Angeline asked pleadingly of the good old negress.

"No good child" she answered. "If all the sheriffs and their cousins came they couldnt whip all those Indians the old reprobate is a great fool. The Indian Chief will keep his promise This is Gods design. He sent them to your help.

May be Rooney will sent me somewhere else so the Indians

wont be able to rescued me"
The negress laughed.
"Youre a funny chile"
she said. "I'd let him
try it. He could ar done
that sometime befoah
but not now Ah'll reckon
he'd find it out mighty
quick. This territory
of the Ranch is sur-
rounded by the Indians
though they're not in
sight. He couldnt get
through. They'd stop
him. I guess they'll
attack to morrow."
Angeline had been
transformed since
being taken away
from her sisters.
Her suffrings and
loneliness and fre-
quent illness from
her ordeals had only
sanctified her more
and more and in

form and feature
She had grown much
prettier She was too
pretty right in Gods
eye. Him to stand her
misery and the misery
of her sisters any
longer
So He being angry
decided to strike through
the Indians. Angeline
through her sobs told
Miriandy who she
was who had kid-
napped her sent her
off and how she
got into Jim Rooneys
hands
"I ever think that
mr George pretending
to take me to Lincoln
Park would tear me
away from home and
send me off. For
weeks I've lived in
constant fears that

that she would do something treacherous to me for she hated me bitterly because her nephew become a Catholic. She blames me for it though I have nothing to do with it at all

There hasn't been a minutes peace in my life and sometimes I have'nt known whether I was safe any where or not I've been so tortured by fear. But for be it has been a mockery after all. I tried to win the love or friendship of that cruel woman. I tried to. I even prayed for that woman's friendship Why didn't our Dear God answer that prayer. Mirandy? What is the matter with me? Why am I so buffeted around? What

have I done to deserve such handling? I don't know I don't know I've been ill treated every where since I was born I suppose I've had all those years of looking into paradize but couldn't enter But I'm hungry for it. I'm oh so yearning for it. Oh it is cruel - cruel" and with a bitter sob Angeline laid her little arms up on the table before her and buried her face in them as the heart breaking sobs told of her misery.

Poor little Angeline From a tiny child she had known nothing but sorrow and bad suffering really more than any suffering saint had known. And now at mine

years of age what did life hold for her Only a long record of misery, sorrow and disappointments, the natural but come of a diabolical persecution which had carried all before it like a whirl wind.

Miranda sat looking at the miserable little girl before her and like a vision the years of the holy childs life seemed revealed to her.

The kind negress did not speak for sometime for there seemed so little for her to say. After a while she got up and walking around to her side of the table rested her great strong hand upon little Angelinas bare shoulder saying in a comforting

tone:
"ah wouldnt feel so terribly chile. The clouds have blowed up pretty heavy ah knows but they'll clear away soon. Brace up. That's ah good little gurl. The Indian chief won't go back on his word, and if others did come to that beach and it wouldnt do him any good. Whether Tims refuses to free you or not you'll be free any way. An Indian never goes back on his promise"

Chapter 19.
The fatal storm.

Knowing what was to be a large swarm of mounted Indians five hundred strong held the only pass to guard the main body. So his under Chief Snake Eyes explained his plan of attack.

They in turn fell back and instructed the other Chieftians an the main body moved swiftly forwards towards the wicked Ranchers town.

Red Eagle frightened greatly by the illusions of what Rooney might do to An gelina during the night decided to attack at once instead of waiting till morning. All his chieftians were well on their guard, and all these Indians having learned it well through their chiefs who had gone through training in military schools advanced in military cavalry style rifle at the readiness.

Old man Rooneys scouts saw them advancing down towards his ranch and sped to their boss with the news.

For seventeen years or more all the army of rustlers had stolen cattle from Cowboy Ranchers and secretly raided and pillaged Indian camps at will without defeat.

Old man Rooney was over confident

of victory and decided to "teach" those "perky red skins" a lesson they would never forget and prevent them from attacking the Ranch town of his son.

A good column of Indians saw old Rooneys vast number of Rangers coming and wheeled to charge. The air trembled with savage cries and thundering hoofs and the immovable Indian battle formation rushed forward, wings wide spread like engulfing horns churning a fog of dust.

But old man Rooney had been schooled in battle also at Military Academies? At his command

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his rustlers formed the terrible wedge and charged furiously on horseback towards the on coming Indians.

They met in a fierce collision and terrific mix up as both columns rode through each other with fearful yells.

But at that moment the attack of the Rancher carried all before it. It seemed that nothing human could withstand that blow. The left wing of the Indian column was sliced up and crumpled. Thousands of shot felled men on both sides lay in many scores.

Then swerving right and left Rooney men

swept furiously down the enemy line rolling it back in great but not helpless confusion. The firing and yelling was now general.

Little Angeline from where she sat sobbing heard the yelling as if from loud wind, and the tremendous roar of fire arms at a distance but going to the window saw nothing. The fight was far enough to be out of sight.

Chief Snake Eye at a distance seen this attack and ordered his own great band of Indians forward. Snake Eye shouted for joy as his invincible braves swept down upon old Rooneys men as they were

driving back lone wolfs warriors. At the first shock old Rooneys men after fighting most desperately wheeled their horses and retreated from the field in panic.

As Snake Eyes Cherokees most ferocious Indian warriors the world had ever seen, were unleased in a screaming mob on horse at the fleeing enemy, Rooneys men again tried to show fight dismounting and firing from behind trees hocks and other objects of protection. From the fierce firing on both sides the air was sheeted in smoke.

Suddenly through

the dust of their retreating comrades appeared a long line of Rangers on foot behind a gleaming wall of rifles and the front line of the Indian horsemen went down before a withering fire of rifle balls.

For a moment though a answered with a severe and continuous clattering fire the wild rush of the Cherokee braves was halted confused.

Then from a hidden gully came the full face of Red Eagles and Snake Eyes 30 warriors at a thundering gallop.

Red Eagles strategy was successful the battle formation of old man Rooneys troops had been broken badly the foot soldiers were

rode down then into the bewildered mass the terrific Indian wedge cleaved like like a plowshare. The remaining horde fled panic stricken before the yelling Indians, cut off from retreating to the 101 Ranch.

Grimly, efficiently the Indian race on bent on exterminating the fleeing men at every shot pursued wildly. This action was very severe and raged three times as long as it takes the reader to read the narrative.

For nearly twenty minutes a more Angeline stood demurely before the window, listening to the far distant fire of rifles and yelling. It sounded a little

longer and then it became quiet. Poor Angeline began to wonder what had happened and whether the Indians had been attacked by soldiers and wasted. Nevertheless she continued to stand by the window tearfully hoping that her fears were not true. If the Indians were wasted then the chief could not be able to keep his promise and she would have to take desperate chances to make her own escape and again at the peril of the desert which is her only dread or to run away to the Indians.

She had read of bloody Indian wars in which nearly if not all of them the white men won whether the cause was

right or wrong. Then as she stood there for another half hour with it still (remain) remaining daylight though now twilight she gave a start. A long moving dark wave was surging suddenly to the top of a long rise of ground in the far distant sky. There it halted like a long bristling wedge.

It remained stationary for a few moments. Then it literally seemed to fall at once over the brow of the hill and vanish in a thick gray cloud of dust.

Suddenly there came a rising roar of sound as she saw the cloud forward in motion. It was the Indians yelling.

Miranda suddenly rose to her feet, grabbing Angeline almost roughly and pulling her from the window. If the Indians began firing Angeline might be hit accidentally.

From where she crouched Angeline saw an amazing number of Indians through the dust storm they rose on horseback coming at a most swift gallop. Then again they disappeared gradually and vanished and where she had seen them the great dust cloud grew thicker and rolled steadily forward.

At the same time she caught the terrific Cherokee war, which which war, dreaded by all whites aided

by a great roar of horses & hoofs.

To see what might be going on down below Miranda had opened her room door. A man came rushing in all excited, Tim rose to his feet.

"Mr Rooney" he cried: "The Cherokee and Sac Indians are on the war path, and they're coming 'twards us with many warrios We must run before they surround and wipe us out."

"To Hell I'll run, and I'll shoot the first one who does. I'll stand and fight"

Tim Rooney wicked as he was was full of dare devil recklessness and told his

his officals to have every one stand ground and drive the redskins off. The Indians came quickly within sight, the form ost of them riding to the road and swirving rushed past the ranch in full gallop without however firing a shot. However Angeline heard sounds of twang twang. They were opening the attack with flaming arrows.

Suddenly an arrow came through the window of Angeline's room and stuck quivering in the wall. But a sheet of paper folded and held tight by a string was fastened to the raf shaft. Mrandy realizing its import pulled it out.

The note was written in good English and read:

"Dear little white papoose do not fear. We braves will save you yet. Will not shoot flaming arrows at your house. Will storm the place and save you.

Snake eyes"

Some shots came from a house but no Indians fell. The braves wheeled and raced back towards the direction they had come without so much as a shot from either of them. Angeline her heart beating wildly with excitement watched what the Indians would do next. Within sight of the summit they

now certain diversions racing this way and that while men with buckets and sacks of sand were striving to put out fires started by flaming arrows.

From her point of safty Angeline saw the Indians come galloping forward again like before yelling then was cry and raising the same cloud of dust. It was a trick of the Indians to spal the aim of the defenders, for they did it on purpose.

Sixty men were in the vast room below with barricade against the door ready for the fray.

This time the Indians acted different

They came in a long cavarly like formation and a great roar of rifle fire broke from they as rushing forward they increased the speed of their horses.

Angeline thought they'd only ride and halt within range while continueing firing but not so.

With wild yells they came dashing as close as before then wheeling dashed down the road in long lines in two directions firing as they did so. An Indian rode whooping past a window below and fired. One of the men aiming a rifle let go, gave a gasp

and fell to the floor writhing in death agony. Every time an Indian passed a man was shot. Then fought also in Angelines room one flight up, but not high enough to be out of range.

An Indian rode past that window firing others following and doing the same. Out of six Indians only one missed his mark. Five men dropped. Mrs Andy pulled Angeline out of reach of the window, but she wanted to see the fight ill as she was.

She had never heard such a sound of fighting in

all her life. Abbeannian or Glandelinian cavalry never attacked with the fury of these Indians. Angeline being experienced with the warfare that was tearing her our Country felt the inspiration and thrill of the fight sick as she was and wished ardently that she was among the Indians and could capture Rooney in person.

The attack of the Indians grew wilder their number increased the sound of shots and volleys more frequent.

But all the defenders elsewear defended their places desperately and a good number of Indians

had fallen before their fire. But their losses only increased their fury and they without ceasing redoubled the violence of their attack.

They were not shooting any more at Angelines prison for they believed they had annihalated nearly all the defenders that showed themselves.

Jim Rooney down below fought desperately picking off an Indian for every shot. Soon a great mass of Indians made against that single house with terrific yells, and Angeline soon heard tremendous blows on the door below.

The Indians who had dismounted were desperately trying to break in with a battering ram.

Angeline thought she saw a chance to free herself.

Suddenly snatching a revolver from a fallen marks holster she came down the steps one third of the way aimed it and cried: "Open that door and let me and Munandy get out and go to the Indians or I'll let you have both barrels in your legs. You showed me no mercy you dirty snake so now I have you at my mercy.

move that barricade or let us get out by a window or I'll shoot."

"The hell we will" shouted Jim with a curse and fired a shot that knocked the pistol from her hand.

Had Angeline been well she could have been able to do those things she had done to the Glandeliniens when she often had been their prisoner.

But she couldnt do anything and was so weak and shaky that she sank down on the steps. Rooney and two men would have had her at their mercy had not Miranda grabbed her under the shoulder and carried

her up to the room knocking the two men down the stairs meanwhile. The terrific hammering against the door continued with greater violence but it held firmly.

"Dont for Heavens sake try that again Angeline" warned Miranda "These men are very desperate now and are dangerous They will even fight to the man before they'd give in to you or the Indians. Its a fight to the death as the Indians wont spare none of the Ruxtons, not even their wives or children."

The Indians at another

quarter of the battle ground in a most wild dash forced their way into a ranch town saloon and after terrific fighting massacred every defender there.

The Indians were progressing elsewhere. They forced their way into homes which also were defended killing the men and even their wives and children, sparing no one of the Rustlers in their wild fury.

A little girl and her brother both dirty faced and half naked tried to hide under a bed but an

Indian grabbed each by the foot and dragged them from under banging their heads together with such force as to fracture their skulls killing them.

The Indians where ever they won killed all. At the main section the whites resisted so tenaciously that the Indians could make no headway at all and suffered terrible loss.

So again they resorted to the flaming arrow.

And those flaming arrows came by scores at once.

A white man somehow got onto the roof with the purpose

to put out the fire and recieved a flaming arrow into the heart.

At this time the rifle firing never stopped. The shelters of the defenders began to burn.

The Indians yelled louder and surged forward in a tremendous onslaught, their rifle reports like a deafening storm.

Rooney during the whole fray said nothing more to his men but he looked up at Angeline still standing in the doorway of Mrandys room with the ugliest look he had given her.

"You little she devil" he shouted at his loudest "Ill

mind this: youre responsible for the attack of the Indians" and the sound of his voice with a bellow, went through her with a jar.

The crash of the attack against Angelines prison came with the fury of a tornado.

The hammering of the battering ram against the door came redoubled force. Rooney drew a dirk which he held in his left hand in case they broke in and started run in under his sword.

One other man clambered up into the berth with an arm full of pistols while Angeline watched the scene

with a heavy heart as the man knelt below the window firing pistol and rifle. She was beginning to be afraid the wouldnt win.

I myself do not know if Angelike was what you may call afraid but her heart beat like a frightened kittens quick and little and a dimness came before the eyes which She continually rubbed away, and which continually returned.

As for hope that the Indians would win now, she had none for they were resisted too desperately but only a darkness of despair and a hate of anger against all the wicked world

that made her long to free herself even if she had to risk her life in the attempt. She continued to pray.

The banging on the door continued one big panel gave way with a crash and then a shout from Rooney and a round of shots through the opening and Indians crying out as if hit.

"Now Indians will break in" cried a man by the window.

"Look to your window" said Rooney aiming a rifle as he did so and as the man turned back to his place he found it

was none too soon for
him to look to his own
part for his head was
scarce back at the win-
dow before another and
fresh band of Redskins
carrying a tree log
for a battering ram
ran past him and took
part to drive what remained
of the door in.
It was now or never
and just as they swung
the tree trunk the man
cried "Take that" and shot
into their midst
He must have hit
one of them for he
sang out and gave
back a step but the
rest did not stop but
crashed the log against
the door with a resound-
ing bang. Other men
fired from the second
window. The whole

place was full of
the smoke of the firing
just as Angeline's ears
seemed to burst with
the noise of the shots.
But there was Rooney
standing as before
only now his sabre
was running blood
to the hilt - and him-
self so swelled with
triumph and fallen into
so fine an attitude
that he looked to be
invincible.
Right before him
over the wreck of the
broken door was an
Indian on his hands
and knees the blood
was pouring from
his mouth and he
was sinking slowly
lower and just as
Angeline looked some
of those behind caught

hold of him by the heels and dragged him bodily out He died as they were doing it.

"There's one pesky red skin for ye" cried Rooney and turning to the man at the particular window he asked if he had done much execution.

"I winged four and maybe one of the chiefs" was the answer.

"And I've settled a dozen" said Rooney amid the uproar "no there's not enough blood let they're still at it hammer and tongs Remain at your watch Dand and John keep an eye on the brat This is but a sample of what will be"

Angelines enemies

below were now disputing And that so loudly that she could hear a word or two above the roar of outside shooting and the Indian yells.

"It was John buckled it" she heard some one say And another answered him with a:

"Weecht man Ide paid the piper"

After that the voices fell again into the same mutterings as before Only now and then some man spoke most of the time as though laying down a plan and first one and then another answered him briefly like men taking orders. By this Angeline made sure

sure they were designing some means to defeat the Indians and told Miranda.

"Its what we have to expect now" said Jim Rooney "unless we can give the Redskins a good distaste of us and done with it there will be no sleep for either you or me and if they win it may mean our capture or the death of us all But this time mind be in real earnest Listen to em yell"

By this time Davids pistols were ready and there was nothing to do but shoot and reload as fast as he could.

While all this was

going on Angeline now had not time to think if she was frightened but now that Rooney again cast back looks toward her, her mind ran upon nothing else suppose to prevent the Indians from rescueing her the men should come up the steps in a body and attack her with murderous intent.

The thought of the sharp sword, and the cold steel was strong in her and presently when she began to hear stealthy steps and the brushing of mens shoes about the room below she could have found it in her mind to scream out loud.

But all the men were going to their posts of defense. She began to think that her life was at an end until she heard Indians clambering softly on to the roof above her. Outside she saw lots of smoke. Maybe the Indians were setting everything on fire.

above her in Miranda's room was a skylight. Then there came a signal call from somewhere and that was the signal.

At the same time a swarm of Indians with the battering ram made one rush of it against the door bringing the log against it with a terrific crash that shook the house and at the same moment

the glass of the skylight was dashed to a thousand pieces and six Indians leaped through and landed on the floor.

Before the first one got to his feet David had clapped a pistol to his back and might have shot him too but he was as quick as a weasel and had hold of David who roared out an oath for he grew so much afraid for he gave a shriek and shot him in the midst of the body.

The red skin gave the most horrible ugly groan and fell to the floor.

The foot of another Indian whose legs were dangling through

the sky light struck David at the same time upon the head and at that he snatched another pistol and shot this one through the thigh so that he slipped through and tumbled in a heap on his companions body There was no talk of dressing any more than there was time to arm.

David clapped the muzzle to the very face and did fired Our different men took care of the other Indians that had come down.

David might have stood and stared at them for long but he heard Rooney shout as if for help and that brought David to his senses.

Rooney had kept the door so long but some of the Indians had forced their way in through a window while he was engaged with those from the sky light, and one of them from the window had run in under his guard and caught him about the body.

Rooney was dirking him with his left hand but the redman clung like a leech. Another had climbed in and had his tomahawk raised The window was thronged with red faces. Angeline who watched the conflict with great excitement thought the Indians had her enemies now but

David catching up his sword fell upon their flank. But David had no time to be of help. The wrestler dropped at last and Rooney leaping back to get his distance ran upon the others like a mad bull roaring as he went.

They broke, turning, and running for a window and falling one against another in their haste.

The sword in his hand flashed like quick silver into the huddle of fleeing enemies and at every flash there came the scream of an Indian struck down. David was still thinking all

was lost for Indians still swarmed in the room some starting to mount the steps towards Angelines room.

Rooney raced for the steps shooting two Indians down.

Dropping a useless rifle the last Indian seized his hatchet threw it at Rooney and turned to flee. Ducking the whirling weapon Rooney raised his rifle.

The warrior warning yell to his companions terminated in a shrill scream he plunged backwards down the steps dead before he reached the bottom.

A fierce yell broke from the fourteen braves still in the room below. They

rushed the whites. They faced three rifles at once their sudden report blended into one and four Indians went down. Startled and confused the remaining four crashed against each other in vain effort to find cover.

The men under Rooney gave them no time to regain their wits. They plunged to meet the warriors before the smoke from the rifles disappeared. Several of the braves managed to use their own weapons but accuracy was sacrificed by haste and the bullets flew wild. Then the five white men closed in a short terrific

struggle and the affair was over. A man by the name of Sam Murdaugh received shoulder wound in the back where a brave had tried to knife him.

Rooney Martin and David escaped injury but of the Indians only one escaped through an open window.

To Angelines astonishment it was a fitting example of the fighting ability of these bad beer heroes men that they should have defeated fourteen Indians eight of whom were slain at close quarters. Firing outside still raged and an Indian riding past fired a shot into Angelines open window, and down

went Wetherby in clutching at his breast. Seizing the wounded man Hank lifted him onto the bed. Brady was next but, Kelly was slightly wounded.

David began to think all was lost when lo they were all gone and Rooney and his four men were placing a stronger barricade before the busted door.

The interior of the lower room was like a shambles ten Indians were dead inside and three were badly wounded, not counting four other dead ones, an other lay in his death agony across the window sill and there were Rooney and his five men victorious though some were slightly

hurt. Rooney turned to the dead enemies passed his sword clean through those still alive and tumbled them out of the window, one after the other.

Because the Indians made the attack Rooney put the blame upon Angeline who was innocent of any wrong. And what with the long suspense of the waiting to see if the Indians win or not and the worry and the worry and strain of her own spirit and more than all, the horror she had for fear Rooney will again try to kill her in spite of Murandy, the first roar of fighting was

no sooner over than little Angeline was glad to stagger to a seat. Outside the roar of shots and yells never stopped and the scene outside was lighted up by a great glare of raging fires. Over the fact that the Indians were apparently licked there was that tight mess on her chest that she could hardly breathe the thought of the consequences if the Indians should give up, set upon her like a frightful night mare and all upon a sudden and before she had a guess of what was coming she began to sob and cry like any two year old who had

recieved a good whipping despite the jeers of the remaining men in her room and Minardys efforts to console her.

But she cried for nothing after all.

During and after the bloody fray within the house the Indians outside who had dismounted were resorting more desperately to the flaming arrows.

The flame tipped arrows came like fiery rain. The only place that was exempt was Rooneys house where Angeline was and it was too isolated to be able to catch from other burning structures. To the still many defenders there was

very poor means of putting out the fires and all those who were reckless enough to try to do so were either killed or captured. Therefore a horrible conflagration broke out and most of the defenders who could get away from the burning places fled to the only brick building in the town and also into Room 19 place thus reinforcing them.

Those who could not reach such a place had to either come out and fight in the open or perish in their burning buildings. These choose death by fighting and came out into the open. The Indians on foot rushed them

with terrific warwhoops and a terrific hand to hand fight raged. It was a death struggle for the Indians gave no (struggle) quarters. Prisoners they did take would die by torture or at the stake. as they were thieves and the worst kind in the eyes of the Indians.

It was soon all over every where except the brick house, the places not yet on fire and Jim Rooneys headquarters. The Indians didnt know how they could carry the brick house except battering in the doors on the street floor and that was dangerous because all would be exposed and mowed down.

White men who escaped

from other places crowded on the verandas of Rooneys house to make a last stand. As the red men rushed up fiercely one man struck the nearest Indian down with swinging blows from a chair. The fight became terrific One Indian trying to scale a man on the left side was felled by his fists another white man armed with a pistol had an Indian similarly armed flat on his back each struggling to shoot the other. Finally both shot each other at the same time. Outside the Indians easily prevailed. They directed the main face of

the attack came at Rooneys place. The Indians rushed it from all sides. No matter how desperate they were resisted the Indians did not abate the fury of the attack and desperate David Reed fell shot through the brain from a shot coming through a window.

A greater number of Indians attacked the roof with their tomahawks. The barricade was gradually being forced by steady blows of the battering ram and the Indians began to force their way in fiercely, clearing the heads of several men on

two. More Indians came down by the sky light The room swarmed with Indians. Straight into the conflict below waged savagely in the lower room plunged Brady and Downer Sam took a snap shot at a painted visage wheeling to meet them.

He felt the heat of Henrys fire over his shoulder and dropping the now useless rifle crashed into the front of a dozen warriors struggling around the blood besmeared but indomitable Rooney.

Terrible indeed was the battle inside the large room that followed Though greatly outnumbered the

white men fought a seemingly interminable time before the raging old Sam was pulled down He died not alone however a circle of red foes lay lifeless about the gallant outlaw.

Then the gaunt Kelly tripped and fell and died his knife red with the blood of his assailants and others fell so that soon Rooney beneath a heaving mass of warriors was left to carry on alone.

There surrounded by the bodies of the fallen and by red men the giant Rancher fought his greatest fight The fallen bodies of his comrades literally

hacked to pieces gave the strength of Thor to an already mighty arm.

Rooney rose again and again to his feet flinging lean forms from him. Time and again he was hurled to the floor but still he fought on as if unconquerable.

When finally one of the Indians had an opportunity to drive home a knife in his broad back and did not Rooneys grim efforts became more desperate for he knew they meant to take him alive - for torture

Angeline and Miranda were in the hands of the Indians

Rooney was a prisoner.

The immense Indian

town or camps called Mohave also on the edge of the Mohave desert to the northeast was alive with color and motion. A thousand warriors thronged the village and its vicinity half a score thousand naked children and dogs added to the din, and a myriad of squaws went about their duties grinning expectantly

It was the afternoon of the day set for Mr Rooneys torture and death for what he had done to little Angeline and his insulting defiance to the Indian Chiefs.

Scores of prominent Indians had been pouring into the

towns ever since the news of Jim Rooneys capture had echoed through the Indian territory. Some of the sheriffs to their credit did tried to buy the Rustler from his captors to save him from the fire but all the war chiefs of the tribes voted against giving him or his son up claiming it is the law of the Indians to punish by death the white father for giving a little white kid napped girl over to his brutal son and to give the son over to Sheriff Grayson on charge of wholesale fully keeping and ill treating a favorite child of the Great White Spirit.

Old man Rooney cringed at the turmoil

his presence created In the center of the village surrounded by a ring of fires and a huge pile of dry faggots old Rooney stood, fearfully watching the excitement

He was totally naked lashed by the wrists to a heavy green stake and though a hedious sight with blood from many wounds staining his skin he stood as terrified as a scared rabbed rabbit unable to utter a cry

The warriors looked upon him as a coward and reviled him fiercely They envied his wonderful muscular development watched

the supple of threw run across chest and shoulders waist and thigh as Rooney moved slightly to ease his position. A mighty Rustler, a great fighter, a worthy foe and one who had not yet abandoned hope.

Old man Rooney had been testing the strength of wrists and arms against the thongs which held him. His legs were free and with a bit of luck he might still escape.

"If I can break or slip these cords" thought the Rustler "I believe I can reach the desert"

Something warm trickled down into his palm when he strained suddenly to loosen his hands. "Blood. that's well. It will grease the thongs. He strained

again when no one was watching, oblivious of the pain. As dusk began to lower its soft curtain and fires to spring up in the encampment for the evening meal Rooney decided to stake his life on a dash for freedom.

He was surely doomed to a far more horrible end if he remained at the stake, better to die in battle.

But that fate which ever interferes in mans plans was again in motion. Rooneys decision was balked by a ten year old but mean looking naked Indian girl who thought the white man too comfortable at his stake.

She came up to him spat wildly in his face and presented a long pine splinter for his inspection.

'Scalp stealer of Great white Spirits papoose" she hissed in plain English "this will make your flesh warm"

Cackling shrilly she bent and lit the larger end of the splinter while Rooney watched from half closed eyes. The burning torch fully twelve inches long was needle sharp at its smaller end.

Suddenly the little Indian girl arose turned quickly and buried the sharp point of the splinter in the muscles of Rooneys belly There the fag got hung a thin trickle of blood creeping down its length to be devoured with a hiss by the fire at the other end

For one breathless moment the Rustler stood unmoved while warrior laughed at his terrible situation. The pain had shocked him! the agony of the flaming wood against his thigh ran to his heart

He must act now or die slowly hour after hour his great strength and manhood would leave him reluctantly

The sweat of pain and exertion broke out on the Rustlers forehead. One terrific lunge magnified by that girls cruel work

and old Rooney was free. True he stripped the flesh from his hands in the effort but he gave no thought of that. His sudden action took the warrior by surprise.

In a single instant their captive had become a whirling force of destruction. Plucking the startled Indian girl from the ground Rooney flung her into the fires and leaped away from the stake before any one could halt him.

With his bare hands the Rustler smashed a path through the first ring of braves the next group gave way before a war club snatched from a fallen Indian Then suddenly as he reached the edge of the desert a terrific

volley rang out. Old Rooney fell dead in his tracks.

To go back to the fight. It was soon all over Angeline and Miranda were were taken to the Indian camps Everything was aflame. Young Jim Rooney she did not see Angeline was a "guest" not a prisoner. The chiefs would surely fullfill their promise. They decided to ride with her through the night and deliver her to Sheriff Grayson in the morning.

Chapter 20.

Blazing horror for Violet and her sisters.

A most terrific explosion all of a sudden shattered the quiet of half an hour before midnight and the noise of falling glass from windows of buildings for a block instantly followed. It was a cold sleety night An it was reported later a negro by the name of Ben Smith had been sleeping soundly

He was in his room on the third floor of a big rooming house on the northeast corner of Halsted and twenty first street in south Chicago.

It was half past twelve November seventh 1911. At the crash the negro jerked abruptly into quick wakefulness, sat up right in bed Eyes widening, lips taut the

negro stared horror stricken through the corner window of his room. The window looked diagonally out across Halsted street directly into the path of a big hotel room to be a seething hell, a beautiful large south Chicago apartment building of more than 1000 suites.

"An earthquake? The end of the world? These were his first fleeting thoughts But then he observed that the giant tongues of flame leaping sky ward which held his gaze were darting molten gold in color through the roof of the seven story Hotel Sedwick

Thousands facing death by fire and

and suffocation. The negro jumped out of bed grabbed up his coat and stepped swiftly to his telephone.

As he spoke urgently into the mouth piece, a second and much louder detonation shook the ground.

Glass fell out of his window. Almost immediately he heard an anguish wailing, a wailing that was cut off abruptly by a deafening shocking roar of splintering wood steel and glass and a scalp tingling crackling which grew louder which on both each passing second.

Then with an ear-splitting roar, that again caused glass to fall from many windows of every building in the neighborhood came another detonation that

seemed to echo from everywhere and almost immediately afterwards a heart ripping symphony of shrill agonized and air racking shrieks.

"For Gawds sake" screamed the negro. "Help those in the hotel. The little Vivians are in there."

Clangor of bells confused wails of sirens whistles growling auto horns. Throbs of motors clankings shouts.

A thousand alien high pitched hissing uproarous sounds splitting the intersections criss-cross of narrow canyons between buildings. The flames were spreading with astonishing rapidity.

The negro jerked open his bedroom door

and began shouting. Down the house corridor he hurried pounding on doors: crying out:

"The red wicks on fire. The little Vivians are in there. Gawd help them."

"Down into the street he ran followed closely by a number of men tenants. Already Hook and Ladder Company no 3 and Engine Company no 1 was tearing up from the East and stopped. Engine Company no 2 was tearing up from the South.

Then up the East canyon came two thundering companies almost abreast and from the West roared Hook and Ladder Company no 8 and behind it Engine Companies no 7, 11, 10, and 8 and Hook and Ladder Company no 10 and

a rescue squad. Police squad cars and motorcycles were pouring in in droves. As the negro ran fleetly across the street followed by priests he had called, a half dozen police officers hurried up to make way for him.

A shouting half hysterical crowd of spectators had sprung up it seemed from nowhere. At the sight of the cassock garbed clergymen dashing into the burning building a great roar went up of mingled admiration and concern.

Men of the police beat were playing rummy in the report room at the

Chicago Central station when the Meyron call snapped the police and fire department into action. Four alarms were sounded but the police beat heard only one. In the down town district just one is needed to sent the reporters flying

On duty were Peter Jack Webber and James Hess of the Chicago Daily News, Bill Henderson of the Tribune and two others of the American.

On the night owl shift (after midnight) the reporters work pretty much together so they all hopped into one car and chorused: "Halsted and Twenty First man and make it snappy"

But the entire area

within an radius of three or more blocks of the burning building was roped off. And at the lines of blockade were hundreds of horn blowing autoists.

The reporters leaped out and started running. But not far. They had to push through a crowd of thousands of people before they got to the scene.

It was then 12.39 a.m. At a glance it was going to be the biggest fire story ever heard of. It was going to be more but a glance did not tell them that. It was going to be a story of incredibly cold blooded mass

manslaughter a story of screaming horror and diabolic horror, and cunning.

Just as they got there the Fire Chief tore up. He leaped out of his car and started shouting.

"Seen George Granger - Luke here?" one of the reporters asked.

George Granger was a photographer for the American.

"Yeah" cried Henry. He dashed into an entrance on Halsted street and they followed him in. But they only went ten feet and stopped.

A flame as big as a rail way coach had darted suddenly out of one of the (rail way) elevator shafts and licked at them with the roar of a whirlwind. The stairway was a mass of flame

They turned and dashed out and around the corner on Twenty First they darted into a big gaping hole in the burning building off the side walk. They bumped into two firemen carrying a stretcher on it with a smoking hot black body, a ten year old girl. her left arm was burned off at the shoulder. She was dead.

"We're getting nowhere together snapped Garner. "Lets split and whatever we get we share"

They started forward and again had to back up as a big tongue of writhing blood red fire licked out at them throwing the most terrific heat. In the street they rep-

erated. One of them ran up to the Chief of Police and asked him.

"What brought you here?"

"Three explosions" said the chief.

"What from?"

That I do not know. There was a terrific crash then a billowing cloud of black smoke It came from the roof and rolled out over the street showering every body with sparks."

The chief leaped forward with the reporter behind him. He dashed into the doorway but not of the hotel. next to the Sedwick was an equally tall apartment building called the Morrison. But it was structurally a part of the Sedwick its inner walls opening onto the Sedwicks

lower halls through fire doors. The Chief and the reporter went up four flights pulled up a fire door and rushed through. then let down the door. They were suddenly in a mad house.

Utter chaos and confusion met their eyes. Two big suites across the way were white hot furnaces the flames pouring madly from the doorways. There were bodies everywhere. No. They immediately noted they were crawling. The reporter tripped on a young girl and the Police Chief snatched her up. He held out his other arm and motioned and the reporter picked up a

little girl gasping for air and placed her in the crook of his arm. He motioned again and the reporter picked up another and he carried all three three of them through the fire door the reporter opened for them. or him.

He was back at once They cleared out the immediate area One side of the hall and all the rooms were infernoes now the flames spreading fast. They went forward in spite of the rolls of smoke and parching heat.

They bumped into rubber coated figures carrying gasping hysterical girls women and old feeble men, and little frightened girls and boys. All around them

was a steady roaring and loud crackling and hissing of flames mingled with shrieking terrified faces and dense suffocating smoke.

A chorus of dancing flames greeted them at the west end of the hall then suddenly a great rushing blast of cremating fire. They were sixty feet away and his clothes threatened to smoke.

The reporter felt the whole building shaking under his feet.

He and the fire chief turned and dashed back up the hall.

What was happening in the rooms. How many persons

yes. I found him making some pictures. He pulled three girls, one woman a little boy and his sister and an old man out of the building"

In the street were rows of badly injured and burned awaiting ambulances.

Off to one side were the dead. The head reporter counted thirty five The reporteder couldnt believe his eyes.

How many more would join them

The four four alarms had brought out twenty six fire companies and two rescue squads Two extra alarm alarms had been sounded for extra pumpers. assisting

were trapped in there? and the other floors. This he realized sickenly was just one of six It was impossible to stay there for even a half minute as all the flooring would by that time would be a mass of flames. There was a tornado like sound of fire and they got to the fire door rolled it up and leaped through and just in time. The whole hall was a blazing hell.

On the stairway they ran into George Granger, a fellow reporter on the news.

"The arson squads here" he shouted, "How come?"

"The explosions I guess""

"my other reporters show up "??????

the Fire Chief was the first assistant Fire Chief, and Battalion Chief seventy five policemen also had been called to the scene from out lying precincts by Deputy Inspector McGahn who were now valiantly assisting the firemen, and Reporters in the rescueing of trapped tenants under the capable guidiance of Fire Lieutenants.

It was turning out to be a fearful fire and resisted all the most desperate efforts of the firemen to make the slightest headway against it.

Above the roaring of the flames and the noise of the crowd that milled to and fro watching the fire, above

ever the shrill of distant sirens of more companies rushing to the scene. One little girl's voice could be heard in a bellow of harrowing frantic pleas, a voice hoarse and raw and choked with uncontrollable anguish.

"My little Cousins the Vivians" the voice cried out "Violet and (my) her sisters, my cousins. They're in there the Redwich Save them. Oh save them."

The little girl was standing just inside the ropes that had been stretched by the police to keep back a fast growing crowd. Two burly uniformed

officers held her by the shoulders while she struggled frantically with them, gesticulated wildly and rolled her head in frantic misery. She was a girl between eleven and twelve her long golden hair was dishevelled and almost standing on end

Over her naked body she wore a fantastically patterned robe, vivid with red and green circles and figures.

Besides her was a slight blonde girl. She was rocking from side to side and her head was buried in her hands. She did not utter a sound near the building which was rapidly becoming

an inferno firemen were rushing back and forth wrestling with the thrashing spouting hoses dashing into the teeth of the the flames and out again.

The little girls voice rose again in a shrill shriek. Then it broke into an audible heavy sob. Two firemen near the building turned around and glanced at her.

"Cripes its awful" one of them said. "Its awful I'm glad I dont have to tell that poor little girl."

"How many did they find so far Harry?" the other fireman asked.

"Six more of em. Six of em burned to a crisp and stinking and two of em golden haired kids, very pretty. I tell you it's awful."

"That aint all" said the second "See the way the fire is spreading through the building. That's a plant sure as the devil. Some yellow livered skunk set that hotel on fire and murdered all these people."

The flames roared higher as the streams of water played into the windows and over the roofs hissing and belching steam and smoke.

More Engines pulled up more firemen rushed through the lines and joined in

the desperate fight. A thundering roar of crashing floors split the midnight air, more red tongues of flame launched skyward.

Higher and higher and still higher leaped the rolling billowing flames.

The wail of more fire sirens echoed through the air. Gleaming trucks disgorged black coated figures as they pulled to an abrupt stop. The new comers struggled to bring their hose lines into play. High pressure streams three score in number now stabbed at the white hot inferno that a scant hour a go

before had been a block long hotel. Clouds of steam reflected the glaring light of the flames. The fire stubbornly raged on spreading and spreading through the structure.

More and more Chicago fire apparatus clanged into position to join the struggle against the devouring flames. The roar of throbbing engines added to the din.

A good part of the hotel was burning now like a mountain mountain of gasoline drenched rags. These mounting flames drove back the firemen literally absorbed the flood of water poured upon the blazing structure.

Fighting valiantly the men were able to protect surrounding property but the fire Chief said the building itself was doomed.

To tell it right the Sedwick was an old seven story apartment building on the northwest corner of Halsted and Twenty First street.

Commercial establishments a drug store book commissionary store, candy shop clothing or dry goods store restaurant a big barber supply store, pawn shops and furniture, and upholstering establishments occupied the street or ground

floor. As it extended for a block down Twenty First street westward and was half a block wide it made quite a big structure. From windows high and low on all sides of the structure not yet blazing hysterical women were leaning and shrieking, the forms of those on the Twenty First street side silhouetted against the raging fire behind them.

Scores of police still raced in and out of the roaring inferno to save helpless old ladies and aged men, and young girls and children.

A screaming of the dying was harrowing

and terrifying an air vent extending from above the head of the barber supply store to the roof more than a hundred feet radiated the fire into suite after suite blocking escape.

The deeds of heroism performed that night were too numerous to recount here

A photographer for the Chicago Tribune was one of those who escaped miraculously then risked his his life that others might live. Awakened by the first explosion he rushed out into the corridor and almost into the flames. He rushed from floor to

floor pulling down fire doors and arousing the occupants after twenty minutes of rescue work he rushed out to the Tribune Press office to give the pictures of the fire.

But the most unusal and heart rending part of rescue work was that of five of the little Vivian girls (Jane being in sad condition in St Joseph Hospital) They were not awakened by the explosions even though they were in a room closer in that part of the (pi) building than the tenants that even perished. The heat of flames catching their bedding roused them and jumping out they found a good part of their room in flames.

already a raging furnace. All their clothing were in flames so they had nothing on to flee from the flames in except their short sleeping garments leaving them half naked. It was a terrible, embarrassing situation for them. but they couldnt stay there and burn up.

Violet pulled the door open only to be greeted by a enormous tongue of fire. not just the hall but the whole building up above and below them except one room was a raging inferno. They crowded out the window onto the fire escape

and just in time for their room became immediate ly a fiery furnace.
In fact however it was impossible for them from the fourth floor to go down the fire escape be yond the third, because flames continually leaping and pouring out of windows cut off their escape in that direction
The heat of the flames from the lower section of the building made it impossible for the fire men to approach within reach with a rescue net and it seemed as if chances of rescueing them was gone. Couldnt put ladders now against the building be cause the fire would

eat them through most desperate attempts were made by those men to subdue the flames in the lower section enough to have hopes of breaking the heat to enable the fire men to rescue them by ladder or a fire (rope) net but the streams of water might as well be gasoline for all the good they did.
The Vivians were trapped on the fire escape. The room below not or fire before was now like a beast furnace of the steel mills.
The Fire Chief moran saw only one way to save

them but it was a precarious one. To fasten two fire ladders together and stretch them from the fire escape of the fourth floor of a building across the street to the fire escape plat form the little girls were standing on.

That made it a very narrow bridge and if the connections of the ladder ever loosened fatal results would follow.

But the ladder was put across. The little girls were told to come themselves one by one as the fire men would not trust their weight on such a rickety ladder.

And the little girls going one by one

must not miss one rung of the ladder for such a miss would be disasterous as her legs going through would probably break loose the connections by the shock. It was the most dreadful ordeal in their lives, but in twenty minutes they made it without one of them having the slightest mishap.

Persons without courage would have been afraid to cross the bridge. The little girls were brought down the fire escape of the opposite building given some thing to put on, and allowed to join the throng of spectators.

But even as other rescue work on, and firemen desperately fought the flames in vain from every conceivable angle it was apparent to the Safety Director James Timmer Whitten and Fire Chief Moran that mass murder had been committed.

To them the terrific explosions and the rapid speed with which the flames envelop ed the Halsted street side of the building from which the little Vivians were rescued meant but one thing — arson.

The safety director had arived and within easy hearing of the little Vivians was conferring gravely

with the Deputy State fire marshall The fire Sergeant was there with his crack Homicide Squad, The coroner was there too, inspecting the bodies which fortunately Violet and her sisters did not see.

The Sergeant John Dargarus stood next to him his sharp eyes alert and the little girls heard him "echoe" the reporters question:—

"Why are we here?"

"I do not know except it might be the explosion: Then they heard Fire Warden Michael say.

"The blast came

out of that big hole over there" he pointed at the gaping hole in the wall. The reporter had run into with the other reporters soon after arriving in on the horrid scene.

"maybe mr Dewey will be able to tell you something"

Fire Captain Dewey was head of the arson squad. His assistants were three detectives and a fire lieutenant The reporters found him standing between rows of injured victims but in front of Violet and her four sisters He was a big shouldered man with bushy eye brows and a cool metallic voice. He was waiting for a

word with the brave negro The man of the press was there

"I thought we split up" he said

"Huldmann of the Daily News came running up "you hear what Dewey-" he began.

"That why we are here" said another.

The negro they learned had with the help of some men carried and escorted 142 persons from the flaming building and was responsible for the rescue of the little Viviano.

The negros face was scorched and his hands were painfully burned.

"Just now I have little time for

conversation" he said quietly to police and fire officials. They wanted to know exactly what he had seen when he woke up and looked out through the window of his room.

"Was the smoke of the explosion black?" asked Captain Dewey.

The little Viriam edged closer.

"There was first a green cloud that stayed down" said the negro "The smoke that was as black as night shot upwards!"

He bent down and began whispering into the ear of a very pretty golden haired little girl whose fingers were charred stubs. Her belly and legs were charred and still smoking. The

Vivian saw choked and tears came to their eyes.

"Did the blast come out of the roof or out of one of the walls?" asked the fire marshall who had just stepped up.

"I didnt see the first blast. The second and third came out of the ground floor on the Hall Red Street side on the Barber Supply shop. About there." He pointed then turned back to his administrations.

The reporter near Violet looked and saw the gaping hole.

"That was the store front of a Barbers Supply Company" said one reporter. Owned by Henry Rainer. next to it is the store of 10,000,000 books-"

"Say-" the little girls heard another begin

"Yes" said a third looking around noticing the little girls and thinking he was seeing things reflected by the inferno across the street.

"The safty director is now thinking the same, Soon as this hell is brought under, and the place cools a bit they're taking a look at the Dry goods which escaped."

"I can spare a moment now" a reporter heard the negro say "The sky was filled with fire" he said answering a question put to him by Captain Dewey. "It seemed that as I awakened the fire was coming up along side the pent house on the roof I

floor up. However it did not stay concentrated at that point. It spread rapidly as if all that part of the building was of straw or hay. In a few moments the entire roof and the upper stories were a mass of flames leaping a hundred feet in the air.

They illuminated the whole southside district with the reflection almost as bright as day.

I knew immediately that something terrible had happened. "many families were in the building one was somebodys pretty little golden haired girl" his voice broke as he indicated the child with charred legs

belly and fingers. She just died. For a moment no one spoke. Violet and her sisters who had lost every thing they had, realized with horror what would have happened to them if they had not awakened in time. And they had had not even eight seconds time to get out of their blazing room. They were softly weeping as they gazed on the horrible fire raging fiercer than ever, despite the many streams being directed at it. Captain Dewey said:

"Before you ran out just what did the out burst look like?"

"It appeared like a fire like from a gasoline explosion. But

somebody told me you did it. It seemed heavy. It looked as if it was a fire that had its origin in the first explosion, which set off the two others followed by an extremely heavy pressure that drove the flames through the building probably through a shaft as the line of least resistance."

"All the explosion smoke was black?"

"No just that rolling up. Green smoke shot from below and stayed down as if gasoline caused it."

"You say somebody told you it was a gas explosion"? said the Fire Marshall. "You dont mean the

kind they call illuminating gas do you?"
"It seemed that way. But I smelled gasoline after the blast"
The reporter and the little girl saw the Fire Marshall glance at Dewey and shake his head.
"Thanks for the information John" said Captain Barret. Dewey and the group of officals stepped briskly across the street and peered up at the still raging fire envelopeing the building.
It was evident the blaze was beyond control the building was like a huge blast furnace and being gutted.
Flames were leaping one hundred

and fifty feet into the air and rushing out of many windows as if expelled or expelled by great force. The whole building along side the hotel called the Morrison was also a seething inferno and a stiff lake breeze was showering a blizzard of sparks over the entire south side district.
A heavy set important looking man seen by Violet and her sisters came up breathing hard. He was joint owner of the hotel a Sedwick apartments with his brother James. He also was president of the Chicago Baseball Club and Chairmann

of the Santa Fe Railroad company.

"I've heard about the explosion" he said hearrly.

"Do you think it was gas?" asked Dewey.

"What kind of gas?" asked the owner.

"Burning gas of course"

"Well sir it must have been gas. Perhaps an accumulation somewhere on the ground floor or in the basement. I'm not sure. Its hard to tell. But I cant under stand it Captain. Burning gas when ignited will blow a house or building to pieces. But it rarely makes a fire."

"You hit the mark Mr. And it doesnt give off black smoke" said Dewey.

"no" said the Marshall "Black smoke is never

associated with burning gas, artificial or natural"

"You're sure" asked the owner his face blanching.

"Positive. Illuminating gas contains very little carbon residue. Its not like naphtha benzine gasoline or heavier hydro carbon liquids which burn with a heavy black smoke"

"Owner of the Barber Supply Store says there were four a five hundred gallons of lotion and hair tonics in his shop" said Lieutenant Reilena to Captain Dewey "I called him on the Phone as you instructed" Vicki and her sisters listened more closely.

Alcholic contents?"

"Yes about fifty percent"
"Bottled?"
"Yes"
"Would nt do it" said the marshall "maybe the two minor blasts from a lot of bottles popping but not the three big ones. There was something else in there"
"Something that did not belong there?" asked the fire marshall.
"Well if the diluted alcholol didnt do it"
"There s those little Viviams here hearing everything" said the fire Chief.
"They re as okay as angels" said Dewey. He glanced at the little girls and said:
"You are, are you not?"
"We wont let any one know we heard

anything yet" Violet said sadly for she was thinking of Angeline with a heavy heart.
"It may be libel if you do" he turned to the Fire Marshall and said "You ve heard the Police Chiefs theory that safe blowers tried to get into the dry goods store and miscalculated their charge"
"The front of the dry-goods store isnt blown out" said the fire marshall.
"no" said Dewey. He pulled his eyebrows together and seemed to be weighing a heavy load of thought "If we find the fires origin in the barber supply shop I'll say it was

set" he said finally.
"Incendiary?" asked the Fire Marshall tensely.
"Please this isn't for publication" he said to the reporters "To Dewey -: "In my opinion yes."
"Across from the blazing Redbrick which still defied all the efforts of the fire fighters and threatened Hear by buildings was a drug store. The night manager gave the reporters the use of the phone and for five minutes a trib of telephones took a beating.
The main reporters stood by and tried to think up somebody to call on the one remaining phone.
He heard the Chief reporter dit dictating:

"The front of the barber supply shop was blown out. Glass was hurled sixty feet across Halsted street, the explosions shattering windows in all buildings of the near neighborhood. Several men walking past the building were thrown down.
Witnesses said the flames seemed to leap from windows in the brick building even before the echo of the blast had died out."
Violet and her sisters who had followed the reporters heard another say:
"Take this quota discount entirely theories of heat either natural or artificial as cause

of the explosion. A house can be filled with gas fumes and odor and a match thrown in. The house will be leveled but there will be no fire."

"Tell him the Coroners theory" said the waiting reporter.

Safty director Frank Summers Withers said he has a theory that nitro-glycerin, in the hands of crackmen trying to blow the safe in the dry goods store which didnt burn so far caused the explosion. Jeremiah Ben Joseph president of the clothing store is there waiting for the inside to cool off so he can go in and look."

"Frank Webber" he droned night custodian of the Sodwick had stated that the odor of gasoline

was strong in parts of the building before the explosion Two of the tenants who stated likewise are Mrs Henrietta Watson and Miss Annie Roonie. Ten others too but the cops aint got their names. About sixty or seventy tenants at this moment are injured or suffered severe burns. Yes the little Vivians five of them are rescued but two of them are missing no check can be made yet on the missing persons. Why you asked were the five Vivians there? Why the five Vivians fearing Mrs Georges confederates Charle roomed there since their sister Angeline was kidnapped but they too

had to be rescued in the the face of the greatest difficulty Bodies of thirteen dead cannot be identified while twenty more who can be have been taken to the morgue. Of the thirteen all are charred black and identification will be difficuet or impossible.

The fire defies the fighters and seems to feed on the water as if the streams were of kerozine The whole southside is lighted up brightly and the smoke defies the fighters on fire escapes and house tops Its a terrible fire beyond control nobody yet is sure where the fire really had its origin but there are

indication that it started in the . Barber Supply Company store. You can make that a general Quota. Eleven stores on the ground floor face Madison Street. Of the book store probably a million volumes have gone up in smoke. Property loss will go well into the millions of dollars.

no the fire is not under control Firemen cant make no headway against the flames Biggest fire I ever saw." Said Withers.

"Heres a quota from Henry Range 38 of the Madison Hotel.

I was walking north on the east side of Halsted street between

Twenty and Twenty First street when suddenly there was a terrific blast. It lifted me off my feet The lower part of the building came out like a fan. The roof seemed to leap up into the air. I saw women standing in windows in night gowns.. They sure screamed and I'm sure they fell back wards into the flames The first flames shot out of the front of the Barker Supply Company store"

One reporter caught up the phone and called the president of the Gas Company.

"He went to the office" said the maid.

He hung up quickly and called the Gas office.

"My men working on the investigation" said the executive "report so far they find nothing which would indicate the explosion was caused by gas They have some private theories of their own but we do not feel that we should make them public at present"

That's all he would say The reporters went outside and waylaid Sergeant Schloeder of the Homicide Squad.

"I wont make a statement yet" he said "but you can follow me and listen."

He was followed by other reporters. At 4. P a.m. in the

afternoon after all morning desperate fight, and an equally desperate fight during the day firemen announced that the flames were under control But that didnt the fire was out. The interior of the structure of the structure was still a white hot furnace and the whole build building was giving forth enough smoke to remind you of an erupting volcanic crater.

The perilous rescue they had gone through and the excitement of watching the inferno, and the fire men's battle against it the noise of pumping fire engine trucks and all the

conversation they had heard made the fire Virians temporialy forget their sorrow and terror from their loss of little Angelina. To them it was a worse and more tragic fire than the Dell-mell-tell-mell prison in Virian Wickey though no fire men were hurt or killed.

and no one could tell yet how many more bodies would be found between the twisted mass of still flaming and smouldering wreckage full of thick smoke smoking its worse in the white hot shell of the gutted building.

Because of the excitement caused by the conflagration, Violet and her four sisters had given no thought to get thought of breakfast or dinner. Mrs Jerry Hannah and Evans who remained at the old address and who came to the fire couldnt find the little girls in the immense crowd of spectators and not having heard of them being rescued, felt the greatest misgivings. That the walls of the building remained intact and did not fall was for two reasons. First they were held firm by strong steel girders and iron framework that supported the wooden floors. Second

the walls were constructed of very strong bricks and concrete, motar which the heat of the fire failed to effect.

It was not untill one thirty a.m. the following night however after the out break of the fire probably twenty three hours after the out break of the fire that police and fire officials were able to step safely into the charred interior.

In the meantime there were sixty survivors to question and wit nesses kept turning up who from various distances had seen the unaccountable explosions

and to the surprise of the questioners told the first things and the same things they asked the little Vivians why they didnt hear the explosions and awaken in time to get out before they were trapped.

Violets answer was: "I did hear something like thunder in my sleep. But I didnt awaken until some thing crashed down in my room. When I saw a part of the room on fire and our beddirty starting to burn I slapped my sisters hand on their stomachs to awaken them. In the hallway outside our room was all sheeted in fire

we realized we were trapped. Our whole room turned into an inferno as soon as Catherine the last of us got out onto the fire escape where we also were trapped to keep out of reach of flames from the window of our room and that below us we stood on the middle steps lower down."

The real cause of it was that they didnt hear the explosion sufficiently to awaken them was that the situation of their room muffled the sound to a considerable extent.

"Before you fany kids

went to bed did any of
smell any thing?"
The little girls looked
understandingly at each
other. Then Jennie said:
"Violet asked me "who's
using gasoline. I smell
it strongly. We all
smelled it and closed
the door to keep the
odor out."
Within hearing of the
little Vivians the first
and most important
move was to verify
the statement of passer-
by John Darge who
had said:
"I was almost chocked
by gasoline fumes
at the moment of the
first explosion. That
lifted me off my
feet and threw me
flat on my back.
It was a wonder I

didnt fracture my skull
as my head struck the
side walk with terrific
force. The first sheets
of flame coming out
with explosive force,
shot roaring out like
thunder through the
front of the huge
Barber supply Company
followed by two more
explosions and then
the flames tried to
reach me across
the street The flames
quickly shot up through
that portion of the
hotel envelopping
the book store the
same way it did
the Barber supply
store."
"Proof that the dread-
ful holocaust had
its start in this
shop could not be

based on the eyes of only one possibly excited witness. But Danger statement was soon verified said George Gross bell captain of the burned hotel.

"I was through work before midnight and I left the hotel at eleven thirty. I was just opposite the Barber supply shop when I was startled by a blinding flash. A half second later I heard a terrific explosion causing glass bricks and debris to be hurled up against my car and all over (from) the street I thought at first my cars gas tank had sprung a leak so

strong was the odor of gasoline in the air."

"What did you see next?" asked Captain Dwyer.

"A lot of fire and smoke issueing as if from a gasoline torch and two bigger explosions came from the same place. The flames almost shot clear across the street and envelopped the book store in the same way."

"What direction did the smoke take?"

"It rolled out and up from the store."

"What color?"

"The lower cloud was greenish and remained down. The upper black as ink. I could show you my car badly damaged by the

flying debris."

"There was a Mrs Jane Whiters 60 years old who drove down to the south-side to pick up her husband, and younger brother one a Chef, the other his assistant in a big van a few blocks away.

"I parked in front of Dando's restaurant" she said, "this restaurant was a light court that arose over the Barber Supply shop.

I was there for about five minutes and sitting in the car when the whole low-er front of the building seemed to blow out in my face. I saw a big vol cano of fire shoot out ward followed by

a huge cloud of smoke come out of the Barber store right after I heard the explosion. The two that followed were louder still and shot fire clear across the street smoke like in shape"

"What kind of smoke?"

"Two kinds. The under cloud green the upper black Some thing liquid burned on the street for a few minutes"

Dixon plans of the Sedwick showed that at the back of the building there was a light Restaurant court that arose over a sky light of the Barber Supply shop. The night Custodian was quest-ioned again, at the

time of the first explosion he was passing a window facing the light court on the fourth floor, near one of the rooms occupied by the Little Virgins.

"The force of the explosion knocked me against the elevator shaft, and knocked my wind out. The window was shattered and I thought at first a bomb had exploded on the window sill. Flames and billowing smoke poured up and in almost instantly. It was black smoke and gave forth the smell of burning gasoline. It came rolling up the light court and from the elevator

shaft and into the window. The fire spread so fast I wasn't given time to arouse the tenants on that fatal floor."

"And you say you smelled gasoline first at that moment?"

"Yes sir, the way it smells when it burns."

Fred Harmon a photographer had made some shots of the smoke rolling out of the supply shop. He told Captain Dyer that he was knocked out of bed by the explosion. He grabbed up his clothes he said and ran out into the hall.

"The first column of flames I saw" he said "was at the back of the

building. It was coming out of a shaft over a sky light of the Barber supply shop."

"What was the nature of the fire?"

"Very rapid and intense. It seemed to have such force it was blowing sparks like a suction pump clear up into the corridor."

"I'd like to have prints of those close snapshots you took!"

"Soon as they're developed" said Fred.

"Carl Holzenburg owner of the Barber supply shop appeared on the scene at 2 a.m. but was not noticed by any one during the fire, until 9 (am) a.m. the next morning during the

worst of the fire. A florid well groomed man with an engaging smile and a black neatly clipped mustache Holzenburg readily answered questions put to him by investigators.

"Look at my store front" he said with a most rueful look "the only one that's completely burned out."

"Not burned out at all" corrected the Director. "Blown out."

"Blown out? Are you daffy?"

"No not at all. It was blown out."

"There were no explosives inside I don't carry a dynamite cartè."

"You've seen the morning papers have

you not?"
"no I haven't I sent a boy for one and he's coming now I was there since two o clock this morning. A fireman phoned me."
"You had no volatile liquids in your shop?"
"Alcohol" said Holzenbung. "Lotions and hair tonics and about fifty per cent alcohol."
"In bottles?"
"yes"
"How much about?"
"Altogether about fifteen hundred gallons"
"In bottles?"
"yes. I said that."
"Stored in one spot."
"no. On shevels and containers."
"Various parts of the store?"
"yes"
"no other volatile liquids?"

"yes Bay Rum and Witch Hazel and liquid camphor."
Sergeant Dewey came up with three detectives of the arson squad.
"Did you have any enemies Mr Holzenbung?" asked Dewey.
"Not that I know of. But these little Vivians standing near us have, and they took a room or two in this hotel"
"What time did you leave last evening?"
"About seven thirty why?"
"Were any of your employees in the shop when you left?"
"no I locked up myself."
"Were you home all evening?"
An expression of

defiant concern spread over Holzenburg's round ruddy face. "In most cases for some reason or other the police really feared this man

"Say now" he said with an ugly look "you are not suspecting me of having a hand in this most terrible disaster? Hope. If you are I can furnish plenty of proof of my innocence"

"This routine questioning bores us" said Verbey "But we've got to endure it. These little Vicams were in the burning hotel and were rescued with the greatest difficulty"

Holzenburg looked at Violet and her

sisters studied their extreme beauty for a moment and then said:

"I understand" said Holzenburg after closing the store "I went home. I had a customer in the afternoon yesterday who rigged up the store but didn't buy a thing I was tired and went direct to bed. I have a wife and two little children Then at one thirty I was called on the phone. When the fireman phoned me I thought of a new sample chair in the store that cost me seven hundred dollars"

He peered mournfully into the charred

debris filled shop still a smoking furnace inside.

"I see now its both blown out and burned. The whole front of my store and other part of the street section of the building is gone. Eh What I say what is this blown out and blown up stuff" and he lifted an eyebrow and walked as close to the opening as the parching heat would permit.

"You see the front of your store dont you sir?"

"Front of my store? There is no front. Its all gone"

"Its gone to hth" said Dewey casually "not as bad."

about ten investigators were grouped around him. The little Vivians were gazing into the smoked filled store. Present were a dozen newspaper men.

"By the way" said Barton "will your loss be much?"

"Well I had $115.000 in stock and $18000 in insurance."

"You take a loss then" said Barret and there was a puzzled smile on his face You could see he was feeling a bit sheepish and you could see that the other investigators were too They'd been suspecting the man. He gave Dewey the

names of two Insurance Companies and the name of his agent. There were two policies he said one for $10,000 and another for $5000. and he wasnt lying. George H Curran the agent told Dewey over the Phone that he represented the two Companies carrying the Insurance on the American Beauty and Barber Supply Company. He said however from $15000 to $18000 was the correct amount and that the property in the store had been worth $115000."

"Were there other policies that Holzenberg had not mentioned. Subsequent investigation proved there were none.

So it was evident the man was all right. For what other motive could a prominent business executive have for arson, outside of a desire to defraud the Insurance Companies.

Certainly he was not going to destroy $115,000 worth of stock to collect $15,000 and the $115000 the police ascertained did not cover fixtures.

His financial status however would be looked into.

He, if guilty would have wanted his books destroyed A careful examination of the bank like vault on the afternoon of the burned out clothing

store eliminated Deweys theory that nitroglycerin in the hands of crackmen had caused the great explosion So again attention of investigators was critically focused on the interior of the Barber supply company, on the fact that the front of his store and his side of the book store wall were completely blown out and the fact that the walls of the shop were blown away too.

Was the wall between the clothing store and the Barber supply shop a reinforced one?" asked the Director of the Secretary of the clothing store.

"Yes it was."

"Mighty strange" said Dewey He stepped carefully into the still smouldering interior of the Barber supply shop and was followed as carefully by the Fire Sergeant four detectives the Fire Chief and the Fire Warden and marshall.

It was 12.30. a.m. The Reporters acted as coppers and kept all curious away. Knowing the tarlent the Firmans have they were even asked to help the investigators if they would.

"What do we do?" asked one of the Investigators.

"Dig make a hole in this debris

and show us the floor."
The debris was ten feet deep, at the spot Director Delvey indicated and still slightly smoking In some parts of the blackened shop it was twice that much and smoking badly with a little glare here and there.
But the men grimmed and rolled their sleeves up and set to work.
No shovels or picks. They had to use rakes. and they soon learned why They had dug in less than one foot when they came to a body.
Violet and her sisters looked away when this came to sight.
The body was burned to a crisp and

was a ten year old girl.
Looking up from where a they stood inside the shop they could see a piece of starless sky. The body without question had fallen to where it lay when the burning floor collasped.
The debris was made up of brick glass burned wood and half melted steel wet, hot, dry in places and still smoking.
It was no easy job removing the charred body intact. The Coroner was sent for.
Screening the blown out front of the shop was a huge strip of canvas. In the eerie yellow gleam of flash beams they carried

the little body to one side, and resumed their digging. Presently the grim-eyed men watching the workers took pity rolled up their sleeves and joined in.

It was a hard blistering job all right an hour later they were down about three feet or four and the hole they were making was ten feet square

It was Holt who raked up something that made their stomachs squirm. A human foot burned black, and as crisp as burned toast One of the bodies they remembered had been found near by a few hours before

minus a foot. The coroner accepted it without a word. They came finally to the debris belonging exclusively to the Barber Supply Shop and it was Dewey who was called by Violet who found something curiously out of place. She didnt touch it but indicated where it was.

"That is curious" said Dewey "I were really in the debris of the shop here"

It was a very large electric toaster and going through the center of it was a fine wire with the insulation off. The question immediately asked was this:

"Was the toaster the

"time fuse" that had touched off the blast?"

"It's a common electrical device employed by arsonists" said the fire Chief. "But it might have come down with the debris from above"

"But it was standing wedged tight in the debris when we saw it" said the little girls together.

"Except that it was under this" said Dewey He picked up a curved piece of metal about three feet and a half square"

The fire lieutenant peered closely and announced

"That's from a barber chair."

"That's what I thought said Dewey.

And the toaster was how far underneath?" asked the Director.

After Violet showed me the toaster I went through about four inches of debris" said another man.

"Hm-m-m" said the Director.

When they got to the floor Captain Schloeder an official head of the Arson Squad ordered every one to tear up the charred flooring With the aid of crowbars the detectives ripped out a hole about four feet long.

There were two layers of flooring with about seven inches of space between, but only the top layer was touched.

Some of the flooring underneath was still burning as smoke came

out in a rush. The lower layer was the ceiling to the basement. Finished the detective stepped back and the Director Dewey and also Range got down on their knees. Violet and her sisters watched breathlessly. It was 3. A. M.

"What?" the other men including the little girls wondered tensely "Were they looking for?" They soon found out. His face down in the opening Captain Range with out looking up said:

"We got it!"

"What?" asked.

"Positive evidence that the fire was started in this store"

"Dewey put his face down and sniffed. So did the director.

"Gosh gasolene" said

Dewey The Director rubbed his forefinger down the inner side of one of the floor boards sipped up by the detectives. He held his finger to his nostrils and sniffed. He nodded slowly and said to the Fire Chief:

Moran I want twenty firemen in here"

"Why twenty?" asked Moran.

"Two for each of us" (There were ten police and fire officials present) "We're going to sift every ounce of debris in here" said Dewey.

"No" said than be done. By the way do we pick up Holzenburg?"

"No indeed" said the Director "We have nothing

to hold him on. The gasoline odor and the toaster dont make a case. And also remember these little Vivian fairies registered three days ago at this hotel and that Holzenburg who had sold things to them was crazy about them, and praised them so to every hotel guest that they suddenly had many firm friends here and no enemies. So why would he do it. And did you see the sinful angry look on his face. He didnt pretend it either. All we know that the origin of the fire undoubtedly was in this store. If we dont find this stuff in this store, then he has removed it

knowing well why he should, and then we can be suspicious of him."
"And that the fire was set by him" said Detective Hogan.
"Yes"
"There may be gasoline burner elsewhere" said the Fire Chief "In the flooring of other stores. The book store too has been blasted by the explosion and all the books and containers, and shelves burned beyond redemption"
"We are going to doubt that in theory" said the Director, "no other store in the building had its front blown out though five hundred and sixty books were picked up in

the street. But that dont show the blast originated in the book store. And three blasts came from this store. Look at the debris. Higher than in any other store. There was the toaster there too. Look at the hole overhead. The blast went upward as well as out ward. It must have shot through three floors. The black smoke that rolled out of here and up - gasolene smoke. Three bodies were found in here. They came down with the debris. I dare say we are going to find more another thing" continued Hogan who was and still is one of the uncanniest homicide men in the country. "There's suppose to be a lot of

Barber equipment here, shears, hair curlers, clippers, razors' and so on. And we did not see anything worth salvaging in the hole we dug in the debris." If we do find anything that pos itively is going to be a bad loser one way or another"

The twenty firemen came in and the Director said to them

"Youre to shift the debris here" and there and theres no hurry about it" To the eight investigators which now included the Coroner, he said "Each one of us will also take two men of the willing reporters and cover an equal amount of space. We are looking

for metal. Every piece of
metal must be saved."
"How about us?" asked a man
called Mike."
"Sorry you cant keep us
now" grinned the director.
We know now its arson,
and for a good reason
we've got to keep things
official. You can watch
us though."
"And as good as they are,
if the little Vinans
leave here now theyre
subject to arrest" said
Hogan "They know too
much now."
"So they stayed gladly
and the rhythm of
so many rakes
put them to sleep
From their post in
one corner of the
shop they kept
dozing and awakening
Ung about 3. A. M.

another body, a little
girls was found, charred
black except the head
which had golden hair.
The fires heat had burn-
sted her belly open
wide and her insides
were welling out. It
was a horrid sight which
made some of the
investigators vomit
and curse.
A half hour later
another was found
also a golden haired
girl but only her
charred chest arms
and head. The rest
of her no doubt
was ashes.
About midnight
word had come in
that the body of
another little girl
also golden haired
had been found

in debris being shifted in another part of the building by firemen under Fire Chief John A. Neil. The little girls were believed to be sisters. Then the bodies of three men, four women and five boys, and six other little girls were found. So the death toll now stood at 40. It was five a.m. when the twenty Firemen got down to the shop debris.

"If this was a Barber supply store" said the Director an hour later, his eyes tired from no sleep in almost three days. "It sure is damned low in stock now. We find everything

as we were able he claims he had, but he couldnt sell them for junk now. Only one hair clipper and a scissors were found intact and neither of them will cut even paper"

$115'000 bucks worth" he minded Harriet.

"We've got only a dimes worth to tell the tale over here" said Moran. "How about you Hogan?"

"Nothing. All we found is ruined His loss is high. We found lots of broken clothes too, But how long is a toaster cord?"

"Why? asked the Director

"I'm down to the wall board here. There a socket

with a plug in it."
The Director stepped quickly to Hogans side and others and the little girls immediately did the same. Investigators from different parts of the shop came running.
"The toaster was found about fifteen feet from here" said the Director excitedly.
"an average cord length" said Harrat
The Director unscrewed the blackend plug and examined it very carefully.
"Wires burned out" he said "But this really I hope is a clew."
"If it came from a toaster cord" said Hogan, "race the plug" said

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the Director to the detectives "and dont be timid about waking people up"
It was just turning daylight. The detectives ran out and the twenty firemen resumed their shifting. Two hours later there was a big pile of twisted metal in the center of the cleared floor, and most of it was remains of household appliances that undoubtedly had come down with the collasping floor.
Conspicuously uprooted were the expensive curlers and dryers and other beauty shop equipment that made up the alleged $115000 worth of Stock owner Holzenburg had stated

was in that store. Still only the one razors and single hair clippers were found intact all the rest were totally ruined. The detectives came at 7 a.m. puffing.

"The (spark) plug came from a toaster" said one. "Like the one we found here"

"Great" said the Director. "But we still haven't a case. We cant connect Holzenburg with setting the fire, and if it was him, then he must be stark crazy for serious is his loss, all we have legally is the incendiary origin of the fire"

"Contents of the store total loss" said Hogan.

"Oh yes. The ruined stock is admissable

evidence that either Holzenburg has unknown business enemies, or there was some unknown revenge plot against the owner of the hotel, or it was a direct attempt on the little Vivians. A could defense staff could explain it away easily. Every expensive stock in the store is ruined. Then if Holzenburg can prove he was home all evening and have no enemies we've got another worry. Why did the Vivians come to this hotel so hurriedly after the kidnapping of their sister Angeline. There something suspicious. If it was an attempt on the little

Virriam oh my God- but lets have another talk with him. Set assistant detective Chief Whithers question him" Set him come to mr Whithers Detective Bureau at noon, Hogan and I want his employer there too. In the meantime lets get some sleep."

At exactly 11.59. A. M. the reporters stepped into Detective Inspector Sew Codyn office in the Detective Bureau, at Desplains street station. The little Virriams were there too for they too were to be questioned.

"Yes, you reporters can stay" said Chief Whitemore "if we kick you boys out youll be telling your officer

everything you know much too soon. Sit down and keep quiet."

Present were Detective Burns, the main Chief Wenthworth Himsdale, and Brown; also Reesmann and Captain Barnet the Fire Marshall, and the Fire Chief Moran, Hogan assistant Director walked in and said:

"Holzenburg, here and he doesnt like it what happened in his store. Hes mad as a wet hornet and acts as if we set the fire. I told him we cant help it if he ruined."

"We'll leave him untill last then untill he cools down" said Burns. "Bring

Henri Zimmermann, in" Hogan went out and brought George H Zimmermann an employee of the Barber supply shop. He sat down, and nudged by Burns Withers said:

"What time did you quit work the day of the fire?"

"At 8.15. I worked overtime" said Zimmermann. "Mr Holzenburg who is a firm Catholic sent me out to see if the brand new barber chair was coming in the afternoon, and when I came back at five o clock the other employees were just leaving. We usually work untill 5:30. or six I asked him why I was to work overtime and he said he wanted to get home

early to his family and I was to mind his shop.

"When you left was the stock in place?"

"Well he brought in more stock than usual. He hoped to have a big sale on for next Saturday and I didnt pay much attention"

"Big sale?" asked Barnet.

"We hoped so. a man and a woman came in and they were there fully an hour and a half. I did not know why but they often sized up the sky light above us. The man apparently was her husband. I think but I — I didnt like their looks. I thought they were going

to buy the place out they looked it over so much, but they finally left without buying a thing."

"You said they sized up the sky light?"

"Yes it was very unusual. The woman made out some kind of note and handed it to her husband, who put it in his pocket. I did not see the note but I could see by means of a looking glass that she looked to make sure I wasnt glancing her way as she handed it to him. But I saw her do it."

The reporters noted that the investigators present, as well as the little girls were suddenly all attention. They were all leaning forward a little

and seemed to be hanging on the last statement made by Zimmermann.

"Can you tell us the womans address?" asked Withers tensely

"No. Mr Holzenburg handled the whole deal himself and was surprised and disappointed that the two didnt buy anything, and wondered why they examined the skylight so much."

Bebout nudged another reporter and whispered: "They're the firebugs I'll bet"

"Can you place the situation?"

"No" he said. "Something to do with a fire" said Bebout. He closed his eyes

and began thinking deeply.
Next came Fred Snyder a painter. He had read about the fire in the morning paper and had telephoned Hogan to say he thought he knew something that might be of value to the police. Hogan had listened a moment and then abruptly had told Snyder to wait where he was that a car would be along to pick him up and bring him down to the Des plaines.

And he was now ushered into Cody's office and introduced by Hogan. His story brought investigators and the little girls to the edge of their chairs. Briefly he told of see-

ing four men unloading large tinfoil cartons in front of the Barber Supply shop the hour of 10:30. just before the fire. The men he said took the boxes from a small truck parked on Halsted Street in front of the shop and after looking cautiously around carried them inside. Each man made about four trips carrying a carton each time" said Snyder "and they seemed very heavy.

"Where were you then?" asked Hogan.

"Across the street. I live there when I went there after work and I found the door broken open.

I telephoned Holzenburg and he ordered me to repair the lock see what the men brought and lock the door. The expensive chair was there then and so I obeyed I examined the cartons and found that they were heavy and he answered that it was strange as he did not order any thing in cartons. He wanted me to open one of them and report its contents, but I couldnt. I didnt have the tools. So he told me to get tools but when I obeyed and got back the explosion came. The first explosion almost got me."

Holzenburg is the man who is victimized all right poor fellow" said Whiters after Snyder was thanked heartily and

excused. "Bring Henry Mc Coy in".

He was the owner of the Sedwick hotel. He said that there were no gas pipes in or around the Barber Beauty Shop. Several of the surviving tenants had stated that they had smelled gasoline fumes a half hour before the fire. Mc Coy then said that Holzenburg was $225-0 ahead on his store rent and $15-0 ahead in his electric light bill, as he was running up a good business.

"We are certainly getting a case" said Whithers after Mc Coy went but Anyone else before we console Holzenburg and cool down his temper."

"Holzenburgs bank

said Hogan, "showed the Companys full account is $125,080 with 30000 interest, and there was a paid bank loan of $3156."

"Bring the poor man in" said Withers soberly.

Holzenburg came in looking angry and there was a hint of annoyance in his dark spectacled eyes.

"Whats the idea of keeping me waiting boys" he said loudly "Do I sit down or stand up".

"Sit down" said Withers "and take your hat off. The little Virians are in here".

He looked in their direction and smiled.

"Say I dont understand this" he glared

around him at the eyes of the investigators "Should get a little sleep boys" he added insultingly "and you might be able to see straight. Detectives?" he laughed "If I were the mayor of this city I'd have every one of you pounding a beat. My store ruined the whole hotel gutted, nearly a hundred people burned to death and still you aint got the devil who did this. Detectives? bah"

"Steady boys" said Withers as several of the investigaters got up. "I'd like to punch his sneering face myself but we cant afford anything like that And

remember his loss has got him like that He'll get over it" and he ordered the man to be seated.

"Why did you do it, Mr Holzenburg?" asked Withers crisply

"Do what? Say what is this? You keep me waiting out there to tell me I'm under arrest?"

"No we have no reason for that That is not the point Why do you lose your temper Holzenburg Can we help it if we do not know who the fire bugs are. Give us time"

"Give you time. Boy I have a right to be laughing at you" said Holzenburg I have only $15,000 in insurance

and $125,000 in stock I've only got the $15,000. Do you think I'm crazy?"

"You may be when you don't be reasonable, and lose your temper like this. And remember the owner of the book store is a bigger loser than you. He told us he can never recover his loss as most of his books were the rarest volumes" said Withers "And we can't help it if you lose $125,000 in stock because of the fire We can't just jump out of our shoes and catch the arsonists"

"Devils you mean. Give them their proper names" sneered Holzenburg.

"Didn't some people

come into your store and pretended to want to by something Saturday."

"Pretend to want to do what?"

"Buy something"

Holzenbungs eyes still flashed angrily.

"Cut the Comedy boys." he said loudly. "I did not make any sale. They only wanted to rubber at the sky light. That woman stretched her neck so much I thought she was a kangaroo."

The investigators and the little girl laughed.

"Whats the address of that "Kangaroo" and her male companion that paid more attention to your sky light than what was in the store?"

"So you think I got all the "dope eh? I wish to heaven I had though. I dont know their address and wish I did. They did'nt by buy anything. all I know is thats shes a cowgirl from California and owns a ranch there She came in and sure I could-nt pry into her business by asking her address. But what got me is their continual sizing up of the store and the sky light"

He gave descriptions of the two, and what they wore which one of the investigators put into a note book. Then Hogan smiled and

(H-I) said:
"Holzenburg, up to now I had you placed as a sad loser with brains. You've shattered my illusions completely. The first thing you should have done you dumbbell in even and attempt at a big sale is make sure of the address. Her husband took a suspicious note from her."
"Yes I saw that" said Holzenburg grinning cockily "you're up against it boys. Big hotel burned, scores of people burned to death and cant find clues as to who the fiends are I got an answer to every question"
"Answer this one" said Withers "What were the cartons that unknown

to you were delivered to your place a few hours before the fire?"
"I'll admit you got me there" said Holzenburg "If I had had sense enough to go and see when I was phoned this would not have happened".
If you didnt have sense enough you would have come into your shop in time to be blown out" grinned Burns.
"What do you mean?"
"Well from the distance you live you would have got to your shop just in time to be killed. Well any way you sure are in a jam" said Withers "If you cant give us inform-

ation how do you expect us to apprehend your enemies?"

"But I have no enemies, or business rivals. I can prove that easily. and you must know too that these little girls here lived in a room or two on the fourth floor directly above my store."

"You're sleuthing deeper in the yarn." said Wenthworth. He turned to Sessmann. "Ever hear such a screwy answer to a question?"

"no" said Sessmann disgustedly.

"And he blames us because we cant find the fiends" said Brown.

"Do you think those two are implicated in the horrible dis-

aster?" cried Holzenburg.

"Yes" said Hinsdale.

"But they're not my enemies. They were strangers to me and-"

"Maybe so. But they sized up the skylight so much and that is mighty damn suspicious. We've got some excellent witnesses for the inquest. If those two didnt do it personally, what they probably did was hire fire bugs to set the fire. Our job is to find out who those fire bugs are and its going to be no easy task"

"That's what you say" said Holzenburg angrily "my gosh boys I tell you (you) you've got

to do something and I tell you why. I firmly believe it was an attempt upon those little Virians."

"You do? How do you make that out?"

"Because their rooms were directly above the Barber Supply Shop, on the Fourth floor."

Upon leaving the building he said to reporters angrily:

"Tell your readers to get those dummies out of office and put some school kids in, its the only way they'll ever clean up the Hotel fire."

The Virians were next questioned It was learned they left their former place of residence

after Angelines disappearance to secretly hide themselves and identy for fear that Mrs Geoge may have Confederates who may attack any one of them next, So from that the detectives could not believe that any one set the fire with the purpose to burn them.

The inquest was started on December 8th and lasted three days. Fifty two persons were called to testify and among them was Holzenburg.

"Is it true" said the County Prosecuter "that your strange visitors a customers hired

someone to saturate the floor with or with gasoline and to fire it to ruin you?"

"I cannot say, I speak truly" said Holzenburg loudly "and if the floor was only saturated, how come they say my shop was blown out. I will admit the truth and tell you I had sent a man to buy me five gallons of floor oil varnish from a paint store with the purpose to put it on the floor. Can that blow out my store and burn the building? The investigators said they smelled gasoline. I didnt have to put my nose to the hole. I smelled it from where I stood".

"Your oil didnt smell like gasoline did it?" asked the Prosecuter.

"No and I can prove by the paint store it wasnt gasoline. If you suspect those two, then it was I the fool for not trying to get their address - ahem, if under surpicion could they not change their address, and even their appearance if I did describe them, and they know it?"

The inquest developed testimony of many residents surrouning of the fire swept building who said they smelled gasoline on the building the night of the fire.

Other tenants however said they thought the odor was benzine a naphta. Because of the sharp difference

of opinion the Coroner declared the evidence in conflict and withheld an official verdict placing blame for the holocaust.

Many more bodies had been found bringing the death toll to one hundred and thirteen.

The fact the little Vinians escaped from the inferno of their room seemed absolutely miraculous and they were questioned at Burns head quarters concerning their strange escape. Strange to say even after their spectacular rescue they afterwards helped in the rescue work. Yet they did not know that the fire was set really to kill them. They

thought that Holzenburg must have secret business enemies and they burned him out."

In Inspector Lodys office a day later investigators went into a nervous huddle.

"This thing is getting top heavy" said Whiters. "We got loads of evidence that the fire started in Holzenburgs shop and was of incendiary origin. God, the poor little kids that perished in this holocaust. But we have not a solid bit of evidence on which to bare the guilt of his two strange would be customers. And they have vanished as if into thin air. We are positive they're

guilty whether they're his enemies or the secret enemies of the little Virians. (They were innocent) If Holzenburg only knew who they were"

Surely his financial status is evidence but not enough that Holzenburg must have secret enemies. The plug in the wall board from the toaster is evidence but not conclusive. Defense attorneys can easily find reasons to win a defense for his foes If we could only find this Mable Williams woman whom he says is her name. That probably was not her name though"

"There one name of a woman that disturbs me though"

said Hogan. I've heard it some where"

"So have I" said Detective Belout, It is in connection with the kidnapping and mysterious disappearance of little Angeline Vinan. I've been looking through newspaper files since Snyder mentioned it. I can see it in my mind in some little clipping I saw. no big story. Something little"

Maybe from out of town" said Burns. "Something not important here, but a big story Some where else, er - er - from Pasadina California"

"Mrs Jane George" cried Hogan He was standing up and staring

excitedly at Belout I think I remember remember his name - now some-thing in connecting with a fire. And rem-ember what Holzenburg said. His store is directly under the sect ion of the building the room of the little Vinians. And the sky light. See the point. If the explos ion sent the sky light to spice pieces the fire would mush-room through the building cutting off their escape in any direction."

"That's what I'm saying" said Belout. "I'll bet it was an attempt to burn those poor little girls to death be-cause Mrs George is

in the police station for the disappearance of little Angeline"

Detective Withers was directly to the phone. He called the Bureau and ordered them to make an immediate search of old "wanted files" Ten minutes later they called back. "There's a Michael John George wanted for questioning in a case against Henry Commons a profession-al fire bug of Detroit." the clerk told Withers. Commons is now in Western Penitent-iary at Pittsburg for firing a rubber ing manufacturing company in Detroit Michigan. George is charged with no crime.

He's merely wanted for questioning by Michigan authorities."

"When Withers relayed this information to the investigators in the room there was a sudden gleam of elation in every ones eyes.

"We've got to find this guy," said Hogan

"Cant do it" said Withers "That George has been wanted for three months for questioning and cannot be found. This Common they've got locked up at Pittsburg I'm running down there to see him"

"What for?" asked Hogan

"I was talking long distance with the District Attorney of Beaver Falls Pennsylvania this afternoon.

He told me Commons had been the brains of arson plots from New York to San Francisco and from San Francisco to St Louis."

"Chances are he wont open his mouth" said Hogan. "Why not some of his gang They've got six or seven in the jail at Beaver Falls serving terms for an Ambridge fire I'd call them the best bets for saying something sure"

"Okay" lets go there" said Withers

So they went to Beaver Falls Pennsylvania and in the County jail there they were introduced to four of the fire bugs involved in the Ambridge

School house fire. Their names are not mentioned They were serving two and one half to five year terms, No. They did not know anything. They laughed at Withers Hogan and others.

The Chicago Sedwick Hotel fire? What about it? The Investigators returned to Chicago the next day on a fast train no wiser than before their trip.

But sometimes it is some little insignificant move on the part of crime detectors that starts a ball rolling directly towards the solution of a crime.

The trip to Beaver Falls was one of those little moves. About a day later the District Attorney telephoned Withers

long distance and said.

"Your trip to Beaver Falls got one of our prisoners upset. He keeps asking me if he'll hang himself by saying something?"

"Which one?" asked Withers tensely.

Abie Cohen. He was chauffer for the arson gang and he seems to know something about your Sedwick Hotel fire."

So the Detective went down to Beaver Falls again. And Abie Cohen talked. He said a tall man by the name of Henry George came to Pittsburg about five days ago to see Commons. I heard him talking to Commons, and he wanted dope on how to start a fire and

get away with it. When Commons heard what place it was he wouldnt give him advise on the job. He said he does not start fires that burn people to death?'

"How do you know it was that man by the name of George?" asked Whiters scarcely able to conceal his excitement.

"He didnt hide his name He said for some reason he wanted to kill five little girls by fire."

"Five little girls by fire"

"Yes indeed. He didnt hide that either Ides mad as a wet hen because one of them caused the conversion of his nephew to

the Catholic Faith."

How about the other, John George I mean?" asked Hogan.

"maybe he met his brother through Commons" said abe. "But even God knows its true that none of us would ever get into anything like the Sedwick Fire. We'll burn buildings but not people, and we wouldnt do it for nothing either you'll come to Chicago and testify if we catch the culprit?"

"yes positively."

Commons had been questioned in his cell in the Western Prison without success.

"I never heard of any one by the name of George and dont want to

know his kind. We burn houses not innocent lives." he said.

This information caused the arrest of Mr Henry George. But he was out on a writ of habeas corpus the next morning from the reason that it was proved he was home from seven o'clock the night of the fire until late the next morning.

Chapter Twenty First.

Blazing Death for the Registered 650.

Horrible manslaughter. Screaming horrible horor. Diabolic Cunning Things revealed behind the Gigantic Hospital fire.

After conference with Burns about Don Angeline Violet tearfully stepped over to the window of the Station. Cold damp breezes from Lake Michigan waved Jennies dress as she stepped outside.

"There was a crash — a terrific roar. Violet and her sisters saw the sky soon get to a molten iron color. In the direction of the brilliant glare they immediately fired the scene of the fire."

"Its our original place at 201 Halsted Street" Violet groaned, as she and her sisters tore out into the street already sirens were shrieking above the din of clanging bells.

Ten minutes later the little girls arrived at the fire.

They saw from the third floor windows hysterical women beating and shrieking the alarms of those on the Halsted Street side silhouetted against the raging flames behind them.

Four alarms had sounded and thirty fire Companies were on the scene.

Police and firemen raced in and out of the roaring inferno

to save women and children. Screams of the dying were horrifying and terrifying

Violet and her sisters learned that some sort of an air vent in the lower rear part of the building leading to the roof caused the fire to spread so rapidly.

So for four hours that night they watched firemen play on this second tragic fire they were witnessing

So even them there seemed to be no question that the fire had originated in the basement.

To them this second fire seemed mighty odd. This was only the fourth day since the hotel

fire, and they had gone back to their old home on Halsted and Adams.

They while watching this fire tearfully remembered the Hotel fire and that the fire had originated in the rear of the Barber supply store,

They had noticed adjoining it was a million dollar book store and the force of the explosion not only had pulverized the reinforced wall separating the stores but had warped the opposite wall of the burned hotel's Barber Book store so that it bellied out twenty inches.

That the horrible hotel fire was a

set, the little girls still felt positively sure, but they had had not the slightest suspicion that the fire was set to burn them, for such case was not reported in the papers,

It would have been better if they had been told this then they would (not) have been spared a real horror from fire.

They had the idea that the owner of the Hotel had business enemies and that they used the Barber supply store to set the fire.

Some days after the second fire Evans rented for them the only vacant upper floor rooms

of a large handsomely shaped three story frame house on Jackson Boul. near Aberdeen Street. For its interior it was a beautifully decorated building but some what ove proportioned for the usual size of wooden houses. It was seventy feet wide and two hundred feet long.

It had an immense veranda and plenty of windows all around. Yet if it was once afire being an old structure it would prove to be a dreadful firetrap.

Had Violet or her sorrowing sisters known that the Model Bedunck, and the place on the corner

of Halsted and Adams were set on fire to get them they would have been so apprehensive that they through Evans would have had all portions of this wooden house inside and out strictly guarded But they had no suspicion and therefore did nothing of the kind The second fire was also under investigation but there was no clues of that one being of incendiary origin.

The people who owned the house were greatly struck by the beauty of the little girls and their strange golden hair but would have been afraid to take

them in as tenants if they only but had the slightest suspicion that the two fires had been set to burn them. To state it again George was arrested on suspicion for the second fire but again he got out on Habeas Corpus, the next day. Holzenburg angrier than ever threatened to complain to the mayor. He wanted satisfaction for his loss and reviled the police and detectives because the firebugs were still at large and threatened their jobs.

Then came blaze number three.

A midnight alarm as before at the same time of the Sedwick

Hotel fire flashed into headquarters and fire companies raced from many Chicago fire stations to the occupied tenant house near Aberdeen on Jackson.

When firemen reached the scene the building in the rear from the first floor porch to the top was like a high crackling bonfire.

Quickly the men swung into action. Hose lines were laid apparatus were employed with military precision. But the mounting flames beginning to race through the interior of the structure drove back the firemen from the intense heat literally absorbed the streams of water

poured upon the blazing structure. Then came horrible scenes. The firemen fighting valiantly to protect surrounding structures and claiming the building was doomed, heard screams from parts of the building not yet enveloped by the fire.

"Desperate rescue work began while newly arriving fire men struggled to bring hose lines into play.

High pressure streams began to stab at the inferno clouds of steam reflected the glaring light of the flames.

The fire without yet half consuming the first house spread. A four story factory caught

and quickly became an inferno. Second alarm. Third alarm, Fourth alarm. More and more Chicago fire apparatus clanged into position to join the struggle against the menacing flames. The roar of throbbing Engines, again added to the din.

With ladders firemen rescued the terrified tenants But the building and the factory were doomed and both. soon be came like a volcano of flames. The fire was beyond control.

An awful strong wind was blowing the heat from the factory was terrific and the big wooden house tenanted by-

Violet and her sister and others stilling sleeping began rapidly to catch at an unseen spot just as the first flaming house began to be brought under control.

That building soon became enveloped and the cursing firemen causing a general alarm to be sounded had a dreadful time rescueing the tenants. Skurmers school and building adyoining were threatened.

Above the roaring of the flames and the noise of the crowd that was milling to and fro watching the fire came the noise of more

fire companies in answer to a four four alarm, as a fourth structure was now afire. It took nearly eight hours to get the flames under control in the other buildings but the factory was still a raging inferno.

Then one of the firemen said:

"It sure is awful I'm sure glad I dont have to tell the chief"

"How many did they find James?" the second fire man asked, as he continued to pour water on the smoking ruins.

"Sixteen of them, burned to a crisp and stinking. and four of em young kids,

I tell you its awful."

"That aint all" said the second "See the way the first house burned. Thats a plant sure as the devil, some yellow livered skunk set that house on fire and murdered them sixteen people."

As as the new day wore on the flames of the other buildings subsided, (though the factory still smouldered fiercely) then died down then finally stopped altogether revealing the blackened skeletons of what had been three story wooden houses.

Because of the factory still burning most of the crowd now concentrated there

there. The owners of the burned homes stood where they were their eyes big red hollows of horror as they either stared at the ground or gazed tearfully at their ruined property.

The owner of the huge wooden house gazed before him unseeing.

A woman still was beside him and she too did not move.

Only then smudges of smoke billowed from the structure and presently the firemen entered through what had been the living room.

The smoke was still too dense and drove them back.

Where are the little

Urians who had at the advice of their guardian moved into here? Had any one seen them?

The firemens query was taken up outside among what remained of the crowd.

But none had seen either these occupants of the house or knew they lived in the building.

Then as the investigators broke remaining windows for ventilation and fought their way through acrid fumes the excitement grew, rumors spread that the little Urians and their great guardian could not be found.

The remaining crowd, was apprehensive

morbidly expectant.

Inside the house two helmmetted and rubber coated firemen pushed their way to a partly burned stair way to the second floor.

On the right was a smoke filled room already badly charred and another that the flames had not reached. Quickly they saw it was not occupied.

They turned now to the left walking carefully over the badly burned floor and were confronted with a closed door. It was locked strangely the key slid in

the lock but on the outside. It wouldnt turn. One of the firemen kicked it open The door knob was still too hot to touch.

Immediately there surged out upon them a wave of intense heat smoke and the nauseating odor that both recognized as that of burned human flesh.

Momentarialy they hesitated then pushed on into the room.

The dancing rays of the electric torches played tag with each other presently resting on the same objects.

The men were prepared in a manner for the sight that met their eyes, but

even so they recoiled in horror On the floor besides four beds or what was left of the beds were what appeared to be the charred blackened bodies of four persons all burned beyond hope of recognition.

One of the firemen cursed, turned away "Lets get out of here untill the smoke clears there's nothing we can do for em now"

Retreating they made their way back to their stair way descended and grouped their way out into the fresh Autumn air.

Afterwards when all was clear they entered again. After some time they came to only one more remaining

room. They opened the door quickly A wave of withering heat came from there and moans of intense misery. The firemen dashed in. In beds partly burned, but also soaking wet were the Vivians fastened by ropes so they could not get out

They had been badly burned but not fatally. Strange coincidence of the situation was that the hair on the heads of every one of them was not burned. They were unconscious.

The firemen hastily called Detectives and showed them the little girls roped to the beds. They were at once rushed off to the nearest

hospital. Police and firemen at first wondered why the flames had not spread rapidly enough to destroy them altogether but they soon found out the reason why.

The room in which Violet and her sisters had slept had walls and ceiling constructed of heavy fire (proof) & proof plaster board and the floor was covered with a fire resisting linoleum When the door was closed this made the room a veritable incinerator in which a fire could burn briskly for some time before finally breaking through the floor or the

window or the door into the hall. The result had been that bedding, clothing and furniture had served as fuel to threaten to cremate the little girls and that they escaped being burned to death. It was a profound miracle. And also a hose stream going into the room roused them and the beds wiping out what fire there was in the room, and thus saving them in time. A bevy of fire department officials angry disgusted and furious stood clustered on the porch of this house. They were the same who were at the hotel fire. The fire marshall the assistant

Fire Chief Whithers Burns, Seisemann Mr Wenthworth, Brown and some high ranked investigators including Owens Moore a head investigator.

Smell this which I took from the first place that burned." Moore was saying "Smell it, its gasoline."

"Gasoline" cried Whithers, turning white. Up to now he had had no thought of it being an incendiary fire and no one had yet told him how the Vivians had been found. Near by stood the Skinner school which had also partly

caught from the conflagration. The schoolchildren who were now coming were joining the crowds, most of them (young) going to watch the firemen who were still battling the ruins of the smouldering factory.

The other men nodded.

"Its the only trace we can find in the whole house," Owens said. And the gasoline is all over what remained of the porch. Its arson all right."

"Damn!" "Damn the luck" said Wuthers hotly "And Holzenburg still yelling at us because the fire bugs are still at large. He went to

an attorney yesterday complaining about us. And he'll have us out of jobs. Ides madder than ever. And he'll have the laugh on us because of this fire and that settles it. We got to do something This is arson and first degree murder We'd better call the Homicide Squad. Now we got three fires to investigate at one time. We've got to catch those fiends or Holzenburg will have the whole city down on us. He thinks were punk detectives!"

Fifteen minutes later detectives Preston Leander and others of the Homicide squad were conferring eagerly with

the firemen on the porch.
A bearded man tall and slim who also had been frantic during the fire they learned was the owner of every building that burned except the factory. And in his large garage were the almost unrecognizable bodies of the twenty victims of the fire.

"There were about eighteen people besides those little Vivians in the last house that caught fire" said Owens Moore to the detectives "The only ones who got out slept on the first and second floor The four dead ones lived on the third floor. The Vivians occupied a side room on the second floor.

with the owner and his wife.

"Still no one came to tell about the rapes. The Detectives first step after their conference was to interview the man who had turned in the alarm.

He was Edward Galien Hines, a German, and he lived directly opposite the house which first blazed up Hermes was a young man alert and slender

Readily he explained how he had been awakened by smoke filtering in through his window. At once he saw the house across the street in flames.

He hurried into his clothes ran for the

fire box and pulled the alarm. and as he ran back to the fire he saw a tall man clad in only a black robe standing helplessly in the street.

"Who was the man?" asked Burns.

"It was I believe the owner though I dont know his name. He kept saying over and over that five of the Vinan kids were in one of the houses catching fire. and while he was saying that the engines were pulling up and the people of (and) the first and second floors were running out crying and screaming."

"Did you notice his wife too"?

"Yes I did notice the woman, but when

his mother not his wife. Right after the engines arrived she jumped from a second countdow on the side."

Leaving Holmes Burns and Whithers soon located the families of Pa Perkins and his wife who had occupied the first floor.

Mr Perkins declared that he and his family had retired at eleven o clock all of them had slept soundly and were aware of no danger untill the fire and smoke awakened them.

"By the way" Burns said as he and Whithers were on the verge of leaving "Do you have any particular use for

gasoline?"
The man reddened, sharply replying.
"None whatsoever sir. There never been a drop used in my house at any time I hope you are not insinuating-"
"No no, not at all Mr Perkins" Burns said apologetically "Just a routine question no offense"
Another Vivian family but French people after being burned out of house and home were staying with friends several blocks away It consisted of mr and mrs Vivian and their three children Sester, Jean and Joan Vivian.
The detectives found them bewildered and troubled.
The Vivians like the

Perkins had retired early and did not awaken untill the smoke and fire enveloped them.
Notifying or modifying the question that had stirred Mr Perkins to anger Burns inquired whether they knew of anyone in the house who had the occasion to use gasoline.
The Vivians knew of no one. No could they venture any question about the cause of the fire.
"By the way mrs Vivian" Burns said casually "How long have you been living in that house?"
"All my life so far as I was born there, and I own the place" mrs Vivian replied

pursing her lips.
"Are you and your wife very well acquainted with Mr Sweeney who lived in this house and his mother or any of their friends?"
Mrs Vivian replied: "Not very well acquainted as they lived with us for only three months. Just enough to chat with for a few minutes when ever we met. That's about all. From what we know of them they are very fine people and very good Catholics."
Sato satisfied for the present with the information of the Vivians the Detectives took their leave.
In the home of friends not far from

the ruins of his own home the Detectives found Mrs Sweeney with her leg bandaged and her son both looking tired and disconsolate.
"I have'nt the slightest idea what caused the tragic fire," Mr Sweeney himself said, stroking his chestnut hued beard. "Unless" he hesitated a moment then continued "Unless it could have been the oil burner in the basement of the Vivians house it's comparatively new you know."
Withers shook his head.
"I'm afraid I'll have to change your mind on that Mr Sweeney. I've been over what's left of the house

with the fire officials They have checked and examined the oil burners and everything else in the basement and we found that there is nothing responsible for the damage."

Mr Sweeneys eyes narrowed appraising the Detective through lowered lids. Then shrugging he said. "Thats the only thing I can think of. If thats not the cause then I must confess Im completely in the dark."

Burns made no reply to this and Whitcher brought the interview around to the victims.

"Will you tell us Mrs Sweeney what the sleeping arrangements were for everybody

in the home of the Vivian family including the boarders at the time of the fire?"

Mrs Sweeney explained that her own daughter Jennie who is married and the maid Mrs Sarah had shared a room in the attic. In a room adjoing the dining room the Vivians family slept while the boarders shared a room adjoining the parlor in the front. She said the strange beautiful golden haired little Vivian girls shared a big side room on the second floor."

"What time did everybody in the house retire last night?" Burns inquired.

"Oh at different times. But by eleven thirty everybody was in their beds. The strange golden haired Vivian Children with a tall bull faced guardian retired at seven thirty that is not him for he lived down stairs. He too was badly burned they say But my husband didnt get home until about eleven thirty. I heard him coming in."

"Thats right" the doctor nodded as though he suddenly had refreshed his memory. It was (eleve) eleven fifteen when I got into my room. I was visiting friends on Jersey Avenue."

"Their names and

address please?" Burns requested.

"Mr and Mrs Andrews of 1916 Jersey Avenue Im sure they'll bear me out."

"Now about the boarders. Mrs Sweeney" Burns said turning to the woman "I'd like to know something about them."

"There little I can tell you. Really those strangly golden haired children were unusually good children and very firm Catholics They rented the place only two days ago, owned by the French Vivian people. The golden haired kids had few friends and Mrs Vivian told us that the day

they came they looked terribly scared and upset about something. As for the man you first questioned he was with us for years He was a real Estate Broker but is single I think He's about 60."

"Did he ever have any interest in your property?"

"None whatsoever"

"I suppose its covered by Insurance"

"Yes it is, £116.000."

Burns entered that in his report book. and with out looking up said quietly to the "Doctor:

By the way Dr Sweeney did you notice anything extraordinary when you arrived home late last night?"

The Doctor was

puzzled, shook his head,

"No I'm quite sure? noticed nothing at all."

"You went up the front stairs?"

"Yes I certainly did."

"Did you detect any odor of gasoline as you mounted the porch?"

Doctor and Detective locked glances. The former paled. Mrs Sweeney gasped and echoed:

Gasoline? Gasoline? Good God. What in Heavens name are you getting at? We never use gasoline"

Allowing Burns no time to reply the doctor answered the question with a vague smile.

"Sorry officer I

neither saw nor smelled any such thing"

"Mrs Sweeneys face was purple with indignation.

"I want to know what you mean by that question?" she insisted her voice rising to a vibrant high pitch. Burns looked stern.

"I mean just this Mrs Sweeney The French Vivians had new boarders come in a few days ago, Mr Jack Evans and the five little golden haired Vivian girls. They have some unknown fiery enemy. The burning of your house and the others was by no means an accident. These places were burned deliberately willfully to

kill the little Vivians who came to the Vivian home three nights ago. and who ever is to blame dont care who perishes so long they get them, and they spilled a flooding trail of gasoline all over the porch and porch stairs"

Paling rapidly Mrs Sweeney sank back in her chair shocked and dismayed.

"But - but who could have done such an awful thing?" she cried. "and why set my house on fire. The Vivians didnt room here? Why would they - they want to burn - the- the Vivian kids?"

"That's just what we aim to find out" said Withers "The same darn party set fire to the Sedwick Hotel, and another place where the little girls nightly lived for the same purpose."

A few more pointed questions brought out the fact, that the two Sweeneys did not know of any one who would want to burn their house down or cause five or six houses to go up at one time to kill the little Vivian kids.

At a hint about the tenants the two scoffed at the mere thought. The two families were very fine people they maintained and had

constantly looked upon the little girls as little angels come into their midst Burns and Withers bid them good day.

Burns face was wreathed in curious furrows.

"We're up against something tough" he muttered. "Dr Sweeney and his mother are pretty convincing in saying that they know nothing about this business."

"For that matter so are the rest of the people we've questioned" Withers retorted. "But who ever wants to burn those holy little Vivian kids to death knows something about their kidnapped sister, I'll

be bound and either wants to cover up, or revenge the arrest of Mrs George. He was or is "worse than a (fiend) fiend!"

"At headquarters Burns was shown the ropes that had held the little girls to their beds. and this was more convincing than ever that the fire was set to kill Violet and her sisters.

It was about five o clock. Dusk already enveloped the rain lashed city and a chill breeze bringing with the rain wet snow was sweeping morsely up and down the street and whistling through

the blackened houses of flame and death with a hollow mocking sound.

"Before calling it a day Burns suggested "lets try the neighbors, and find out if they saw any body around the Sweeney porch between mid night and the time the fire started."

But thorough as they were in checking that important point they failed to learn anything. During the next two days Burns and Whithers were working quietly unobtrusively, And out of the mass of information they gathered about (a) every body in the house,

three facts stood out from everything else with startling prominence.

After Violet and her remaining sisters had come to live in the house of the Vivian family neighbor had been pestered with the question about the Vivians when they came, why they came who was with them what school they went to, and so on by two strange men wearing gray suits and accompanied by a woman old and hedious and dressed in black

So far the investigators had found a maddening wall of impregnable facts supporting every one

of the Sweeney actions and statements.

Later that evening at Headquarters Burns and Withers digested the accumulation of facts of the last two days. It was a discouraging vexing process, for every statement, every alibi, every fact fitted snugly, thus establishing the veracity of all persons concerned.

"Hell" Brown growled. "all this adds up to a long row of zeros. Yet somebody is to blame. That pack of the Sweeney's home wasn't saturated by gasoline falling from Heaven".

"This is pretty far fetched" said Withers

"But there's just a possibility that the one who set the hotel set this. But we don't know who it is. It can be possible you know that it might be another one of those firebugs sent by the other who fired the hotel. Some body absolutely unrelated to any of the people in the case. But what gets me is this. Why did that party surprise the Vivian kid asleep tie them securely to their beds with ropes, and yet set the Mc Sweeney house on fire first instead of the place the Vivians roomed in?"

"Burns fingers tips drummed the desk.

"Probably the firebugs

set the Mc Sweeny house afire first by mistake, forgetting which house the Vivians were in. If that's really so then we've got to make a clean start. I'm trying to find out who bought that rope, and from what store" -the implication probably "which means that we'd be looking for nothing less than a phantom. We are absolutely without clues if it is a firebug or more than one."

"Listen" Wuthers said. "This rope mystery gets me. Why not let the arson squad check up again on

this fire bug theory and the hope while we keep on the present angle. Cant go wrong that way. And also keep that Mr Henry George secretly and closely shadowed."

They did so.

The next morning the arson squad reported that they had located a waiter in an all night (Inn) Inn a restaurant near the Sweeney house who had an interesting story to tell.

Busy Burns and

Whiters soon were interviewing him. The waiter name was Victor Herrer.

"On the night of the fire" he said "four men with a woman that looked like an old witch were in the restaurant eating when the sirens of the fire engines were heard.

The men were very nervous and one of them jumped perceptibly to his feet when an engine roared past the restaurant.

"Whats the matter Henry?" the old hag cackled "I thought you said the sound of the fire engines wouldnt bother you?"

Victor gave a fair description of the four men and the woman and declared that he could identify them if he should see them again.

This evidence meant little to the Detectives at that stage of their investigation.

Later when they had their suspects Victor might prove a valuable witness if indeed the nervousness of their four customers meant anything.

But just at that moment the officers didnt have any idea of which of the many they were investigating had set the fire if indeed it hadnt been a person who had not entered the case as yet. The detectives had

gone to the hospital hoping to question Violet and her sisters but they were in such a condition that the Doctor would not permit any one to see them.

Then Heavens the hospital the little Virians had been taken to. was set afire in four places at one time by the same cause while the Detectives were at the height of their investigation.

It would take a whole book to describe in proper detail all of the rescue work, and the difficulty of it. The orderlies and night hospital employees did not wait for the arrival of the fire departments

but started on the rescue work themselves. The hospital was an immense five story building but very old and the fire was spreading with terrifying rapidity. The patients were rescued all of them however but with the greatest difficulty by firemen, Hospital employees, nurses and attendants. It was a dreadful time for the six hundred and fifty patients and many were panicky. For fourteen hours the firemen fought the most stubborn fire in all their career before they brought it under control.

In the other three

fires the walls withstood the heat and did not crash down but the walls of the hospital building collapsed covering the streets with wreckage. Violet and her sisters were taken to St Josephs Hospital and that place was strongly guarded inside and out by secret police.

And Whiten who was on the scene the day after this mid night fire went over the wreckage eagerly with his aid deputy the assistant fire marshall.

Detectives as well as firemen it was their job to determine the origin of this fire which

had wrought such destruction the night before.

Carefully they shifted through each particle of wreckage seeking that tell tale evidence which would establish the fire as an accident or one of incendiary origin.

Through the badly gutted South wing of the building they prowled intently. Here the fire seemed to have raged most intensely. Obviously the blaze had its main origin here.

But even the most minute examination failed to reveal any clue as to how the flames had first sprung into life.

Undeterred by this

initial failure Whitherspoon and Hogan extended their microscopic investigation to the entire length of the structure.

Somewhere there must be a tiny lead which would give them the answers to their question.

But if that lead was there nature or an arch plotter had (cleverly) cleverly contrived to conceal it.

The search was absolutely fruitless.

The two men exchanged puzzled glances. Something was radically wrong.

Experience had thought them that in a fire of almost any size the spot where

the blaze first started is invariably marked by the ashy remains of the initial igniting substance.

Yet there was nothing to give them the slightest inkling of the fires origin.

The two experts combed the wreckage again. Once more their efforts were unavailing. It was positive that if the fire was of accidental origin only a highly volatile substance could have touched off such a fiercely consuming fire in a hospital.

But there was no evidence, no remains in the debris to indicate that such a remains had ever been present.

There was then only one answer. The fire had been set. The flames which had gutted the hospital had been touch off beyond doubt, by a master torch a fire-bug who had covered the evidence of his (his) work with studied cunning.

Whithers jaw was set grimly. If, as he was morally certain this was a torch job, the fire investigation bureau had a tough job on their hands.

He knew that the professional arsonist who sets fires with the purpose to kill the victims regardless who perishes with them, is one of the Underworlds most

elusive criminals. He seldom leaves any clues which will point to incendiarism. His touch offs are timed to give him ample opportunity to make a get away and establish an alibi far from the scene of his flaming handy work.

Back at headquarters Burns called a hasty conference of his aides. Carefully they analyzed the features of the hospital fire noted how different these features really paralleled the circumstances surrounding the hotel and the other two fires.

The hotel and Jackson Boulevard fires were started by gasoline. The

fire on the corner of Adams and Halsted was caused by an overheated furnace. But that also pointed to arson. The hospital fire disclosed no clues which would establish the origin of the blaze.

The first three fires had been absolutely instantaneous but except of the hospital fire the one on Jackson Boulevard and the Aberdeen broke all records.

Surely they were not the work of a pyro-a sex maniac a mentally warped person with an insane desire for setting fires to burn girls for the pleasure of it.

They were the cleverly conceived work of a master of his trade.

"One of the Hospital attendants said he smelled something strong and peculiar at the out break of the fire" put in Burns.

Whitters nodded. He was thinking the same thing and one of the smoke eaters had reported that he had smelled the biting fumes of celluloid when he first came on the scene.

Celluloid a volatile and highly combustible substance is a compound which cleft left no ashes to betray its presence. A time length candle

set in a compact heap of the stuff - celluloid feed lines leading away from the burned tapers a sudden flash as the candle burns down to its base and flames erupted into crackling fury.

Whitters could see the picture clearly in his mind.

Were these four recurrent fires the work of the same person or was it a whole gang, or was some cunning terrorist on the rampage against the little Indians for something?

Burns and Whitters thought they knew the answers to both questions. The reason-

ably restricted area in which the fires had occured and each three days apart from each other precluded the idea of coincidence.

The similarity of the two other fires on Jackson, and the hotel blaze, bespoke the cunning genius of a single hand.

Burns orders to his men were brisk and tense Get the Chicago tach. Guard St Josephs Hospital night and day."

Already millions of dollars worth of property had gone up in flames and many persons had perished. There was no telling where the fire bug might add extra

human lives to his toll of destruction and get the little Vivians yet.

Five minutes after the session terminated the investigation was in full swing.

Working discreetly bureau sleuths probed the recent spy trouble of the little Vivians and sent detectives in various cities to have the supreme heads of the spy rings, Sykes and Fagan apprehended if possible.

If the spies for arson were involved the conspirators had covered their tracks well.

They found out that the powerful Glandelinian spy ring in San Francisco

had gone back to Glam
delinia in late Septem
ber so the honor did
not come from them.
There were no members
any more in new
York. A careful recheck
on the four previous
mysterious fires was
made. Again attempts
were made to see Violet
and her sisters but
the nurse told Whitmers
sadly that they were
still in no condition
to be seen by visitors.
Perhaps in the hos-
pital fire the torch had
overlooked some tiny
detail which might
furnish a clue to
the identification of
the arson terrorist.
Again the investigators
found themselves
stymied.

The hospital (fire) had
been a terrible one.
The structure had been
five stories high, one
thousand feet long
consisting of three
wings each one a
thousand feet long
and four hundred
feet wide.
Hundreds of appa
ratus had again
been deployed with
military precision
But the whole three
wings had been
raging infernoes
They had been
fired in four differ-
ent places at the
time and for
nine hours the
mounting flames
threw such singing
heat despite the
zero weather as

to drive the firemen back again and again. The 100 streams of water seemed only as good as gasoline. The glare of the big fire could be seen outside the city itself.

Fighting bravely as they did, the thousands of firemen were able to protect surrounding property but couldnt save the wings of the hospital. The conflagration menaced the nurses home so badly that the nurses were afraid to stay in and took out most of their belongings until the danger was past.

The hospital buildings themselves

burned as if filled with gasoline and only when the fire consumed so much that there was nothing more left to burn did the firemen finally get it under control.

And then it spread a sea of smoke over that district of the city.

From the speed with which the flames had gained headway in the three wings of the hospital so simultaneously, and from the absence of pre-fire big clues it was positive that celluloid that had been used, was accumulated in great quanity for the touch off.

It was up to the Department to find the source of that celluloid whether purchased or stolen.

A corps of Department investigators were turned loose on the problem hoping to pick up the thread that would lead them to the phantom firebug.

Meanwhile other deputies were at work checking on all paroled fire setters, many were picked up and questioned, The rogue's gallery of arsonists was turned inside out in quest of a man who showed an addiction for mid night fires, the whose speciality was the setting fire

to hospitals, hotels, and private residences regardless of loss of life and who was devoted to the use of an explosive volatile substance or celluloid for his touch offs.

Days passed however and the investigators were forced to admit themselves checkmated.

Every angle had been checked out since the second fatal blaze on the corner of Adams and Halsted in which two horses went up at one time the arson sleuths were still completely in the dark as to the identy of the elusive torch

man. And where did the arsonist get the gasoline? All peddlers selling gasoline reported selling it daily but never had sold it in cartons but to people in bottles or moderate sized containers. And no gasoline had been stolen from them. And none of these buyers it was proved, bought gasoline, to set fires.

That the fire bug wanted to burn the little Vivians to death was positive. obvious. Was the prisoner Mrs George the cause? Had she secretly engaged a fire bug, or a gang of them to avenge her arrest? She got the third degree on that matter

but to no (avail) (avail) avail.

Chicago fire investigators bureau reeled. It was (maddening) maddening this pursuit of a phantom less tangible in substance than the smoke which marked his trail of death horror and destruction. Daily the situation was growing more acute. Holzerlung was hollering his head off.

The last fire had yielded no clues the search for the cell ward source of supply had failed. Investigation of property owners involved in the mysterious blazes had come

to naught. Nowhere was there the slightest iota of evidence leading to the man they sought.

Plainly a different course was indicated. Chief Burns was prepared to meet the challenge.

A large scale street map of the vast expanse of densely populated territory of Chicago went into position on the wall in the headquarters office.

Colored pins stuck into the map marked the location of the lie agencied to the fire bugs whether one or more.

Then the map was divided into districts

each of which was assigned to a special group of fire marshalls around the area formed by the fire bug for his operations Burns was throwing a cordon from which he was certain his man would not escape

With fresh determination to trap their quarry the investigators took up their post

They sifted through their districts listening, watching, asking idle questions. They chatted casually with shopkeepers fraternized with cabbies, lounged with street loafers.

Whithers himself had not long to wait before the plan seemed to bear fruit. Out of the mass of extraneous information which filtered through the hands of the arsonist sleuths came one constantly recurring reference, the mentioning of a mysterious presence of an owlish stout like powerfully built man who drove a shiny black sedan.

It was significant that the stranger had invariably been seen in the neighborhood of the burned hospital before the fire bug had chalked up that last victory.

Burns smiled grimly

"Looks like we are moving at last" he commented as he scanned the corroborating reports.

Quickly he passed the word to his men, to pick up the trail of the "long owl eyed man" in the black sedan.

Meanwhile the bureau men had been joined by skilled arson agents from the National Board of Fire Underwriters, way from New York.

Headed by Bruce Turner the G-men threw their force into the field.

The dreaded fire bug had done the worse fire yet and

and must be stopped.
For a time it was believed that the arson (pot) plot was for insurance after all.

For Violet and her sisters times certainly were bad.
Finally when they could be seen Violet and her sisters after having been given shots to ease their pain from their burns were questioned almost as rigidly as if they were the suspects themselves but they were sure they could prove they had no spy enemies who could wish to burn them.

Then pain stakingly these agents pored over voluminous fire insurance records most carefully. They checked

and rechecked each routine memorandum and major dispositions of fraud on the part of policy holders.
Out of these days of tedious toil emerged one fact which might mean anything or nothing.

But something was wrong. The agents noted that the losses incurred by hospital blaze absorbed to the celluloid fire setter was not cleared through the office of one of Chicago's most prominent insurance adjusters.

Was this the clue for which they were seeking? At first glance it seemed unthinkable. The main

adjuster Michael Bellem
mountained officer in
the Court Square Build-
ing, a sky scraper in
down town Chicago.
Established foreman
of the main city grand
jury and an accepted
leader in civic affairs
Bellem was held in
the highest esteem by
his associates
In addition the broker
had always enjoyed
the fullest confidence
of the highest insurance
interests.
Nevertheless despite
the mans unimpeach-
able standing the
G- men dared not
ignore any possi-
bilities. The broken
office was placed
under constant sur-
veillance. The faces

of all visitors were scan-
ned and their identies
learned. Many were se-
cretly trailed, and their
dossiers added to the
growing arson inves-
tigation file.
Time passed and the
"cat and mouse game"
continued. There was
nothing in the con-
duct of the Bellem
affairs to warrent sus-
picion nothing. That
is except the re-
current visits of
an owlish individual
of stout tough fo-
reboding appearance.
When the news
of this visitor was
relayed to Burns
office he seized upon
it with avidity
Things were begin-
ning to shape up.

Warned either by friends or by psychic criminal institution the stranger of the black sedan had eluded his men.

Now apparently the same fellow had shown up under the very noses of the G-men guarding St Joseph Hospital were warned to watch out for him.

Quickly the two forces pooled their findings.

Out of the joint reports emerged a definite figure and more important a name.

Bellem's unwelcome visitor was a man named Samuel Joe Palooka. About 45 years old he was living in the Sherman hotel and was rated as a business broker.

He was unusually well dressed and drove a shiny black sedan. The G-men's description dovetailed neatly with that obtained by Whitherspoon of the mysterious man seen in the fire ravaged districts.

With this added impetus given the investigation by Burnem men, Burn sleuths took up the trail of the fire bug with renewed determination.

There was still no definite evidence tying Sam Palooka or Bellem into the arson plot, but both investigating forces were certain that they were on the right track at last.

The G-men continued their stake out on

the Insurance adjusters office. Burns ordered a constant trail on the suspected arsonist. Other detectives kept up the watch in the zoned districts and pounded away at the cellulod angle trying to find the source of the firebug touch off supplies.

Burns himself positively sure it was an attempt to burn the Urnam was scared and through him the waiting agents only redoubled their own vigilance.

Something was to break soon.

Unaware that he was being shadowed Sam Paloka, if he was actually the man they were seeking would be found to make an overtmove

apparently Paloka was thought to have done so. Watching agents reported that Paloka accompanied by another man had in one day made frequent trips to a large South Chicago Hospital building. The pair had also met on two occassions in a fashionable apartment house on Lincoln Parkway avenue.

Who was the other fellow? The deputies had checked that too The man was the owner of the apartment building. Were Paloka's visits to the hospital inspired by a real legitimate business deal, or was he laying

the ground work for another arson job. Why? The Viviano were not on that hospital. but at St Joseph and that was well guarded.

Yet the agents could not be certain but they intended to find out. The trail was getting hot.

On the afternoon of December 1th Chief Burns took a phone message. The news that came sizzling over the wire was like a shot of adrenalin.

"Chief I'm in a button works over on Ashland Ave, Downtown; It was one of his deputies speaking. "They've sold a big bunch of celluloid scraps to an odd lot

buyer. The date he bought the stuff checks with the hospital fire date and the description fits Sam Joe Paloska."

Burns cradled the phone. Fresh orders went winging to the shadow squad.

"Watch Paloska night and day Dont let him out of your sight." The cordon was closing in. Whether Paloska had bought the stuff for himself or whether he was fronting for another made no difference.

Action was the order all the way down the line.

A force of deputies was dispatched to keep watch also on

St Joseph's hospital that contained the badly burned Winans another detail augmented by a squad of Chicago Special detectives surrounded the Lincoln Parkway ave apartment house.

The shadowers on Palooka's trail redoubled their watchfulness. Nothing could be done now except to watch and wait.

Late the following afternoon the emergency phone rang on Burns' desk.

Deputy Scott was on the wire.

"I saw Palooka with a big box of something may be 20 apts less than an hour ago. Idea back on his Hotel room."

"Where's the celluloid?"

"Still in his Sedan. It's parked at the curb near the hotel."

"Good but don't let that boy out of your sight. If Palooka tries to take it into a building grab him."

Half expecting that the purchase of the celluloid was the preliminary to the touch off of the other hospital the agents stuck to their posts vigilantly.

But Palooka made no move that night.

Dawn of December 3 found Whitbeck and a picked squad stationed about the hospital.

The chief was now certain that things were moving towards a showdown. He

that Palooka would make contact with that strange man. The dragging minutes passed, then a familiar black sedan drove into sight. Palookas. The driver stopped at the main hospital entrance on the Garfield Street side to their surprise, Deputies Scott and Ferris brought their trailing car to an unobstrusive stop a short distance away. The familiar figure of the arson suspect but more slim than described stepped onto the side walk. Without stopping to even cast a glance up and down the street, as a known suspect would have

done he lifted a familiar looking large card box box from the rear seat of the sedan. Holding the box firmly he headed towards the Hospital entrance. At the same time another black sedan passed going at great speed. Then Withers moved, "Palooka I want that package." He made a dive for the man, seized one arm. He attempted to free himself from his captors vice like grip. The struggle was short lived, Deputy Scott and Ferris came up on the run.

The other officers closed in from all directions. The prisoner protested loudly.

"I'm not a man by the name of Palooka What's the idea you Rowdies? I'm a surgeon making an early morning call on a sick patient you fellows if you are deputies have made a terrible mistake."

A deputy went through the captives pockets. Out of one was taken a babys rattle, and a toy jumping jack all wrapped up. It had expected to find cannabis. In the box was a large golden haired wax doll the size of a one

year old child. No where about him or on the car did he have anything previously mentioned and he was not even Sam Palooka but a surgeon assistant to the Head of the Hospital Staff coming to bring his sick children some presents ahead of time.

He was able to prove he was not the fire setter nor had he any connection with the long sought arsonist again the detectives were stumped. The arrest put wire by somebody had tricked them.

The hospital

therefore was more strict
ly guarded than ever,
and all black sedans
were watched for and
overhauled but to no
avail.

The fire bug either
was too slick to be
caught, or the police had
got the wrong inform-
ion over the wire. But
Sam Palooka was the
fellow they wanted.

Withers turned to
Safty Director Harrison
Henson, and Harrison
though a Sweede had
made a reputation
for being dreadfully
tough on criminals,
not only that but
he knew his police
and fire men many
of them by his
first name, and what's
more they knew

him. He believed
the culprit was not
apprehended because
leaks had developed
early in the investi-
gation.

Political favorites
sought to make capital
out of the disasters Be-
fore Harrison had pro-
ceeded far, he real-
ized there were some
perhaps in the
city hall itself who
were willing and
anxious to jeopardize
the success of the
investigation.

The situation de-
manded drastic
action. He called in
Burns and the
Chicago Fire Chief.
and explained
the situation.

"From now on we

handle the situation alone." Hanson instructed them. "You will make no written reports whatsoever to me or any one else. You are to put absolutely nothing on paper. I'll take the full responsibility.

During the next few days the investigation of the hospital fire proceeded in that manner.

The investigation disclosed that Sam Joe Paloska on the night of the fire had inquired of near by neighbors whether the little Vivians were in St Joseph's Hospital from burns.

The Wainwright Estate owner of the Sedwick hotel had hired Burns detect-

ives to investigate the fire of each place, but Hanson was not apprised of this move.

The Estate had maintained its own insurance funds for these buildings, but the Hospital was an exception and the loss was estimated at $10,500,000.

A day later while the hunt for Samuel Joe Paloska was pressed more vigorously Hanson discussed the case with the Prosecutor and newspaper men, many of the latter having bitterly criticized him for his frequent and sometimes extended absence from his office so well had he concealed the

steps of his investigation.
"Now I can tell you fellows where I have been" Harron told the reporters. "I was and am working on this big fire case. Our fire experts will prove that the hospital fire was set by the same party that touched off the other fires. It took me just ten minutes to tell that the big hospital fire had been set.
We have in the other fires before the Hospital blaze, that gasoline magnesia and thermite had been used, the latter the most powerful explosives known. Palooka and some other man

under suspicion by the name of Henry George planned the job, though we cant yet prove it against him and the latter carried it out with his aides. Palooka has been a fire bug for 37 years and has made many disastrous fires in various cities, and in the west is wanted for setting big forest fires. And he's very ruthless and dont care who burns to death.
Furthermore our investigation shows that the fire was not caused by any means to defraud Insurance Companies. The fires

occured at every place where those little Virians were sheltered Something betwix the kidnapping of their sister Angeline and the apprehension of Mrs George is the cause. Somebody to revenge the arrest of Mrs George is trying to burn the little Virian girls to death. In that big wooden house fire which turned into a sudden conflagration on Jackson Boll. the arsonists almost succeeded in their vile design. The fact that the hospital to which the Eddey burned Virians were first brought was also set on fire is a proof also

that the firebugs wished again to destroy the little girls despite their sad condition. No one knows where these two fellows are and the police mistook a doctor of St Joseph hospital for Palooka from mistaken identy. That Palooka has us and all the police licked, I'm going to question those little Virians about their brother. Penrod. The nurse and doctor will have to let me see them for it is the law. If the doctor or nurse refuses me

I'll arrest them on the charge of interfering with the law so we must get hold of their brother Penrod, and they alone know where he lives. If we can't catch the gosh darn devils or get proof against them, I'm sure he can"

—

find what it is that Penrod can't do"

So Hanson and Withers came to the hospital and informed the nurse that they had to see one of the Winans on matters of importance saying: "On this condition we'll place you and the doctor too under arrest if you refuse us admission. I know they are mighty sick but I'm sure they know something and there's no exemptions. It's the law."

"Violet is the only one who can be spoken too" said the nurse defiantly "you can see her but you'll approach"

the others over my dead body. Its hospitaldoctors and no detectives can annoy patients when they're in no condition to be seen. I'm doing my duty and I defy you to arrest me."

So Harrison and Withers questioned Violet who was in much better condition than her other poor sisters, who suffered dreadfully from their burns.

They went over the case with the little girl, told her that the fires had been set by firebugs to burn her and her sisters to death to cover up the kidnapping of her

sisters Angeline and still could find no loop-hole in her own story for she and her sisters still had not had the slightest suspicion that the fires were set to kill them.

"Little Miss Violet" said Harrison "just what do you know about Samuel Joe Palooka?"

"Why nothing at all. I've never met the man. But listen Mr Detective please, and be frank and reasonable with me, and my sisters. You mean a man by the name of Sam Joe Palooka would make those awful fires and kill so

many innocent people just to get even with us because Mrs George was arrested for kid-napping and making away with our poor little sister Angeline?"

"It does sound very improbable" said Hamon. "but what else have we got?"

"Nothing" said Withers.

Despite her sad condition Violet in her bed covered only with with strong smelling oils and salves, with a sheet covering her naked body an bandages could not be put or on account of the severe mat ure of the burns surveyed the detect-ives with interest

and curiosity after fifteen minutes of careful questioning the investigators learned through the poor little girl that neither Violet nor her sisters had had any idea of the fire being set to kill them.

You can picture the scene the beautiful child her eyes dim-med by tears telling the detectives about poor little Angeline. and fear for her was in the eyes of the detectives who did not say much but bit their lips nervously as Violet explained to them about Angeline

and how mrs George tricked her and Evans, They felt there was some thing ominous in the air, Were this going to turn into tragedy? the work of a fiend. They felt depressed as they looked at the fear in her eyes.

Harrison said; "What is the address of your father, mother, and brother in New York."

Violet started as though she had been struck unexpectedly. After a momentary pause Violet said.

"I dont see what that has to do wh with angelines disappearance a those horrible fires. But if you know ive lost the address of the street number

before we could memorize it. Mrs George took it from us, so we could not write and tell him what happened to little Angeline. But they are somewhere on Broadway. But I'd give anything if you could trace them for us. Oh we need them so bad".

We certainly will and how" said Harrison.

Harrison raced back to headquarters. Then they telephoned long distance to New York asking the Police Chief to locate Robert A Vinson and especially his son if possible. The next day and so quick too. Harrison got the answering phone call;

"They are at 2959 Broadway New York. They intend to return to return to Chicago in four days They do not know anything yet as they never looked at any news papers."

"Keep them in the dark until I get there" said Hanson and hung up the receiver. He Withers Hogan and Wenth work went to New York by fast train the fasted on the road.

In less than twenty four hours they came upon the address. Withers rang the bell, and then there appeared at the head of the stairs a woman with a dazzling white linen

cap perched on top of her head and with a proud look on her face.

"What do you want?" she called down.

Withers told who he and his companions were and who they wished to see. The maid went away but soon came back and called down the stairs:

"You may come up" The detectives then climbed the steps and followed the maid into the library. Here Withers remained politely standing in the doorway.

They found Penrod busily engaged writing one of his futile letters to his sisters

He had wrote others before, and wondered exceedingly why they didnt answer. They sized him up at once as a well dressed brt haired boy of about eleven of stocky fruit and unusual height for his age. His face was a trifle to violet, but somewhat pugnacious in expression.

His manner conveyed the impression that he was a smooth talker very shrewd and possessed of abundance of confidence in himself. He had far strong searching eyes that bore through you, firm grim mouth a slight sinister

expression about it and a face that showed that showed that he was just the boy they wanted.

They knew by one look at his face he could do what no one else could. All police were forced to admit defeat. But why didnt the detectives think of Pernod before.

"How can I keep you out as you look as if you are troubled by something?" Pernod asked wrinkling his forehead when Harrison told him who he and his three men were?"

Then they told him what happened

Pernod rose slowly from his chair as he ~~heard~~ heard the story. The result of his stares did not seem to please him.

"Well what did you say happened?" Pernod asked.

"Your sister Angeline" was kidnapped by master George Aunt." came the clear answer.

"What? What? That's an unusual thing to happen to any of my sisters. When did it happen?" Pernod asked again.

"Last October?"

"What is the meaning of that" remarked Pernod shaking his head. "For what reason?"

The detective told him.

"Mr Harrison, is that woman silly pert, or a nut?"

"Begging your pardon and if you will permit me I will tell you all in good time" said Harrison. "But you must not think her silly, pert or crazy for a woman like her does not know how to be. She meant exactly what she did. She did it willingly."

"Oh very well. That at least can be understood" said Pernod. "But Mr Harrison I must really tell you the whole thing look odd to me. I informed you, you know

if anything happened to my sisters to inform me at once, so I could follow my instructions. Why didnt you do so?"

"Begging your pardon" the detective began again "I couldnt quite figgure how to locate you as through Mrs George your sisters lost your address. That Woman sent your sister off to Unknown spots."

"I believe into some hot desert region in California near the death Valley" Withers declared. "What is that near the Death Valley?" cried Pernod quite indignantly "Near that dreadful place.

Why what care that mean? and why have none of you found her pray? What did you do?"

"We couldnt do anything as Mrs George wont tell a thing?"

"Eh What?" asked Pernod again "Then how did you learn where she is?"

"We didnt learn of it. Its our suspicions."

"Heavenly Powers. "You cant find Angeline you really cant?" cried Pernod in the greatest horror. "You dont mean to say you really didnt do anything? What did you do then?"

"Nothing as we couldnt

said Hogan, which was the truth.

"Mr Hogan" said Penrod after a few minutes in trying to calm himself this is not at all as agreed upon. How come you on the California police not to be able to find my sister?"

But the detective was not so easily frightened He answered eagerly.

"Begging your pardon this woman is as stubborn as a mule and she passed the third degree over and over without telling anything She's quite out of the usual run and not like other

women But I must be getting to the main point now for we cannot delay matters"

And Withers sat down and told things to Penrod such startling news as he had never heard in his life before and in all probabilities would never recieve again.

He told how St Joseph's Hospital was strictly strictly guarded but he was so afraid the fire bugs would set that next he could not move his fingers. He told of the most unheard of things happening in Chicago. Then he told just what had occured the succession of fires, in

the efforts to burn his sisters to death, everyone in St Josephs Hospital was in danger of his life with the same fire-bug still at large all this time and what the terrible results of this strange situation might be none could say. Withers reported that the strange things which had been going on Chicago would soon have such an effects on the now delicate health of his burned sisters that no one could tell what awful results there might be. Because of these fire bugs his sisters were exposed to any sort of horrible misfortune if their state should last much

longer. He told that until the last moment the detectives had said nothing to the little girls about the fire bugs intentions for they were so afraid Pennods sisters would be so scared that they would not want to stay in the hospital a single minute day and night and they were in no condition to be moved. Now however they had told the little girls about the unknown Phantom fire bug who was trying to burn them to death. They all of course had cried out at once that they would not stay alone another minute

that Pernod must come home, that all parts of the hospital inside and out must be strongly guarded, that the nurses must stay in their sick room to sleep They told how Pernods sisters had been terribly excited and that it was all the nurses could do to quiet her.
"Well for thunderation" snapped Pernod angrily "why didnt you come to inform me when angeline was kidnapped until waiting until the diabolic fish fiends try to burn my sisters to death. Why didnt you wait until they did set St Josephs Hospital on fire and succeeded in burning

my sisters to death for sure. My gosh al mighty what fine detectives you turned out to be working for me. What am I paying you for. I dont blame mr Holzenburg for razzing. He got a right to holler didnt my sisters memorize the address of my place here before mrs George stole it?"
"no" said Withers meekly. "mrs George destroyed it. But how could we help not coming to you sooner, your sister lost the slip of the address because mrs George stole it so

they could not write to you, and we were so busy investigating the fires that we had no time to think of looking it up."

"Perhaps not" Pernod retorted curtly "just the same I'd like you four to clear up a few points for me."

"That we can do easily enough. But first we'd like to know all you can tell us about Master George's Uncle and Aunt and whether she alone or she and her husband together had any hatred towards your sisters."

Pernod shrugged his shoulders and emitted from tightened lips an abrupt little sound that was intended for a laugh.

"You aint got me there. If anything they were more my enemies than of my sisters, though they dreaded and avoided me. So if you suspect they both did away with my sister Angeline for such a reason you mentioned you got me there. I dont understand anything of it, no more than the man in the moon. It is true the couple are Uncle and Aunt of Webber George but that doesnt mean that I too can solve so quickly the mystery if you cant. I know Mr George lived at 2100 Halsted street for nearly

three years ever since he left his second wife. That's all I know. I never visited him or his wife there, never met the Aunt or Uncle. In fact I never even passed near their house. And I cannot understand why Mrs George the Aunt would do away with my sister angeline on Religious matters and my sister had nothing to do whatever with Master Georges sudden conversion, He told me so when I questioned him. All he wanted was for me and angeline to be his Godfather and Godmother, and for Heavens sake I dont see what that has

to do with my sisters disappearance, or the tragic fires. But if you must know even a written lie which afterwards I found out was made out by a jealous girl I had a terrific squabble with Mrs Georges nephew whom she had spoiled greatly. That caused a critical disagreement of course between me and his Aunt and Uncle so, they wrote strong insulting letters to me. which I burned up except two, and refused to answer.

Over spoiling their son, his parents reprimanded the Aunt severely and brought a lawsuit into Court.

Immediately after that the two sides severed relationship and avoided each other ever since. This Samuel Joseph Saloocka too, I know well. I've read often of him. Ides wanted on thirty states for disasterous fires, one of which caused frightful loss of life. As he has nothing to do with my sisters I cant understand why he would want to burn them unless some deadly unknown enemy of theirs hired him to do it. at promise of good pay. As to your suspicion at first of Glande Lunan spies doing it thats impossible. They're not that low"

you say relationship between the Georges are somewhat strained?"

"There certainly is not anything delicious between them after the lawsuit. The Uncle is a hot tempered man, cruel in nature and as his nephew told me, he just didnt like him and hated my sisters like poison, the same as he didnt like a lot of other people who are really Catholic He is fanatic in his hatred of the Pope and the Catholic Church. He was worse because Georges parents also

became Catholics"

"So that also one of the reasons the two party of Georges split up relationship?"

"Thats it all right" the uncle couldnt stand me after that as the boy told me, and the same went for my sister too.

"Do you detectives know or did you find out whether my sisters had any enemies unknown to them who wanted to kill them by fire?"

"yes"

"If so I cant understand it" the spy enemies in Chicago are gone and surely I doubt if the spy ring in San Francisco had anything to do with it for a made a pledge to leave us alone if we leave

them unmolested, and they dont break a pledge if we keep our promise Didnt you learn anything more from the prisoner Mrs George? and say by the I way you dont think that those series of fires were really started by Mr George just to put my other sisters out of the way because Angelines kidnapping put Mrs George in jail do you?"

"We have that suspicion"

"Well it seems awfully ridiculous to me as for the reason of Angelines kidnapping too killing all those people in the hotel and the Jackson Boulevard fire just to get my poor sisters and then the hospital fire?"

"Yes we do"

"Have you any proof?"

"Yes but we cant catch the firebugs."

"Well why dont you use a professor fly net" said Penrod with sarcasm. "Be ashamed of yourselves you fellows, letting fiends like those, get the better of you. And if thats the way you feel I'll have to show you and all the rest of the fellows working on this case as soon as I reach Chicago how phantom firebugs looks in the daytime."

Then there was silence for several minutes.

"Hell" Penrod growled. "all this gives me the Wim Wams. As prisoners in an anxley Gerandelinian camp my sisters would receive more useful protection than

in any city here. And besides I cant see much connection with the fellow Paloona a "Uncle George and his wife either."

"Its pretty far fetched" said Hanson, "But theres just a possibility Paloona might have known about Mrs Georges imprisonment and as the husband wanted revenge on your sister, he might have hired Paloona to set the fires to put your sisters out of the way."

Penrods fingers was still drumming the desk.

"If thats so" said Penrod "then we've got to make a clean start We'll go to Chicago right away as soon as I notify my father what is happening.

Which means however that when we get there we'd be looking for nothing less than a phantom, who refuses to be laid. If we have clues as you say, I'll lay that fire bug ghost, and I'll lay him in a most astonishing way."

"How about your sister angeline?"

"I'll get her back too, or else-" and his eyes flashed fire.

"I did question the uncle of that boy and he was also arrested on suspicion twice" said Withers "His answer to me and the Count too had been;" "If you gentel gentlemen have me down as a suspect for those outrageous

fire crimes you are doing my intelligence an injustice as well as wasting your time- Sure I can account for my movements from midnight to 5 a.m. on monday or any other day. I was visiting my sister out on Austin Ave. until about 12.30. Sunday night. It took me about an hour and quarter driving back home. I drove straight home and went directly to bed which was about two o clock I did not get up until after eleven o clock because I was up so late at night."

"And did you believe the alibi?" demanded Penrod

"Yes we checked on it.

We went to a drugstore where we checked Mr Georges Alibi with his sister by telephone His sister said he did come out Sunday night and left early monday morning But she said he had a friend with him a dark haired dark eyed fellow he introduced as Samuel Joe Palooka I told her he happened to be in the vicinity showing Palooka some property."

"Aw you fellers give me the Wim Warms" I want born a goosey gander no arm I an ass" snapped Penrod "Why in hell should they both lie about that Mr George has no sister. He has only a brother. If he

visited any woman she must have been a friend or a confederate What address did the woman live at?"

"At 1906 Austin Ave."

"There's no such an address" growled Penrod. "That spot is a huge vacant lot I'd check up on both their alibis - What you tell me makes me absolutely suspicious now. Take Alibi, fake address, I'll bet I'll check in on his alibi when I get to Chicago. And that woman Mrs George too is lying How can she send any one away to a destination she doesn't know herself

and try to get there when you picked her up in Pasadina California and where was she heading for when you caught her in Pasadina I do that destination of course. I'll be bound she sent her to some relation of hers near Mohave city. She has relatives there who are Rustlers"

"That's something mrs George can arms wer bet ter than I can" Whithers returned.

"Aw rats you fellows give me the worm warms" retorted Pennod. That woman har bamboozled you. but she cant fool me. She sent angeline to some Rustler relation of hers in Mohave

city I'll bet. Master George told me about her relations, what they are and so on. A Mr Jim Rooney is married to another sister of hers in a near the Mohave desert who own a huge 101 Ranch not far from a hostile tribe of Indians, and if Mr George her husband or her sister living here cant or wont explain that burn circle of theirs then maybe they'd rather explain the presence of broken gasoline jugs I once found in his garage after a mysterious almost disasterious fire at

our home a week after my heated interview with his nephew in Lincoln park. I know he had been carrying those jugs around with him in his car and he broke them that one morning and I know too Mrs George had often told her nephew over and over again that she'd give anything to see my sister die a terrible death, to see them die, and crying for mercy crying for their lives. When I get to Chicago the first thing I'll do is make that Mr George answer me a lot of questions, and I'll catch him at his

answers believe me. Now you Withers go straight to the nearest telephone. By long distance get Burns and ask him to put Mr George home under secret observation. When I get to Chicago I'll do the rest."

By means of his car Penrod made the trip back to Chicago with nine hours with his father and the detectives.

Not a sound was to be heard about Mrs Georges house and from the tightly closed shutters of every room save the kitchen one might have fancied the place deserted.

Presently the gate slammed, and the tramp of a boys footfalls sounded over the path over which some still blooming dahlias nodded in spite of the chilly late snowy November weather.

If the lone occupant heard the foot falls he gave no sign and a moment later a good sized sweet defiant faced boy boy a big yellow dahlia in his button hole stood in the doorway. His keen eyes glared like those of a leopard as he looked around and instantly saw and understood every thing but he did not betray that fact as he defiantly advanced

into the room removed his striped cap and stood holding it and a large envelope and something else and a package in each hand.

The man Mr Henry Francis George glanced up with a sudden start as the boy entered, but excepting that he shut his lips more tightly together than usual if that were possible, and reared himself into a regidly erect position he gave no indication of surprise at his unusual visitors appearance.

Period, for it was he didnt either say "good morning" or "how do you do."

or good day but came out with
"Since the doctor said my burned sisters are in no condition to recieved visitors (Mr George gave a sudden start at these words) I thought I'd better come in and see you and talk a spell. I know you dont like me no my sisters but that doesn't make any difference in this case. Besides I've a letter and a photograph to show to you which since I came back from new York I didnt think right to delay any longer."
"Hmm" responded Mr George with a jerk of his head and a frown on his face and waited further developments.

Pennod still stood near the door and Mr George (full) seemed quite satisfied to have him remain just where he was.
At any rate he did not ask him to be seated. But if he really thought to discourage or discomcert the Vikram boy prince, he was greatly mistaken.
That big easy going usually good natured boy had a far stronger will than his own, although like all great forces it required more to stir it.
"Yes continued Pennod "I've been trying to get from new York to see my dear sisters again for more than 4 weeks

but things there was sort of husk and some how I didnt get round to it. Queen aint it how days can sort of slide right out of the calendar and leave their good little brother a guessing where they go to? and then when a poor boy does come back he finds one of them hort of disappeared like as if she turned into empty air and the others had a good contact with fire that wasnt fair at all. I have heard all about it. maybe they'll set the whole city on fire yet to get them. It aint fair I calls it."

Still absolute silence upon Mr

Georges part although his own steely eyes never for an instant left Pernods face and grew a trifle paler. That an ordeal was before him he felt instinctively and also realized that Pernod was not likely to spare him.

Pernods next move, was to leisurely cross the room draw up a chair exactly opposite Mr Georges and seat himself upon it. The strong light from the sunny garden fell full upon Mr Georges making it impossible for him to conceal any change of expression from the iron willed lad,

while Pennod had the advantage of being back to the window very deliberately he (Leao) laid his cap upon the floor beside him and then held towards Mr George the package he carried saying as he did so:
"It's a picture of my little sister Ange-[elone] Sorry I could not have brought it sooner but I was in New York I want you to take a good look at it"
Pennods tone was as serene as the waters of Lake Michigans harbor?"
"Who?" the word was almost shrieked at him.
Ange" repeated Pennod calmly, That he pro-

nounced the word "ange" and dividing the syllable according to his own idea of division no did not affect the hearer.
What do you mean? What are you talking about? What are you trying to tell me?" cried Uncle George in a voice rendered more than usually strident by excitement
"Well drawled Pennod returning Georges stare with interest" I suppose I am sorta beginning my story at the wrong end but then I never did have time to set out to be any story teller I in fact I'd rather have stories told to me instead, but I dont

like fire stories in which my sisters are burned, and where they set the hospital on fire to get my sisters. I ought to have said, my sister Angeline Viviart I suppose for thats the only name you've ever known her by But of course I can say and prove that Angeline never did cause your nephew to become a Catholic directly directly or indirectly and never had any intention to, though it would have been none of your business or the business of your wife if she did. I do know however who caused his conversion, but that is none of your busi-

ness either and never was any of your business either. This is said to be a free country and if so my sister has a right to convert anybody she wishes without redress from anyone.

That depends upon the father and mother too and I defy you and your wife, or anybody else, the gates of Hell, even through all means to find and furnish truth that the Catholic Religion aint the true and only religion.

As for Angeline like the rest of my sisters a sinful life dont fit her and never did no more

than a sailors shirt would fit a marline spike, and shes any-body could see that. But had you better not open the letter I believe it will tell the first part of what I set out to tell, better than I can tell it. for I guess likely you know your wifes reason for sending my little sisters that kidnap note better than I do.

I cant see no sort of reason in it my-self" and Pennod nodded and waved his hand towards the envelope he had given Mr George, and then settled back in his chair.

"What do you believe I know about your sister angeline? Where

did you say she is?" de-manded Mr George.

"Open the envelope" said Pennod.

He took up the note tear-ing the former address of Pennod and his sisters.

"This aint for me?" he snapped as he tossed it across the table at Pennod.

"Do not hesitate to read it on that account. It was sent to us, but its from your wife and an insult-ing kid nap note to my sisters. Burns gave it to me I think you re entitled to know its contents" and the note was tossed back with a little more force than it had come.

George snapped it up, jerked the letter from

its envelope and began to read. Before he had finished he burst out:

"I knew it. I knew it from the very first minute no good could come of that frighty tighty visiting here. I knew she'd put the very old nick into George's silly little head. And how do you know she wrote that note claiming she stole your sister yes and?"

"Now keep cool keep cool" interrupted Period with a smart and contorted face "its no use to get excited. So far I'm the big loser not you, and we aint in the starting part of the story by a long sight yet"

Because of his guilty conscience George was beyond keeping cool and cried:

"Keep cool" What do you mean Master Period by daring to come into my house you young scamp and talking to me this way as if you was a prince or some kind of a big shot aint mrs George my lawful wife and has she not right to

show plain objection to your meddlesome sisters doings. And aint George my own, nearly as much to, his love parents. and aint I cared for him and done for him and aint he beholding to me then for every blessed thing he's had for years.

And now comes along this little stuck up smiling hussy sister of yours and beguiles him into that hated Catholic Religion right under my very nose. I knew I knew well enough, neednt tell me. If I hadn't a felt so sure your sister Angelone wasnt in that plot with that Arowling girl and (Earl Fairweather

I'd lost my reason. I tell you its stealing down right stealing."

George paused for lack of breath and Pernod took advantage of the opportunity to put in a telling word or two.

"Well if it comes to a question of stealing, otherwise known in this Country as abduction I've a notion I wouldnt press matters too far if I was in your shoes Mrs George. Remember I'm here" playing detective" and questioning you the cause not only are you under suspicion of aiding in the abduction of my sister but Burns tells me,

you are looked upon as a sort of suspect concerning those tragic fires, I'm told that in this Country of the United States of America there's a pretty heavy penalty for kidnapping or burning people to death in fires but its nothing at all compared to what we do in my Country for the kidnapping of a princess, or for the attempt to kill other little princesses by fire and my sisters are the daughters of the great King of Abbie annia and I'm his son."

George paled to the whiteness of a sheet at these words but if Pernod

noticed he paid no attention apparently but went on:

"Anyone who does the slightest thing against my sisters does the same thing as teasing a King Cobra, and I'm that Cobra. Or in other words you might soda fund you have been playing around a gasoline tank with a lighted match and I'm that tank and full to the brim, mixed with D.N.D. so to speak.

You might also fund you have been playing with one of these boomerangs the natives of Australia handle so slick but which raises the very old

muck with people who are not used to them. I'm afraid you would get a terrible black eye as a result. I'm that boomerang. Now I've got a little speech to make to you Mr George, and if you take my advice you'll listen to it, and if you know which side your bread is buttered, you will profit by what you will hear. I'm not here for fun, no any high strikes either and if you don't listen to me as I demand of you, by the Lord Harry, despite my being a boy I've got nothing more or less to do than to make you, for hear me you shall.

Now take your choice quick. As I've heard you've had your own way for thirty three years, and if you haven't made things hum, now and then and again no man ever did. Now as long as I stay here visiting whether you like it or not you're going to have my way and how."

Pernod had risen from his chair while speaking and strode over to the door. He opened it wide and stood there with a defiant leer on his face.

No one would have recognized in this erect determined looking boy whose deep blue eyes were

flashing phanter like with righteous indig nation and and whose whole manner bespoke the strongest resolution the usual easy going Penrod Vivian.

Mr George sprang to his feet and gripped the back of his chair with both hands breathing hard as he glared at Penrod like a creature brought to bay.

"Now see here Mr George" began Penrod his voice vibrating with repressed emotion. "I have not come here to do any bull raging nor to take a high and mighty stand with you. While under suspicion. I've come to talk down right sound common

to question you and by some means or other make you listen to it. I dont want to set myself up as a model because I could never be that to any one but I can say a few things right here and now that you will do well to listen to.

Of course if you want to make a break to get out, I'll let you but outside you wont get far for my companions surrounding the place will open on you with gun fire. Now will you sit down in that chair and pay heed to me like a sensible

man or do you wish to rush outside and get shot down by my girl scouts. Its a thing Im sure you dont want to do, but if you are reckless and want to commit sucide then its up to you. The door is open unde."

Penrod paused for his reply. During Penrods speech George had not moved from his position behind the chair and only his trembling hands and white face betrayed his emotion.

The silence grew oppressive. Out in the yard a rooster crowed lustily, within the room the tall old fashioned grandfather clock struck

nine o clock loudly outside of its ticking also being very audible.

"And suppose I wont listen to you at all? Suppose I order you out of my house?" George's voice was low and tense.

"Huh. a sight of good that would do wouldnt it? Suppose I order your arrest on suspicion of conspiracy with your wife to get rid of my little sister Angeline and burn my other sisters to death because your nephew became a Catholic against your wishes. Suppose instead of going to an American prison, Ill send you off to my country on the same charge? Im

here to stay untill I've had my say and the sooner you make up your mind to that fact the better" answered Period very determinedly then changing suddenly to his ordinary tone of voice he continued:

"Oh see here Mr George sit down and quit acting like a fool. We've had enough of this nonsense. If you only knew it and prove your innocence in your wifes conspiracy I'd be a right more your friend than your foe for I've come to tell you that unless you take my advice and prove your innocence in two questions I'm going to ask, and

right now too you may find yourself in a place where it wont be as easy for you to get out of as it will be from this kitchen when I'm through talking"

"What do you mean?" demanded Uncle George in a strange voice.

"Just exactly what I am saying, but sit down I've had enough of this" and Period motioned to the chair by which Uncle George was standing then leaving his position in front of the door, resumed his own seat. Uncle George slid into his.

"There's been queer doings in this city

for more than three weeks since the arrest of your wife on the charge of abducting my sister, Angeline, Uncle George" resumed Pernod. "I dont know whether you realize just how queer or not. I'm of course not about Angeline or your wife, but about those tragic fires set to burn my other sisters to death, and especially the hospital fires. That's what I came up here for, to find out this morning and just exactly what I've got to be sure of before I can take sense. The arrest of your wife is the cause of them there fires I know and every body else

knows that what you have been telling about my sister causing your nephews conversion hasn't a word of truth in it But I know more than most people do. I've known more all along, but I've gained a sight of wisdom lately which makes me thank God more than ever that I've got plenty of strange power to redress such tragic happenings.

"Now when your wife put my little sister on that train for the unknown destination on the same day our home the new one was ransacked and robbed of things belonging

to my remaining sister. Something makes me believe you were an accomplish of (my) your wife now when I and Angeline were asked by your Nephew to be his God parents, despite our sizes and ages we were surprised."

"Then you were at the bottom of it were you?" broke in Uncle George with some of his old asperity.

"No" answered Pernod. "Of course I'm thankful to the bottom of my heart and soul, to say I was glad he was converted and presently if you'll let me I'll tell you all about it and a heap more besides. But first

I want you to tell me a thing or two. To begin with how came your wife to have such an easy chance to kidnap my little sister, and what do you know about Joe Palooka?"

"None of your business" snapped Uncle George.

"Quit it" shouted Pernod bringing his clenched fist down upon the table with a force which caused the dishes to skip and Uncle George to shrink. Both in dismay Pernods eyes were blazing and phantom like in expression and the man before him began to

realize what he was confronting Pennod did not repeat his question but looked steadily at him.

"She alone knows how she did it, she didnt tell me anything" he said in a low voice.

"Yes I know that, But where did she get my sister? at St Patricks school?"

Several seconds passed before Uncle George replied.

"She got her from her home".

"From her home? Damnation. And so many to guard her? How could that be?"

"My wife pretended she wanted to take her around Lincoln park, not

suspecting anything your Mr Evans trusted my wife and let angeline go with her.

Put it over on my sisters and their guardian eh?" said Pennod with a sarcastic grin.

"Yes"

"Clever trick indeed Uncle George But your wife only fools herself" There came another pause

"Well?" said Pennod interogatively.

"Well if you will have it, I suppose you must. You've got the upper hand now master Pennod but you mark my (words) words I'll get even with you before its done. I'll tell you the whole story from beginning to end and then I

guess you'll understand that I'm not as guilty of the conspiracy of her kidnapping to you (w)think I am. But I'll get even just the same you just see if I dont" and Uncle George repressed his lips and shook his fist very threateningly.

"I dont care a hulo of a skulls how ever you think you'll get. What I want now is the whole story straight and clear Well settle the score later and I'm the one who should settle the score if I wanted to get square."

He told exactly what Mrs George had done.

"People of those kind are the mean

est in the world snapped Penrod "I cant forget the happy days God revealed my sisters to me. And do you think I'd let any one (go) of them go to what they did before hand

Do you think any one could have torn them away from me like that in my country Even Glamide lorian soldiers would never do that to them.

Ever since coming to this country I've lived in constant terror that things would happen and they did. There has not been a minuter peace in my life and some-

times I have not known whether they would come under or not. I've been so tortured by fear. But it all has been a mockery after all. Angeline gone! Do you know "Uncle George your wife is my prisoner and I can do with her what I will. Yet you've heard I suppose about those fires made in an endeavor to burn my other sisters to death."

"I saw the hospital fire."

"Yeah? You more than saw that fire. What was your hat doing in the room my sisters occupied in that house where they nearly burned to death?"

"my what?"
"your fedora hat"
"If you say my hat was there who found it?"
"I did I went through what was left of that house. I sure can tell a few things. Those paper burns showed me seemed to have once belonged to you." I am how Conrad talked steadily. Beginning his narrative from the moment he first heard of the fires when in new York from Whitmer he followed up the events of each fire and told how he himself investigated the hotel and Jackson Bone.

fire with an accuracy of detail that astonished his hearer and drove secret fear into him. who in common with other persons had never supposed Pernods power of observation and deduction.

He did not spare himself in any particular but told in a straight forw and manner exadly what he had done and the means he had employed, to gain the information he wished.

He told of his intention to get the fire bugs and exadly why he felt it his duty to do so.

"and you need not

tell me the Good God did nt have the whole engineering of that job and I wasnt doing anything in this world but firing for him no human power could have put it in that Sam Joe Palooka set the fires and somebody hired him it needed God Almighty."

"Sam Palooka"?

Uncle George turned whiter than the table cloth before him as he wailed those words and started from his chair.

Yes Samuel Joe Palooka He was hired by someone. your wife being a prisoner is the

cause and no one is more devoted to your wife than you are." said Ernod his voice vibrating with full satisfaction.

"And you say he set the fires?" asked Uncle George in an awe struck voice.

"Thank the God Lord that Joe Palotka was detected" cried Ernod fervently "I'm free to confess that I was not a breaking my heart about your because of your ursas heniaus crime to little Angeline for I was madder at you when I came into this kitchen than I've ever been in all my life as I suspected you

also in helping her. But I cannot unjustly allow you to be imprisoned without giving you one chance to clear yourself if you can. I dont even now know whether you are innocent or not but God help you if you aint"

"Tell that sort of thing to whoever you want to I dont care to hear it" said Uncle George dryly.

"All right if thats what you think mr George then I'll just tell you how I think about things my other sisters are almost dying of burns in St Josephs Hospital

for them the Dr and nurses cant do a thing you appear to know nothing and they cant let me see them either. They tell me in the Hospital that their flesh is almost coming off and yet they are my sisters. It up to me to see that they are well taken care of. And when little girls can have the good luck my sisters can then theres one person to stand in the way and that a man that likes nobody and wishes nobody well.

But I tell you I wont give in. The people are all on my side. There now

isnt a single one in the whole city of Chicago who wont help me and who isnt against you And if you want the thing to come before the court perhaps then you just look out George There are some matters about my sisters which could be warmed up there that you would not like to hear. Or when you once have to deal with the law then lots of things come out that everybody has forgotten."

"Silence" thundered George and his eyes flashed like fire. "Get out of here and never come into my

right again"

It was the first time he had shouted like that the man it appeared was breaking.

"Try and make me get out" leered Pernod. Your actions make me more suspicous. You can stop acting Mr George you know about those fires. I'll bet you fired Palooka"

"no" he shouted. I hired no one to set fires."

"That dreadful night on Jackson Boul. That big wooden house. You and Palooka remember?"

"no" he screamed again" I went to a movie show that night There was a picture I wanted to see I told Burns about it"

A report on the alibi had been handed to

Pernod The photoplay Henry had said he seen at that showhouse was being advertized over the entrance of the theatre - and yet that evidence was wrong.

"You're finished Henry" Pernod said "You saw that picture some where else and at another time

"no man can read the future, get out" Henry snapped.

"You did last night Here is what happened You passed the Theatre sometime that night while the fire was raging and the show was not open that late. A picture was advertized over the entrance and having seen it some where else

you decided to use it as an alibi. However you made a few mistakes. You didnt stop to consider that the theatre has three different shows each week. Also all advertizements are changed late at night when the box office is closed. The picture you saw advertized that night starts to morrow."

Mr George squirmed in his chair, his wild eyes searching Pernods face. He kept absolutely still. Then the boy said quietly.

"You hired Pd Looka to set those fires."

Mr George sprang from his chair like a mad man.

"Get out of here you little brat" he screamed, "Prove it

if you say I did it."

"I dont have to. I know you and Palooka were great friends. I know he's the Country professional firebug and is wanted in thirty states. You hated me and my sister. I thought I cant get positively claim you guilty I know I've got you trapped. I say again God help you if you aint innocent I'll go now but mind Mr George I'll keep you under observation"

Pernods voice trembled as he spoke the last words "good day" and out he went.

"So" said Pernod to

to himself as he paced down the street with a peculiar grim on his face so my sisters except Angeline had all this sorrow and excitement eh? while I was away. "And now five of them are in St Josephs Hospital burned in one of fires. Ha, Ha. thats me the rattlesnake and weasel as I'm called. and all this while they're grieving their little hearts out for their sister angeline. And all these years of suffering put into several months. And the two Georges and I am Joe Pakooka the whole cause and the detectives and G-men stumped

Ha. I who would die for them to morrow if it could blot out the memory of their misery. The only little girls from Heaven who let me come into their kingdom of holiness and sisterhood

The little girls who revealed to me I am their brother. Ha Ha, some brother I am to allow them to send me to New York and while away this happen eh? So Mrs. George still keeps us from Little Angeline. Have broken their hearts when one word from her might have spared them. Some drama this is.

comes into it great fires and my sorrowing sisters are burned in one of them. Well my time has come to join in the show and when I act, I'll do my acting well. I know Mr George is guilty but theres as yet no proof against him. I'll wait for him to make one of his great mistakes. If he suddenly clears out then that proves it. A guilty party after being questioned will attempt to flee. Well I'll go to day and try to see my sisters and tell them to brace up that the worst is over, and little Angeline is coming back. Who

said so? Why? did And when? say so it happens a Mrs George—"
He checked himself as he got on the car.
Pernod being well known in the hospital was gayfully received by the Mother Superior and permitted to see his sisters though it was not visiting hours. His popularity permitted that
He had noticed that when he came the hospital was closely watched by detectives and every man coming in closely searched if he carried packages before being permitted to enter.

Pennod was shown to the room where his sisters were confined, room 428 which had seven beds in them.

"They are in a very serious condition" the doctor reported. "They were found in the burned house and brought here. Dr Mc Kenna says he has a hard time to relieve them of their suffering. Their very flesh has been dreadfully seared and if they do it will be a long time before they are even well enough to be moved from their beds.

"May I see and question them?" asked Pennod,

"If you can get any thing out of them bed

be only too pleased. None of us could question them in their sad weakened condition." explained Dr Brophy.

Pennod (nearly) nearly crept in. He was not prepared at all for the shock he got.

The room was well lighted up and in five beds lay his sisters naked covered only in sheets with the smell of the medicines used for serious burns prevading the room.

The docta explained it would be dangerous to bandage their burns, especially in removing them for fresh bandages.

He slowly removed the sheet from Jennie. Groans were

coming from Jennies clenched lips as Pernod looked at her burnt intense agonized suffering which Sedatives (shots) had failed to quiet was creasing the poor little girls face.

A sort of measue settled on him mingled with panic and bewilderment Some of his sisters were quiet as if unconscious others were moaning as if in the most intense h pain.

His hedrt sank within him. He had expected anything but this He stood for a moment rooted to the spot unable to move or speak. He struggled to reach Violet's bed for she seemed to be

the least burned. She was awake but quiet. Sedatives sometimes worked on her. A look of joyful recognition came to her eyes but she could not move.

A nurse who came in greeted him nicely but told him in a whisper not to awaken those who are sleeping.

Poor Violet couldnt speak much but she told Pernod all as much as she could between sobs.

"You've been burned by Mr Henry George do you realize that"?

Pernod told her frankly.

"I dont see how- but wait a minute. A man called Palooka

roped us into our beds"
"Palooka? I understand.
I'll have him too. Poor
Violet. Its too bad I cant
stay long but the nurse
is motioning me to
go."
And sadly they parted.
At one oclock Pernod
went to St Suker to
see his sister Jane.
No matter how he spoke,
she didnt recognize him
but only kept calling
"Angeline Angeline, I want
my sister Angeline"
No tears came to Pernods
eyes. There couldnt.
He sat by her bed
side white with
anger and could not
think of any words
that would express
her feelings.
"That crazy Mrs George" he thought to

himself I know of only
one punishment which
would be severe enough
for her because she stole
my little Angeline and
caused all this sorrow
and disturbance. If I
had her and her hus
band a prisoner in
Abbeamma I would
put them into a sit-
uation that they will
become so tame they
will never try such
tricks aagain."
Again came the wail
from Jane.
"no no Mrs George
you cant take my
sister from me. Wait
till papa and Pernod
comes home. They'll
burn you at the
stake. I'll tell them
everything and
they'll decide what

will be done with you.
Bring back Angeline.
Bring her back to me"
Then from somewhere
was heard the song:-
"Darling Nellie Gray".
Penrod felt like a
loaded cannon.
As he could do nothing
with poor Joice he left.
That evening Penrod
felt too worn out by
the changing moods
of anger rage and
anguish which the
sight and condition
of his poor sisters
had caused him.
He retired in sil-
ence but couldnt
sleep at all that night.
There followed now
two or three days
of piece and quiet
but Penrod could
not get over his

excitement Every hour
he kept thinking of
how deceived he had
been in everything.
He felt as if things had
been going wrong ever
since he came here
to Chicago with his
sisters and as if they
would never get any
better
On the next partic-
ular morning Mrs
George saw looking
at her through her
cell bars who she
at first mistook
for Violet dressed
in boys clothes.
He was standing
in front of the
cell staring in
her direction but
his some what
distorted face re-
mained immobile.

He did not take his hat off either but stood there staring and silent and there was a weird rc- our gleam in his eyes that should have warned her. His hands were trembling and they scared her. Indeed his eyes and his long thin hands made Mrs George tremble in fear. In reality she defied any official of the law. But Pernod though a boy struck terror into her. She knew him too well, much too well. But she had no idea he would return too soon.

He gave an awful sneer at her, his eyes flashed, he turned and without

a word walked away.

In the meantime on the third day while Pernod was again in the hospital visiting his sisters who showed not the slightest improvement in their condition Mr George made his big mistake the one Pernod waited for, and there are few killers and fine rugs who fail to make one.

It was on this day at the demand of Pernod that Burns decided to act Heretofore he had no proof that Uncle George had intent to commit arson. But Pernod had proofs. And

with evidence of George conference with Sam Joe Palooka, a badly hunted naturally known fire bug he felt certain he had something to give to a jury So at Pennods demand he swore to an affidant charging Mr Henry George with murder in the first degree - as the burning of the Vinans and the death of Mrs Angeline Connel one of the fire victims in an attempt to burn the holy little Vinans. He then sent Detectives Braun Dick Tracy Wenthworth and Zeserman out to place Mr George formally under arrest But George

was gone as a result of the interview with Pennod. He no doubt was scared.

Of course in some ways as Pennod said there was no absolute proof that Mr George was guilty. In a trial he could bring up any number of witnesses to glorify his character. But because of Pennods visit he got frightened at the crucial moment He had fled the city.

At his home the maid Jane Molly said

"He came in all excited and mumbled something about Pennod Vinan

and his sisters. Then he packed quickly and ran out at the door he said: I got a telegram, my mother sick (he has no mother) Tell my friends I'll write them."

A frenzied search over the entire country was launched immediately

Georges description was wired: also to all entry points on the Canadian border. This all happened during those three days since Penrods visit to poor little Grace in St Lukes Hospital

It was early on this fourth morning when a call came from police in Cleveland Ohio.

George had registered at the Ellington Hotel there the night a morning of his disappearance He had run up a bill of one hundred dollars.

Penrod was called to the phone by Burns and receiving the information Penrod leaped with Hogan Withers Reisemann and others into a car and raced for Cleveland, with a party of newspaper reporters right behind them.

The hotel manager told them that George did not seem to have any money to pay any further so he paid two

mechanics to drive him to Abbamy New York Their names are Edwin Eclaire and Michael Becker.
The two mechanics were looked up at once. They said George wished to Abbamy and there he paid only five dollars and went his way.
They let him out on Grace street a residental ave. The mechanics were huddled into a squad car and driven to Albany. There they pown pointed out the exact spot George had left the car.
Twelves squads of Albany detectives were brought into the search on Center street a few blocks from Chestnut street was an empty wooden

house George was found by Penrod hiding in the attic.
He yelled,
"Well you princly black Sheep that with your lousy detectives you got me Here I am dont get excited."
But Penrod was more than excited.
He had the detectives to tie George to a chair and threatened to set the house on fire and let him burn with it if he wouldnt tell what he knew about the fires and in particular the fire in which his sisters were burned.
He was so terrified and Penrods face was so horribly contorted that he gave in at

last. At first he vehemently denied that he was or that he had any real connection with the so long sought Chicago fire setter.

But his denials were unavailing. His strange instinct told Penrod that Mr George was lying.

"Lets have the facts" demanded Penrod. "To a clever trick you were doing on me but you fool only yourself you might as well talk or I'll burn you to death by setting this old rickety shack on fire, and leave you tied to a chair. Anyway a few of your old pals, have already put you on the spot."

The prisoners cheeks flushed. For a moment he stared into

the faces of Penrod, and the assembled officials and detectives. Then he shrugged.

"So it takes a boy to catch me eh? and the brother of the little girl? Okay. I'll do some talking too." he said. "No I did not set the fires. I have'nt got the experience as a firebug. I hired professional firebugs to do it at my wifes request to revenge on the girls for her arrest. I ought to know how to light a fire but did not do it myself for I would have been caught easier But some of the fellows chiseled and said I chiseled them on the

I had been acting as sort of chauffer for the gang since it burned a place I was connected with They double crossed me on that job I found out later Early this fall I met Sam Palooka several times with Jake Sinker in Pittsburg. Sinker is a professional firebug also."

"Now just whats that?" interrupted Penrod.

"Ider a man that comes around to your place and feels you out on the preparation of a fire. If you go for it, he tells you how you can burn your place and put the heavy collect on the Insurance companies. Then he taken complete charge

on the job. The guys who squealed deserve a shock. I'll tell plenty."

He did in the following: "I'll tell you what I know about it" The double crossers So they double crossed me on my own fires" So now George gave his harrowing tale of a powerful ruthless gang that operated between the Atlantic seaboard and the Mississippi River with a tragic one hundred million dollar fire in New Jersey to its credit and another also as large in St Louis.

"Tell us what you know about the fire which Penrods sisters were so badly burned?" Hogan requested.

"Well" George began

of all proceedings and fills your place a store up with a lot of junk, thats been through othes fires and is worthless but it provides material for a big inventory.

He sees to it that every thing in stock that is worth anything is removed quietly usually through fake sales and then he has the store keeper deliver over to him. his Insurance Policies together with an executive power of attorney complete in every detail except the date. Thats to be filled in after the fire. The fire-bug then is authorized to negotiate and settle the fire loss. This is more or

less common procedure among adjustors. A legitimate power of attorney I mean But in arson cases the split is made after the fire bug collects As for Mr Palooka I usally describe him as Izzy Cohen. I had seen him several times in Cutsburg early this fall As my wife wished to revenge (my arrest) her arrest I connected with both Palooka and Sinker and coming to Chicago drove them to the Sedwick Hotel telling them why I wished it set on fire. At first they thought I was crazy but my promise of big pay

brought them to submit. When that fire failed to get them, I hired the firebugs again and burned the Virans on that Jackson Boulevard fire. I tried it on the hospital with a gang of firebugs."

For hours Penrod and the detectives sat and listened to the most amazing tale of ruthless destruction planned and carried out by the arson Ring under the leadership of Sam Joe Palooka who even then was still at large.

The mere fact that a planned fire would endanger the lives of persons living in apartments above the doomed

business place never was given a thought. But it was not until the big hospital fire that the dastardly plans of the firebugs had taken human life in great numbers just to burn the little Virans.

On the way back to Chicago he glowered at Penrod and the detectives.

"You punks think you are smart guys. Wait until your dumb jury acquits me."

"I don't" George" said Penrod smugly. "We have found out how you set that wooden house on fire and almost burning my sister to death."

"What wooden house?"
"You know what wooden house. The one on Jackson Boulavard near Aberdeen street. Even buy any gasoline at a filling station at Adams and Clark?"
"Sure for my car"
"I'm talking about fifty gallons used to fire Mr Holzen bugs store" said Penrod.
"Go to hell yelled Mr George His face had gone white and for a moment he looked as if he would leap out of the car fast as it was going.
"You say I set these fires?" snapped George
"Well you are not

going back to Chicago with us for fun" said Hogan.
"Who the hell are you lunatics" yelled George. I had the fires made but I didnt set them"
"Your cockiness will soon be out of you" said Sergeant.
When they arrived in Chicago they quickly put George into a cell adjoining that of his wife. From here they were moved under heavy guard to the County jail, for they were menaced by a howling mob.
Before Penrods return and even now and after Period saw much

of the suffering of his
fine sisters burned in
the fire Joice was still
in St Looks hospital
still delirous but in
the same room by
her self. Twice when
the nurse was not
watchful enough Joice
in her dazed con-
dition left the room,
and wandered about
the hospital floors
pitieously looking
for Angeline.
The nurse almost
lost her job. Poor
Jennie Catherine and
Genivie appeared
to have been
burned the worst
though Violet and
Vicky were burned
bad enough
They had been
given injections every

now and then to
appease the rage of
their excruciating
pains but to no avail.
At night they were
given sleep potions
or otherwise sleepless
nights would bring
serious consequences
indeed.
But the day after
the arrest of Mr George
when he came again
to see his sisters
they still were not
improved but they
heard from Violet
of Pemrods arrest
and were more
than glad to recieve
him.
Violet who could
speak the most
told him how Mrs
George by tricking
Evans with her lies

about taking Angeline to Lincoln Park kidnapped her and put her away. Penrod however knew all this by now. He did not yet tell them. he had captured the head firebug so he lided his time.

Though visitors are given only several hours in the afternoon to see Patients Penrod was allowed to remain by special permission with his sisters day and night if he so desired. The doctor believed they would recover better with him around

When the nurse needed to change bedding he stepped outside until they

were through. Violet piteously asked him if he was going to do anything about poor Angeline.

"As soon as I can get that she polecat of a Locoweed to talk I surely will" he said.

"But she wont tell"

"Thats what you think snapped Penrod "She'll talk allright or I'll make it impossible for her to talk at all. I've got my plans She'll talk"

"In two years" critized Jennie.

"no to night" decided Penrod "and please Jennie dont say that. You know me too well. I wont fail. If I do

it will be too bad for her"

"But Penrod" whumpered Violet" she says she worked it in a way so that she wont know where she sent her. She did that so the police wont get no information-"

"Fiddle Sticks" interrupted Penrod. "Of course a person can send any one to an unknown destination and make sure they wont know where they are sending her. But mrs George put that on and the police now know it. I have proof that woman lied. She sent a fake message to a Sheriff Grayson in California to make a certain

Jim Rooney claim an gelune ran away from home to escape going to school and that she is his daughter, I found the duplicate of that message in the waste basket of her room. And I've learned some awful tricks among the Indians when I was among them, the first time I was in this country and if she dont talk I'll use em on her"

"Would you really?"

"I sure would. I'll bet you I'll come back to morrow with information as to where Angeline is. If I dont I'm boasting like a fool."

By the help of the officals Pernod had decided urthim another week to have Joice brought to St Josephs hospital.

Pernod came in with Jack Evans and sat beside Violets bed andtold her the whole story about poor Joice He told her that the doctor said that Joice was in awful bad shape and unless she was more carefully watched she might start wandering in her dazed condition farther and farther away looking for angeline and even climb out on the roof of that thirteen story hospital which would be a very dangerous thing.

So he had made

up his mind to have Joice brought to St Josephs Hospital because he was afraid to run such a risk.

Violet and her poor sisters were much shocked at this news. Then he turned to Evans.

"You are to guard her in that room" he said. in conclusion. Go to St Supers and theres one thing I want you to do especally and you just see that you dont forget about it. I have selected the room in the hospital which number I've written down on this business card for you. As to yourown self you know

what to do. Go. first thing into Goices room and nail every window so tightly shut so that it cant be opened except by the greatest force. and after my sister is in the bed then go and lock yourself in with her for my sister wanders around in her dazed condition looking for angeline, and might rush into any sort of danger if she should for instance leave her room and wander around, she did that already three times scaring hospital nurses doctors and inmates within an inch of their lives. she almost climbed out of an open window

once six stories up. You understand?"

"Yes I'll do everything to perfection"

Conrad late that evening paid a visit to Mrs George in the County Jail with Burns and Zeisemann. What ever transpired no one knows but Conrad returned to them at nine o clock at night and went to bed without saying anything.

They had a vague feeling that he had failed because he retired without saying anything But the next morning after Breakfast Conrad told the nurse that he was going to speak

to his sisters in Abbie-
annian, and not to be
alarmed.
"It was all a lie as
I said" declared Pernod
"I had to get awfully
mean about it but after
some arguing she
finally gave in, she
did know every thing
and looked dreadfully
frightened when I show-
ed her the duplicate
of her fake papers
to Sheriff Grayson,
I wont tell you
little girls in your
condition what methods
I used as it would
shock you but through
those Indian tricks I
made her tell I
know where she
sent Angeline."
Her sisters looked
their surprise.

"Oh where is she?"
they chorused.
"As I thought at a place
owned by Jim Rooney.
He has a one hundred
one Ranch."
"But we knew that
before" said Violet
in a despairing
tone. "We know not
where it is."
"Yes but hold on
and let me talk
and tell you" said
Pernod. "He has a
big 101 Ranch called
the Rooney Down.
That place is in Califor-
nia, southeast or so of
Mohave city near or
on the great Mohave
desert Immense Indian
tribes are not far
away It can be
reached by all local
trains from Mohave

city. What makes me so long in coming was that I detailed the girl-scouts fully armed to go there to get the police also to help raid the Ranch for her, and to arrest him if he has her in his possession."-

"Period you are a most wonderful boy and we appreciate it."

Period looked at her and Violet checked herself

"There's nothing wonderful to that" he said "I've got more to tell. Mrs George declared she had no intention of sending her there. The destination she intended her for was a two other Ranch place, on the

northern section of Arizona Phoenix City. How she got to California even Mrs George cannot understand I'd like to go there myself and find her but father who came with me wants me to stay here with you.

He believes positively the Abrahamian scouts will find her and bring her back."

"Do you think they can find her?"

"Positively. I feel it certain. They can accomplish as much as I can."

"We will pray and hope so" answered Violet with yearning in her voice.

Chapter Twenty Three.
The return home.

The Indians who had angeline in their possession gave her up to the Chief who followed by three of his braves brought her to the Cowboy town called the Razzle Daz in which was Sheriff Grayson. Angeline was still in a sad condition because of her experience at Rooneys hands and needed good care to bring her around.

When by morning the Indians came with such a pretty little white girl with extraordinary golden hair and still in her sun suit a crowd of cowboys, and women and children collected. The Indians

rode respectfully through the crowd however all the way up to Sheriff Graysons office. The Sheriff appeared at the knock on the door. This was the first angeline had seen of him in the daytime. He was a tall stern looking man but had kindly eyes.

The Indian Chief lifted her down from the horse bade her a fond farewell delivered her over to the Sheriff and waving his hand in another farewell rode away after she faithfully promised to return his favor as soon as she could.

"When I go home

to my parents brother and sisters I want you to come too." she had pleaded "I will come to your camp and get you."

Then she was carried on by the sheriff and laid on a bed in a back room just as she was.

"I'm sorry little girl that I was tricked by those fake papers" he said in a very regretful tone "after I discovered that through newspapers and posse tried to locate the place you were held but it seemed to never have existed Thanks to God and those good Indians you were rescued."

"It is not your

fault" she said "I knew the man decieved you. Mrs George sent Jim Rooney those fake papers. The Indians had to fight for my freedom, They spared Jim but killed his father for attempting to escape"

"I know" said Grayson. "I put the Indian Chief up to it It was my hope to rid this State of those merciless Rustlers. I must tell you that being a Sheriff I am also this Countys doctor and Surgeon and therefor I'll take good care of you. I know all about where you live but I want you perfectly well and happy before you

return. Your brother has sent your Country kind of girlscouts to trace you up and any of them will be here soon. I see traces still left on you by Rooneys rawhide I've got him in jail as the Indians brought him last night He'll be sent to Chicago under heavy guard on a train ahead of yourn where you can testify against him. The negress will come to morrow and she'll be your witness."

Two days passed and Angeline was improved enough to be up and up. Sheriff Gray non had sent to St Josephs Hospital the report that angeline was

safe and well. Knowing the events there which had flabbergasted him he did not want to send her back, untill he got word from the scouts. But Angeline wondered why she still retained the summer suit and was not given clothes.

"Its orders from your brother and father too" said the Sheriff you are to return home the same way you came It is known you are here But dont worry kid. Its nothing against modesty That long coat you had has been well cleaned and

you can wear that over your one piece bathing suit on the train But where did you get such such unatural golden hair like that?"

"Its my own hair."

"My wife who gives you baths says without intending to flatter you that she never saw any little girl with such a beautiful body like you have your little arms are perfect but sinewy and strong and not too soft which is a good sign. and I love the form of your neck, not too high not too low. and perfect Every body is talking about you and wondering how a man could be so

low down mean as to strike you like that"

She shook her head. She couldnt understand But as she was she stood before him with her hands folded in front of him. She looked up at him for a moment and then said:

"I've always seen it happen that those who are good to me had always afterwards good luck. and that those who tried to do me harm suffered and always had bad luck. For two days and nights you stayed up watching over me taking good care of me and keeping me

when I was in pain. You wouldnt let no one make the slightest noise around this place. You said very early this morning that you'd give anything once to have me in your arms. And as long as you could, But wont that make your wife jealous if you do?'

"Who's jealous" said the woman coming in and who had overheard the remark "Who'd be jealous of such a dear little girl like you? If you was a grown woman I might be and bounce a rolling pin over his head. But as you are a little girl he can do it all he likes"

Angeline laughed gleefully over these words and still stood before

him. Then she threw her little white arms around his neck with wildly beating heart and kissed him. He then wrapped his arms around her and held her tight as she squealed with delight it being her first day of real happiness since her deliverance.

From now on if he could help it, it really wasnt going to be spoiled. He was like P-ennod this Sheriff and held his hands on her chest to feel the beating of her little heart.

Though rapid just now from her excitement it was an extremely healthy beat as his doctor knowledge told

told him, and he liked to feel it. As he held her thus she looked up into his face happily and said:

"Couldnt you come home with me too? You've been so good to me since I was brought here that I want my parents and others to know you."

He couldnt refuse though he would have to appoint his son to take his place until he came back. He nodded as he retained his hold. She knew the facts and while he still felt her fluttering heart she laid her golden head against his left shoulder and with a happy smile on her

beautiful little face fell or fell into the deepest sleep she had ever been in her life before. She remained in that sleep a long time and when she did awaken he was still holding her in the same way and for some reason or other she believed his holding his hands by her heart made her feel that way and sleep so good and so she enjoyed it greatly.

"You like to feel my hearts beats dont you?"

"It gives me comfort to know you are healthy and strong" he answered.

"My heart beats and those of my sisters is the greatest

pleasure of my brother" she said. "He takes turns sleeping with one of us and he likes to sleep with the palm of his hand resting on our chest. He sure loves to hear and feel our heart beats. And we cant decieve him when we are scared a excited for he knows all by our heart beats. what we are.

Once he had his hand on my heart at night and a certain noise caused by some thing falling in my room scared me out of my wits, my heart beats woke him up, he jumped from the bed turned on the light and investigated the noise gun in

hand. It was only a picture frame. The rope broke and it fell scaring me. I feared it was a spy trying to get at us. He pacified me gave me a nice cold glass of lemonade and we were off to sleep again with his hand back in place"

Things were going pretty fast however for Angeline. The next day she was lying half asleep on the bed and the Sheriff was sitting at his desk when a Cowpuncher knocked came in and announced that a party of strangely dressed little girls were coming in the distance. The

Sheriff full of curiosity went out to see and was surprised out of his wits, a strange procession such as that part of the world had never seen before was winding up the street He was surprised to see mounted on swell horses seven girls of various ages the eldest appearing to be twelve years in tri colored clothes and large heart shaped hats of tri color on their heads.

Though little girls they were majestic and imposing in appearance and to his further surprise were armed, As they came up to where he stood their eyes seemed to look him through

and they had spanish like features The one in the lead had features and face like little "Annie Rooney" of the Cartoons but her black hair was in long braids and she wore a much more imposing and wider heart shaped hat

Their features were too stern of all of them to make him believe they were playing some sort of childish war game. Only one of them could speak a little English.

"Me name een Hannabella Rooney een Ze Hing leesh" said the leading one "We een search ing for ze leedle girl

by ze mame of Angeeleen Veereen. She was keednap-ped from her home eer Tuchtigago by ze Meezes George and seent down heah some blaze. Have youse seen her?" and the leader handed the sheriff a folded paper written in English.

The Sheriff understood without the slip of paper. for he had read in the newspapers the description of these children and what they were.

"Yes" he answered "I have her here. She is sleeping but I'll gladly admit you I'm glad you came. She was rescued by good Indians."

Een deems zay direct us heah" said the leader as she and her followers

started to dismount. They were led in by the sheriff even into the bedroom where Angeline was lying asleep.

"Oh Angeline" said the Sheriff "wake up" There's some friends here to see you.

But she always was a deep sound sleeper and it was with great difficulty that she was awakened. Finally she sat up and gave a start of surprise and joy as she saw the assembled group before her bed.

Angeline jumped off the bed and she and Rooney hugged one another joyfully They all spoke to her immediately in their own language

and she understood why they came and was very glad. But she made them understand that she was not well enough to go home yet and advised them to wire home that she was found.

Then in Abbreannian she told them where she had been held, of Jim Rooneys brutality the rescue by the Indians and and of her deliverance to the Sheriff and of Rooney being his prisoner. Then Annie Rooney said with much enthusiasm.

"My dear princess what a beautiful Cowboy estate there is here. Who in the world would have imagined it? Many a king would envy the Rancher the possession

of such a place. And see how you are blooming my dear princess like a June rosebud."

The girl scout leader drew Angeline to her and stroked the red cheeks. And then again she said:

"What a glory there is all about us. What do you say Angeline?"

The sick child was for the first time looking around her as if enchanted.

She had never dreamed of anything like this in all her life.

The weather was sultry like it is on the edge of the desert and the sky stretched dark blue and always cloudless away over the town and the

pines and the lofty cliffs that rose high into the air and shimmering.

But Angeline was more for going home than anything else in the world.

Oh Annie I wish I could be going back home with you now" she cried out longingly. "Back to father, Edmond and my sisters and then I could visit every place in that great Chicago city that I've heard of so much but have never seen"

The girls coats had never seen any thing like this big cowboy down and near by tall old pine trees whose long and widespread

boughs grew down to the ground and became larger and thicker there. They stood and gazed at the trees in wonderment. They hardly knew which to think more lovely the distant purple hills or the straight strong tree trunks like pillars.

The mighty branches told their own story of the long row of years that that they had been standing there while else were men had come and gone and everything had changed. But the trees were as they were in the beginning.

Angeline said again with much regret

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"Oh Annie Rooney if my dear brother and sisters could only come here I wouldnt mind staying here for some time. But why cant they come instead? They can never see this place at all if we have to start home as soon as I'm well enough to travel and that wont be long in this climate" and that would be such a shame"

"Dear Princess" said annie "let just let's enjoy all the lovely things that are here and not mind so much what isnt."

"You speak that way to me" said angelique but there is something wrong about my

sisters that you dont want me to know. Were they carried away too?"

"no they're with Penrod. But your disappearance has made them ill."

"Oh Annie then do you suppose I could go back home now Do you think I could stand the trip" the little sick girl asked eagerly"

"That's up to the Sheriff himself" answered Annie.

While they were thus chatting the sheriff had not been idle a table and a number of chairs

were now placed by the bench before the sheriffs head quarters and every thing was ready for them to eat their dinner out of doors.

Their food was still steaming in the kettle over the fire on side, on toasting ons the long fork over the coals.

But it was not long before the sheriff had carried every thing out to the table and the whole company had sat happily down to its meal.

Annie Rooney was quite enthusiastic about the dining room

of them. A gentle but sultry desert wind fanned the faces of the table companions and whispered so charmingly in the fir trees that one might have thought it music especially ordered for their feast.

'Oh Angeline I never had such an experience before" cried Annie. "It is splendid. But what do I see?" she added in the tone of the greatest surprise. "I really do believe Angeline that you have started on a fourth piece of cheese."

There was a fourth piece of shining yellow cheese on Angelines slice of bread sure enough.

"Oh Annie that taster so good, I to better than a whole hotel dinner" Angeline cried taking a big bite of the appetizing food.

Eat away "all you can" the Sheriff said well pleased. Our desert winds are a great help to the appetite even if the cooking isnt very good"

So the happy meal went on.

Sometime after supper the Sheriff showed them Mr Rooney behind the bars of his cell room. They sized him up haughtily but did not speak a word excepting Anna Rooney who demanded:

"Youse maime Deem Roonie?"

Yes what of it."

"Youse dare talk back

to me and youse well found out. youse heet and beet leedle preencees wiz ze rawhide and twice try and keel her. Youse well geet eet velly bad. Youse ees our brisoner and Preenco Peenrod well be glad to see youse"

"She cant prove a thing against me"

"Maybe not butze Preence Peenrod he beleeve every zing hees leedle seester tell not what youse tell"

"Oh yes she can prove things" said Miranda I will be a witness"

You damn old niggar"

"Better I be ole niggar than savage beast"

The girl scouts returned to Angeline to keep her company. Not wishing to give her an extra shock just then, they did not tell her about the fires hoping her sister would be allright by the time she got back and were glad of the delay.

During the night the scouts found shelter in a sort of hotel except little Miss Rooney who stayed by Angeline.

The dry healthy air brought speedy improvement in Angelines health. Her usual healthy flush returned she regained her usual pep and ate her meals with her usual appetite.

The Indian chiefs

now and then came to see her and appreciated the fact that her health was returning to her. She wrote letters to Pernod and her sister now and then and wondered why Pernod wrote the answers only. She had a vague fear something had happened to them that he and the scouts did not want her to know.

To the Cowboys and the women and children Angelines child scout visitors were a great curiosity because of what they were but to the scouts the Cowboys were

also a curiosity because of the same reason, so both sides were even.

On the day when Angeline could be well enough to be out, the cowboys took her and her child scouts out with them, and showed them how they tended cattle, seperated the best from the least and other interesting things.

They only spoke to angeline and the Rooney girlscout because they only could understand English.

On another day at the suggestion of the Ranch owners they staged a Rodeo for their entertainment. Also the Cowboys showed their excellent marksmanship

The girlscouts showed they were equally as good some of them a little better, but Angeline was still a little too shaky to show her ability and the sheriff told her not to do any fast riding on horses as it will renew her illness.

These entertainments kept her mind off of her troubles and worries for she knew she couldnt go home until the sheriff pronounced her in the condition to do so. And the girlscouts wanted her sisters to recover from their burns before Angeline saw them again. They didnt want her to recieve another

shock, So during the days she was to stay she and the scouts went out with the cowboys to watch them at their work and was able to go to mass too as the cowboys here were all Catholics and had a good sized church in their little town and several kindly priests

So she was pretty well at home here in this town which was called Bar M. There was one thing angeline didnt like here and that was that so little rain fell being so close to the edge of the desert, and she loved storms.

And she hated deserts even the sight of one was repulsive.

She hated the sight of thorny flowerless fat Cactus and blowing hot sand. And she had yet tried unconscious of its distance to cross the mohave. or death valley as it really is.

Had any one told angeline what had happened to her sisters in Chicago she would have again lost her health by worry about them or would have been overanxious to go home right away.

The best thing about it was how ever that the climate was a healthy one and caused her recovery to

a final more quicker
than expected. It even
killed off for good the
strange tropical fever
that had hemained so
long with her
As Pernod and his
sisters had been notified
before she wrote to them
that she had been found
and looked much more
healthier than any
time since her illness,
they felt more re-
lieved and believed
it best too that she
should remain until
they recovered from
their burns and
Heaven only knows
how long that would
take
But if they knew
what was happening
to Angeline now
while she remained

at the Sheriffs head-
quarters, they would
have wished to be
with her. For Cowboys
can always find ways
to entertain any one
they like and they
sure intended to
entertain her and
her friends as much
as it was in their
power.
They showed how
they could ride
bucking broncs with-
out being thrown,
how they could
lasso and throw
steers, and do other
great things.
Branding however
they didnt do in
their sight for fear
they would think
it cruel and would
not like it. But

unknown to them they had seen so much of branding in their own Country that they had branded cattle themselves at the same necessity.

To improve her health more faster she was kept out in the sun in her sun suit as much as possible and was given the best food that could be bought, and her scout friends did what they could to keep her happy too.

In spite of the fact that Angeline had also saved Jim Rooney from being burned at the stake which he so richly deserved he had not changed in his ways one bit which

showed the unusal wicked and heartless character of the man. If he had repented there was a probability that Angeline could have forgiven the man and he would not have been in the dire danger of facing the wrath of her brother Jerrod.

There was no chance of him escaping from the cell in the Sheriffs headquarters and if he did succeed he would have to face the terror of the Mohave.

Angeline for his souls sake had tried her hardest to win the fools repentance but she might as well have

tried to win the repentance of a wild Gorilla He would not listen to her, he wouldnt even talk but remained sullen and silent in his cell.

Of course having heard what he had done to Angeline the child scouts did not worry their heads about him, and in their endeavor to entertain Angeline forgot him altogether.

Cowboys who were musicians played beautiful music for her and her friends and sang songs.

Finally the day came when Annie Rooney got a letter from Penrod stating that they might as well bring Angeline back now as her sister

still much too slow in recovering and though still in the hospital were nevertheless recovered enough to see her.

Annie did not let Angeline see that particular letter She however showed the letter to the Sheriff but just then he was undecided. Angeline was not yet as well as he wished her to be and he had hoped to have her completely well before he would allow her to go.

So he sent a telegram back stating that he and the cowboys wished Angeline to remain

a little longer as they wished to give her a good time before sending her home, declaring that she deserved a lot of entertaining after what she went through.

But the telegram was not bluffing either. They showed her their expertmanship at horseback riding and things they could pick up while riding fast.

They showed her and her scout friends how they make a round up and also their lasso expertmanship. and how they could weild and crack great rawhide whips. which makes a noise like crack-

ing thunder. The girlscouts showed the Cowboys their own expertmanship at riding horses which to the surprise of the Cowboys outrivaled their best.

Never any where in this Country had angeline ever found any one so kind, friendly courteous and gracious as these Californian Cowboys.

She and her sisters had heard a lot about them from Pemrod and how they treated him when he was among them and now could see that Pemods story was true.

She never saw such things as gambling or drinking among them as moving pictures had shown to us, there was no saloon or drinking tavern in the town though there was a big restaurant called the Dazzle Daz and a bank.

One of the cowboys had taken her and her friends in there and got them the finest and most nourishing meal they could eat. Then too there was a great barn dance with plenty of music and entertainment which they enjoyed very much.

Boys wanted her to dance with them

but she was still too weak to obey their wish and one of them said: "Aw when youse here long enough angel kid you'll get so nice and well that you'll beat all of us. The sun here will do you a lot of good and we'll all treat you swell."

And all through this Jim Rooney the prisoner was forgotten and almost neglected. Sometimes he even missed some of his meals.

But he couldnt get away. He raved about neglect and ill treatment but nobody paid any attention to him. They even had the idea that he was such a vile

man that he was defiling the cell he was in. no one there could even understand how he could have been so heartless as to ill treat and abuse so beautiful a little girl.

Angeline could herself remember all what she went through when with her sisters she was so often captured by Glandelinian soldiers and placed in their camps. Even when sent to Molokai or to French Guiana true blooded Glandelinians did not do that. When questioned by it by the Sheriff she said:

"no sir Glandelinian soldiers aint mean enough to go that far.

try to burn little girls to death in Glandelinia and youd burn at the stake. Glandelinia may have a very drastic way of carrying on warfare, but rather a terrible country to go to and commit a crime in Despite what is said about Glandelinia in her way of fighting wars, her country as well as our own is absolutely free of crime among their own people.

no Glandelinians would never do and never did to us, or any one what lawbreakers did to us. Tear me away from my sisters and then try to burn them to death

because my kidnapper was captured. No Glandelinians never do that."

"Did you think that this country had so many outlaws when you came to the United States?"

"I even didnt think there were bad people here. Neither did my sisters. Poor Pernod who must have known should have warned us" the last was said reproachfully.

"And those people did this to you because their nephew became a Catholic?"

"Yes sir"

How could they became it or you if you didnt cause it?"

"They didnt say I did it. They learned

me because they said his constant contact with me inspired him and caused him to do so. My ways and manners they said was responsible."

The sheriff grinned. "Are you sure they were all right?"

"What do you mean?" They were not crazy were they?"

"Oh no sir"

"Some police they got in Chicago. A boy, your brother catches the firebug when the police cant even find out who he was. And your brother does it promptly after he was informed of it. It sounds strangely odd to me."

"Oh hes a wonderful boy. But oh how he hates praise I-I-e wants to praise us to death but if we praise him, he blushes like a rose and objects."

"May be so but I cant for all the world understand how a boy apprehends the would be murderer of his sisters where a whole police and detective force in Chicago could not even know who the firebug was!"

Penrod can do anything. If he had been home this would not have happened to me."

"Why was nt he home?"

"We sent him to new York with Father, and Mrs George and her husband

took advantage of it."

"Did you really out of extreme importance have to sent them?"

"Yes it was for our countrys sake. There was no alternative. We had to risk it. Penrod came back on learning of the big fires but father stayed in New York."

"Its too bad" said the Sheriff. "But fate or fortune holds sway with all of us and you are sure an unusally pretty girl" he continued "I cant for the saving of my soul understand how you or your sisters could ever have any one angry at you, let alone harbing enemies of any kind."

"Looks dont make friends" said Angeline in a positive tone. "If they hate you they will hate you no matter how pretty you are. If a bad person has no heart for you what are you going to do?"

"The world is full of crazy people" said the sheriff.

About a (week) week it was apparent that Angelines health was entirely stored. Also she was strangely transformed her hair had a brighter glitter and every appearance about her had become supernatural like.

The girl scout annie Rooney had finally shown Angeline the

newspaper accounts of the great fires which had been set with the purpose to get her sisters.

She saw the pictures of the fires and in particular the big wooden house conflagration where her sisters were really burned so sadly.

"And Mr George did it in person?" asked Angeline. in Abreamian

"no" said annie Rooney "To make it appear as if he didnt have anything to do with it he hired a firebug called Samuel Palooka to do it."

"Joe Palooka" cried Angeline "Why he's the man who kidnapped me when

I was four years old and Mr George was too cowardly to do it himself Pernod must be informed of Palooka. and they try to tell me Glandelinian soldiers are bad. Yet I never saw real bad people untill I came to this side of the world.
and after my sisters were burned in the fire and brought to the first hospital he hired Palooka to set it on fire too."?
"Yes Pernod told us that and he knows more than you do Angeline who and what Palooka is and is having a country wide search made for him."
"I dont see how

they could set those fires even at night without being seen. and each one was set off at exactly the same hour of night?"
"Yes"
"How did they know where my sisters really went?"
"Your sisters were shadowed by Mr George. He kept a close watch upon them. He was even so much that he baffled the police. It was your good mother Prince Pernod alone who lead in his capture"
"That old double crosser Mr George" said Angeline angrily "and we befriended all the

Georges when they were
down and out and put
them on their feet. Once
they were put out into
the street because they
could not pay the rent
and I rented paid it
for them. Wait till I
see Georges Uncle and
Aunt I'll give them a
piece of my mind
and plenty too. But how
did my sisters get
surprised by the fire
in that wooden house.
Their instinct should
have told them when
they were in danger.
I'm going to speak
to them too about
it when I get back."

"Surely you're not
going to scold your
poor dear sisters?"

"I'll say I'm not.
What for?" I only will

want to find out some
things. Scold them? I'd
like that. What put
that thought into your
head? But I'll tell
those two Georges plenty
believe me, and believe
me all of them."

"Do you think Webber
Georges' parents are really
responsible?"

"I cannot say that.
But if they knew the
character of their re-
lations they should
have warned me
and my sisters-
Then I would not
have trusted Georges
Aunt when she
deceived me and poor
Evans and said she
wanted to take me
all around Lincoln
Park. She an awfully
powerful woman

and so it was impossible to get away from her. But I'll make Penrod pay her plenty I'll charge her with conspiracy to keep our spy enemies and see her blanch"

"But if she wasnt with the spies I'm sure we couldnt do that"

"Oh yeah?" cried Angeline just wait and see. We could righteously and justly put her under the suspicion for she indirectly aided them in what she did to me all who are our enemies are friends of our spy foes, and Mr George was a friend of Ingan and Sukes. That puts him under suspicion too We'll give them

both the greatest scare in their lives"

"Humph" said Annie I dont like what you said there Angeline and Sukes and Ingan in company with Mr George. That does sound suspicious. maybe they are involved. Well we'll see"

Two days later Angeline with the child seats the two good Indian chiefs, Miranda, and the Sheriff, were awaiting a train from Mohave city to Chicago, In fact while waiting on the shipping hot station floor Angeline was very conspicuous to every

one. It either might have been the extreme beauty of the little girl or mere curiousity, and also of course jealousity Indeed some little girls looked very jealously at her, turned up their noses and walked away some sized some sized her up at a distance afraid of the Indians and the strangely dressed child soon.

Indeed the interior of the station was (s)offocating hot and almost intolerable. But being a desert city it was far hotter outside.

The greatest number of waiting people despite the heat looked curiously at, a sized up her,

strangely golden hair. As much as she feet the heat angeline fastened her long coat nervously and did not like it that so many would so continually gaze at her and wished almost despenately and really impatiently that the train would come.

The prisoner Jim Rooney had been puton an earlier traind under strong guard.

Finally she was on the train with her friends. Angeline took a seat by the window the sheriff with her. the others on the seat apposite.

There were a lot

of people on the car, and she was "all eyes" when she got on and and still more when she seated herself.

Curiousity was greater because of the companions she had. She could not understand why every one should stare at her so and therefore to those that did stare the longest and most inquisitively she gave flashing eyes and asked curtly: "Is there anything you want?"

"No" was the answer.

"Then have the good manners to turn your faces the other way. I'm no antique in an old curiousity shop"

One saucy looking eighteen year old boy

asked:

"Aint my face good looking enough?"

"I dont know about that, maybe a Chimpanzee or a Baboon may improve it for you"

He flushed scarlet and amid the laughter of the others hid his face behind a newspaper.

The others had turned their faces away. Then she overheard one passenger say to another in a loud whisper to another:

"Who is the pretty saucy kid, with the 'kids' of such peculiar fancy clothes, the two Indians negro woman, and

the sheruff. Didnt we see her in Chicago once? Looks like the one shown in the papers who was said to have been kidnapped in Chicago and sent to an unknown destination."

The other man stood up and looked searchingly at her. She paled for she recognized him. It was Mr Mack. He gave a scowl at her and reseated himself.

"She, the one all right. She must have been found and rescued. She, Angeline. Come lets get off before it starts. I'm not riding on this coach"

and the two rose and went into another

coach. The other she recognized as Fagan.

Angeline thought to herself "I'd been wiser to have kept still" and to safe guard herself on the train told the sheruff who the men were and what had once happened to her. Throughout Fagan and Sikes, She had not had much adventure with Mr Mack however but said he too 'was a man to be feared.

"I'll be on my guard said the sheriff.

On the return journey towards home this time Angeline enjoyed the trip elately. When on the right

kind of a journey little angelina did always love to ride trains and her greatest thrill (not swallow as was to see the effect of the ground and all other objects move so swiftly by.
After the train had left the desert some distance behind the air outside became much cooler to her relief, and she knew she would soon be in locations where she could see it rain or snow again.
She didnt mind real chilly summer weather, but she hated places where its always stifling hot and never rains.
Again on Mack

once in a while passed back and forth through the coach by a so but they didnt pay any attention to her any more, and acted as if she wasnt there.
As she saw so much of them in her own country the Rocky mountains also held her interest but she was somewhat fearful when the train passed over long bridges awfully high from the canyons or gullies below.
It took more than 36 hours before the train began to leave the mountains behind.
For every meal

Angeline ate with her friends on the diner. The train made no long stops except at big general cities. At Denver Colorado Angeline saw for the first time since leaving Mohave city, lots of snow. The only snow she had seen before was on mountain tops. At Denver she was in the Diner again, with her friends. This time Fagan and Mr Mack were there and though they knew she was there acted as if she didnt exist. She kept her eyes on them nevertheless and when she left the diner looked cautiously back towards

them, but even then she did see they paid not the slightest attention to her. She wondered why they were on the train and where they were going.

When entering and leaving Omaha during a heavy and protracted snowfall, Angeline saw much of the city and to her surprise saw Fagan and Mr Mack get off the train at this city, without so much as looking at her.

It had been in Omaha in her youngest days when kidnapped the first time in her life, and

she was therefore somewhat glad when they left Ft. with Fagan and Mack far behind.

In another sixteen hours the train pulled into Chicago. With a wildly beating heart she followed her friends, and the girl scouts through the gates into the station, and soon into Canal Street.

Angeline had not thought of winter weather weather in Chicago and feet the cold severe weather keenly through her long thin coat but she soon was on a street car with the Sheriff and the Indian friends while Annie Rooney came also with her but without the

other scouts to show her the way to Pennods had his new abode. The Indians didnt wish just then to go into Pennods private quarters, so they took a room in a hotel on Halsted and Madison.

She was ushered into Pennods room but he wasnt home.

She took off her long coat as advised by Annie Rooney sat on a davenport to await Pennods coming for he no doubt was in the hospital visiting his sick sisters.

She wondered how long she had to wait before he would come. The fact makes it he wasent long

on coming either as he had been in the Hospital all morning, and needed to get some things from his room to a for them.

When Pennod came (in) he was surprised and somewhat alarmed when trying the key in the lock, he found the door open.

Suddenly drawing his pistol, for he suspected a robber, or some confederate of the Geagen he flung the door wide open with a startling bang and stepped in.

Her then gave a start of surprise still holding the pistol Angeline had risen, Annie & Coney remained seated.

Pennod started back

in amazement He stood and gazed at poor little Angeline with wide staring eyes. What scenes did memory bring back to his fond heart.

Tears suddenly flooded his eyes Angeline surely looked strangely transformed since he saw her last, more clearer and brighter in the a her golden hair and wi with cheeks slightly tinged with red.

Poor Pennod could not tell whether he was awake or dreaming.

"Pennod dear dont you know me, any longer. Have) been gone so long"? Angeline called to him then and her face beamed at him

joyfully. "am I so changed?" Perrod rushed twards his little sister and folded her tightly in his arms. "I should say you were changed. Is it possible? Can it be?" and his own heart almost bursting with happy the fond good brother standing a stepped back a short distance as if to see whether the vision would remain a vanish from his sight.

"Is it really you after all Angeline?" he had to cry one time after another. He took his little sister back in his arms and then he had to look her all over again to make sure that she was actually his sister Angeline who stood erect before him.

"Well my dear brother

why dont you say something?" and the delighted little girl kissed her good brother with fond affection. "But now dearest brother" she said after a moment. "Lets go over to St Josephs Hospital and see our dear sisters who wrote to me that you are the greatest benefactor in the whole world."

"Surely and this afternoon. But how are you my little Angeline dear. I didnt expect to see you fresh and blooming since you were stolen away. I dont need to ask do I? No American beauty Rose could look more flourishing. And that a great joy to me dear Angeline to see you so

again."

Angeline looked up with shining eyes at her nice brother. How good he had always been to her and her sisters. And it made Angelines heart glad, and to beat to know that he should be finding such great happiness in her return.

He was indeed surprised and expressed his grateful thanks to God for the wonderful change in Angeline for he was utterly amazed that such a thing could ever have happened and she was far from well at the time she was kidnapped. He was so excited he didnt notice that she was in her sunsuit.

"My dear little Angeline"

he said again" is it really you? Why your cheeks are red and round as apples. Dearest sister. I simply did not know you any longer"

Laughing and weeping in the same breath he again hugged Angeline tightly to himself. His happy heart was too full for words. Then he clasped Annie Mooney to her embrassment and then Angeline again. All the time he was crying out with joy that the miracle had really happened and here he had his sister returned to him and in a very healthy condition...

At last they could sit

down in sober quiet together on chairs in the front room and then Penrod had to be told from the very beginning how things had come about. First he heard how Mrs Jane George had decieved her and Evans with the pretense of wanting to take her to Lincoln Park and after wards sent her off where after her escape from Ahnie Rooney, she the train she was in the hands of bandits. Then of her attempted journey across what she did not know was the death Valley then her rescue and of how she got unto the hands of Jim Rooney. Then he listened to the story of

her rescue by the Indians just sometime after Jim Rooney had tried to kill her. Then he learned of her recovery to health and how one thing had led to another before getting ready to go home.

But it was a long while before she had brought her story to an end because every now and then Penrod would break out in amazement and exclaim full of praise and gratitude again and again.

"Can it be possible? Then its just not a dream after all? Are we actually awake and sitting in this room again?

and is this little girl beside me this angelic little creature with the round flushed face the same pale weak sick little Angelina that I used to know?"

Later on that afternoon while they were still sitting together talking of all sorts of things, Angelina took her brothers hand in hers. His face still shone with the joy he felt and each time he looked at her he did seem if anything a little more happy than before.

And his sister said to him in a lively manner not at all like that of the fever sick little Angelina of other days:

"Oh Fernod if you only knew how much you always have done for me. You've been so good every single day that I cant even begin to tell you all about it. But I'll never forget it for ever. And I shall always wish that I could do something in return for your kind loving care, to give you something that would make you at least as happy as you have made me." Then there is the Sheriff who came with me, who aided me and helped my recovery, to health. He too deserves a good reward."

And thats exactly the way I feel my dear sister." said her brother. "I've been trying right along to think of some way in which we can show a small part of our gratefulness to the good sheriff. Where is he?"

"He's in that red brick hotel on the corner of Halsted and Madison."

Then Pernod got to his feet and both he and his sister went there inquired for the sheriff by name was given the number of his room and soon found him.

The Sheriff rose politely but Pernod grasped him by the hand and said in the most friendly manner.

"My dear friend, lets have a word

together. You will understand me when I say that for many long days I have had no real joy. What did I care for all money and princely possessions when all these things were and are happening to my sisters. And when I looked at Angeline whom all the riches in the world could not restore to health next to our God in Heaven you have made my little sister whole and have given us a new life as well.

Now tell me how best we can show our deep thankfullness. I can never in this Country hope to repay what you have done for me and mine. But

what ever is in my power to do, that shall be really done. Speak my dear friend what shall it be?"

Sheriff grayson had listened quietly and had gazed at the boy with a smile of pleasure. When the other had finished speaking he said in his decided way:

"Prince Pennod will believe me when I say that I too have a large share of joy in this recovery in my place in Mohave City in the State of California.

My trouble has already been rewarded. Many thanks my dear boy for your generous offer but I am in need of noddings. I was glad to have the good

chance to bring her to Chicago safe and sound. If God Himself feels that He Himself can give me the assurance that Angeline or your other good sisters will never again in their lives be compelled to be in the hands of wicked outlaws, that He will have more than repaid me for the little I have done for you and your sister."

"But my dear friend that goes without saying" Pennod burst out "My little sister belongs to us. Ask my mother, fathers & my sisters if Angeline shall ever have this kind of thing happening

to her again. But now dear chap if it will be the slightest comfort to you why theres my hand upon it. I promise you solemnly that not one of my poor sisters shall never have this happen to them again. I'll see to it through my strange secret power. So you see now they are going from now on to have more than an ordinary guardian near them And I'll see to it that they will be provided to each orther for always"

"God grant it" said the Sheriff piously and he shook Pernods hand very cordially and for a long long time.

Angeline was very anxious to see her

sick sisters, and Pernod was not the kind to keep her anxious if he could help it. though he dreaded the shock she would recieve at the horrible sight of them.

So bading the Sheriff good bye for the time being the two boarded the street car going north.

As they were on the car Pernod told Angeline that he was going to take her to the hospital to see Jane first and explained why.

"Only you can bring back her memory" Pernod said. "She's worse off than the others."

Ever since the day

that Joyce swooned over the loss of her sister Angeline the same good nurses were still with her whose condition baffled the skill of the best doctors and caused the great head doctor there the greatest concern"

"In vain all these days had the best of doctor and the nurses striven to bring her back to normal as Angeline and Pernod walked up the path. Way they both closely scanned the hospital which had sheltered their sister since she broke down with nervous prostration their hearts meanwhile throbbing rapidly as they reached

the fourth floor of the building a nurse admitted them When Pernod told who Angeline was the nurse looked immensely relieved and said:

"Thank God you have come back She wont speak to a soul" and she ushered them into a room swept and garnished as if for their reception"

"I am more than sorry to hear it" said Pernod bitterly. "But we may be able to do something for her nevertheless"

"Humph" was the reply of the nurse as she looked keenly at Angeline.

with eyes so kindly that Angeline could not refrain from smiling.

"So you feel called upon to do you? Well there's some that really mightn't - all considered. However we'll let the good and straighten out this snare. Reckon it ain't much use for us to set ourselves up for more than we be. But we'll see. Come here and let me feast my eyes on you" she added dropping her portly self upon a chair and extending both hands to Angeline.

Angeline gave one bound and landed on her motherly lap, where she was

held tightly. Thus dear this dear old nurse was a great lover of children and knew how to care for them. Then holding the little girl at arms length two old Ham who was married and had children of her own said:

"Can you tell me what all the people did without you."

"But they are not going to do without me I'm right here" cried Angeline. "Sands sakes yes, you be here now, but where were you the last past weeks?" said the kind soul. Cocking her head to one side

Angeline rested two delicate appearing hands upon Mrs Oldhams ample shoulders and (a) peered into her face while a rather baffled look overspread her own little wild rose one.

"Why- why - why-" she began and paused.

"Well?" interrogated Mrs Oldham.

"Why I'm just mixed in my mind" said Angeline, "This is St Lukes hospital and my sister Joyce is all alone without me to help take care of her. And she took care of me over and over so long ago when I was sick from the heat fever which I got in French Guiana when all surely thought I was lost.

So maybe I ought to stay right and day with her. But you see" and the little maid hurried on more rapidly "you see mother and daddy and my good brother and sisters lost me for such a long long time that they got dreadful lonesome and were badly burned in a big fire. And there's Jack Evans. He was just as lonesome for me and didnt know what to do when I didnt come back

So I must be very careful. And if I am careful where will I be by that time?" cried this poor little Abreannian Persephone

now quite out of her bearings.

"Just think where ever I am dear little sweet heart" exclaimed Pernod catching her up in his arms and holding her close. "Daddy, mother, and your sisters can't spare you again. But now Miss Oldham I think we'd better see our little sister Joice if possible. Suppose you let angeline go in to see her first"

"Yes I guess maybe you've hit the best plan" said Miss Oldham rising from her seat. "Run along little angel fairy and see poor little Joice. That nurse will lead you to the room"

Angeline needed no second bidding. Lightly as a thistledown she followed the nurse and led to it, paused to peep into Joices room. Joice gave no sign that she was aware of her presence. and believing her asleep, Angeline crept noiselessly to the side of the bed.

The others had followed her as far as the room and now awaited the outcome of the childs next move.

Pernod also stood close to the bedroom door as though he dreaded to let Angeline from his sight.

"Joice, Joice" whispered

Angeline softly but Joice did not respond. Angeline tiptoed to the pillow and resting one little hand on Joices face, repeated more loudly: "Joice my dear sister!" adding softly "I've come back to you Joice dear I'm your little sister Angeline."

Slowly the closed eyelids raised. Vacantly the weary eyes rested upon the beautiful little face so close to the pillow.

Waveringly Joices hand stole up and clasped the small one resting upon her cheek.

"Its me Joice dear. Dont you know me? Are you so ill because I was gone. Its Angeline, little Angeline

your lost sister come back to you" concluded Angeline troubled lest Joice should fail to recognize her at all.

The name seemed to unlock Joices dulled senses for suddenly sitting bolt upright she cried out:

"Angeline my dear little sister Angeline. My sister. My little sister Angeline" and catching her little sister up into her arms the poor overwrought girl burst into a storm of sobs. It was natures very best remedy for her strained nerves.

Angeline clasped her arms tightly about her and soothed and patted

like the gentle little soul she was, Pernod hurried on and dropping upon his knees beside the bed, clasped his arms about both.

Mrs Oldham closed the door leading into the private room feeling that such a scene must not be lightly looked upon.

For more than an hour the murmur of voices told of what the result of Angelines return was to be.

Then the door was opened and Pernod leading Angeline by the hand came out. His face showed deep emotion but a serene smile told that the storm had passed and

that sunlight was breaking. Angelines little rose bud face also showed traces of tears, but the childs happy little soul could not long remain depressed.

She held her good brothers hand close to her cheek now and again kissing it softly as though to convey comfort by the caress.

"I believe we will go to St Josephs Hospital now Angeline" said Pernod gently. "Good by Mrs Oldham. We will call again to see our sister. No need to move her now. And please let us know if we can serve in any way whatever. I think

my little sister Joy would like to speak to you, so we will go at once."

And from that hospital passed two gracious souls.

Angeline's return caused many peoples tongues to clatter like mill clappers, from excitement and enjoyment. She or her sister had no enemies now. The people who had been found the city too tough to stay in, and had made them selves scarce.

As Pernod and angeline was nearing the entrance of St Josephs Hospital James Andrews was just comin g out sharing been visiting Violet and her sister.

James Andrews saw angeline looking at

him, and his heart gave a bound for here surely he thought is a little girl prettier than Pernods sisters though he wondered why Pernod was with her. He did not know or had not heard yet that Angeline had returned.

He saluted Pernod respectfully, doffed his cap politely to angeline told Pernod that his sisters feet more pain from their burns and wanted to see him oh no badly and bowing politely to the little girl would have passed on. But she put out her hand and said. "James dear dont you

know me any more? Am I so transfigured?"

A transfigured Angeline it was true but the same smiling little Angeline he had been so fond of.

For a second or so he stood staring at her in amazement. But if he had not recognized her at first he knew her voice, and gave a regular Indian (war-whoop and forgetting all else in his delight Tanner gave one quick step forward shouting in a hearty boyish voice:

"Hello Angeline. Why I didnt know it was you. You look more beautiful than you did before. Where in

Heavens name have you been?"

And as he asked this question he stared open eyed and open mouted at the extremely beautiful little apparition he fancied stood before him on a beautiful frilled dress and a scotch-ish cap on her head.

So astonished was he that he forgot to close his mouth and there is no telling what might have found harborage within it had not quick thoughts of the horrible French Guiana prisons obtruded themselves upon him.

"Oh - oh - h - oh - say. French Guinia didnt get you again did

it? and how come you wear all that nice finery in this winter weather. Oh say - aint you, - aint - you -- dint you?" and the words died away in amazement and joy as James Andrew drew closer to make sure that his eyes had not deciever him.

But this was too much for little Angeline and peal upon peal of laughter rang out upon the early winter air. It acted like an electric shock upon James. When her laughter had subsided James took up his question just where he had dropped it.

"Where ve you been Angeline? Why but I'm

sure glad to see you. We didnt know what happened to you" and his boyish face beamed with the greatest pleasure.

"I went with Mrs George very unwilling to a train. She deciever me and Jack Evans saying she wanted to take me to Lincoln Park. She sent me to Arizona where I escaped from the train but was captured by bandits who took me to California where I was able to escape again, tried to cross the Cal. Death Valley by myself. I got saved by an old man, and then was taken by a sheriff

who by mistake put me in the hands of Mr Jim Rooney. I was there ever so long and I've just been brought back by the same Sheriff. I was asked by people if we were going back to Abbeanonia as soon as we can get a ship because of what happened and I said "yes" as soon as we complete our studies here and no sooner because no crooks cant drive us out of this Country. Pernod said no but when we do go I want you and many one Masters to come to Abbeanonia with us because Pernod wants all who befriended us to come - and - and-and" and here little Angelines

voice failed her simply because breath could not come fast enough.

As she talked James eyes had grown bigger and bigger, and it seemed as if they must pop out and his head was turned so rapidly back and forth that one could have wondered why it did not shake off altogether.

Angelines smile would have won any laddies heart and Pernod kindly looked as he watched James, and Angeline was all that was needed to put James quite at his ease.

There were no words needed to express Angelines joy and James looked positively

foolish with happiness.
"Lord Hamilton" Pennod burst out "Are we going to stand here all morning telling that everythings lovely and the goose hangs high. Lets go into the hospital and do your grand talking while we're in my sisters sick room. I want them to know that Angeline is back again safe and sound."
James was not at all slow to accept the invitation to accompany them which he did.
Sister Camilla the Head sister of St Josephs Hospital received Angeline with joy at her return and believed her presence would encourage her sister to more speedy recovery. The nurse led

them to room 324. Then Pennod said to Angeline, "You go in and surprise them. I'll come in a few minutes later." and he slowly opened the door.
Angeline tiptoed in and soon was standing by Violets bed. She was turned the other way one bare arm unburned outside the sheet.
The smell of vasaline and other medicines for bad burns prevaded the room. Violet was not asleep but it was apparent she was in great pain. Then she saw Jemmie and gave a start. She was unprepared

for the terrible sight which met her eyes. It was enough to frighten a man to see her. Her face was burned to the color of teak wood and huge patches of skin here and there appeared to be burned completely off from the bones.

Both hands and arms were swathed in grease but not bandaged except the hands which rested on pillows.

Violet did not look half so bad.

Angeline touched her on the arm.

Violet slowly and painfully turned around with a moan and saw Angeline standing beside her.

She was in too bad a condition to give way to excitement at sight of the apparition so she only held out her hand and taking Angelines and smuling through her misery cried: but not very loudly

"Angeline you back? Where have you been?"

Angeline sat down by her bed and graphically told the whole story.

"And" - said Angeline exultantly "Penrod has captured the man who hired fire bugs to burn you. That given me satisfaction"

Violet looked very surprised.

"He did? Why he

never told us."

"That's Ermod. He knows you'd praise him. He loves to praise us, but runs away when he faces it. How are my other two sisters?" She looked at Catherine and saw her face was also burned to the color of teak wood and also large patches of skinned flesh appeared to be burned from her bones here and there.

Both her hands were swathed in bandages. Her eyes were tied over and she was in great pain. But her hair was intact.

Even Hettie presented a most pathetic figure she too was terribly

burned. The end of her nose though it wasn't appeared to be burned off and her face was disfigured. Both arms too were fearfully burned. Daisy was equally as bad but the burns were on her back and she could only lay on her side or face downwards. Despite their burns and the almost unbearable pain, they still only were greatly distressed over the loss of angelina.

Daisy was in a delirium before Angelina returned and had kept on saying over and over over again "I dont want to die - I hope I'm not going

to die but oh I want my sister Angeline. I want my sister my sister Angeline, Pennod oh Pennod dear 'a' come back and find her"

There were terrifying sights in this hospital room indeed. The whole side of Jennies chest face and abdomen were almost gone but her right was still preserved.

Violets body was scarred and seared by the burning bed. All these five little girls were terribly burned but were bearing their sufferings bravely.

The only good hospital friend these little girls had so far was the super

won nurse Mrs King of New York. She is a very capable woman and had good capable speciallt trained nurses watch the girls night and day. Yet she did not know what to do with them. The doctors had said it would take a long time to for them to recover Angeline had never expected to see them so badly burned and was terribley frightened.

Violet continued: They were burned worse than I was. They are sleeping and the doctors dont want them awakened or disturbed. I wish I could tell them you are here.

But oh they suffer so."
"Was Pernod worked up very much about what happened to you because of the fires?"
"He appears as calm and as good natured as if nothing wrong happened to us" answered Violet. "But I dont like the looks of his eyes. I know, I can feel it is all up with Mrs George, and the fire bug he captured, I'd dread him too if we were wicked creatures and crossed him. Before we knew he was our brothers boy and gure scouts told us things about Pernod as you know that sent cold shivers up and down our backs. God help that fire bug. But who did he capture?"

He didnt tell me yet. But when I asked him his eyes looked like that of an angry Orang Outang and he said: "I'll make him wish he had never been born, and I wont have you little girls ask me to forgive him either, for I wont under- any conditions"
"We sure have been burned badly" whispered Violet. Who ever did it roped us in our beds in our sleep. We were awakened by smoke and flames, and when our beds caught, we gave ourselves up for lost, though we screamed

for help and prayed desperately. A stream of water from some fire-mans hose suddenly came into our window, and soused the flames but almost scalded and suffocated us with smoke, and hot steam,
The rebound of the water struck our beds, quenching the fire which burned us. We were almost crazy with pain and fear, and the water spraying on us almost drowned and smothered us into unconsciousness. The stream came through the window a long time. Some-

time after the fire was out firemen found us and rushed us to a hospital That too was set on fire but all of us were rescued and we were—were brought—here. At ten oclock every morning and two oclock in the afternoon Dr[illegible] Mc Penna comes. He's our main doctor.
And then he with the aid of two Interns and a couple of nurses cleans gently our burns though oh how it hurts when he does and how we dread it, and puts fresh salves and oint ment on them. If we cant stand what he needs to do to our burns, he

given us an injection of something so we dont feel at all what he does. We have been here so long and we sure do suffer. But all that happened to us did not kill our grief and fear because you were gone. We once a day or on the evening have to take Cod Liver Oil.

Taking Cod Liver Oil is to us the most terrible thing in the world but we take it followed by Orange juice so we wont offend them. But now everything will be better, since you have returned to us and we hope to be well enough soon to be able to get out of bed."

Angeline, having

seen the condition of their burns shook her head very doubtfully at Violets talk of getting out of bed so soon.

"But look here Angeline dear. of course we will get well soon. Everybody does who dont die. And Dr McKenna is very kind though some what loud and bossy but never cross. and besides he explains everything to you. But when we ask him how long it'll take us to get well he looks sad and doesnt answer."

At that moment, Jennie having awakened, and hearing the sound of

loudly whispered voices turned her head slowly around to see.

"Heavens above" she cried "Is that my dear little sister Angeline sitting there?"

"Yes Jennie dear its really me" Angeline answered She rushed off a over to Jennies bed and plumped down on her knees beside her.

She had an impulse to take Jennies hand but saw it bandaged and was speechless she was so shocked and horrified.

At first Jennie herself was so surprised that she also could find nothing to say. But then she began

to say over and over again:-

"Yes, yes, thats her hair and thats her voice, but she's so transformed. I thank Thee dear God that Thou has let her return to us again" And two great tears of joy fell from Jennies eyes, down on Angelines hand which had the sheet over Jennie in a firm grip.

"Is it really you Angeline dear? Have you come back to us at last?"

"Oh surely its me Jennie dear?" Angeline said gently But dont you cry for I'm back here to say and am coming to see

you and my other dear sisters every day until you get well and will never allow any one to take me away again. And see what I have brought you".

And now Angelina drew from a bag one after the other six big oranges and laid them in a row on a table.

"Oh my dear Angelina what is this blessed gift you have brought us?" Jennie cried in her astonishment for it seemed as if the supply of oranges would never end they followed one another so endlessly. "But the greatest blessing of all is you Angelina. Just say one more

word dear. Anything so I can hear the sound of your voice."

Then it was that Angelina told Jennie what had happened to her and how fearfully afraid she had been that her sisters might die from their burns when her little sister was so far away. Then she could never have come to see them again, and would be alone in the cold world."

The Superviser or head nurse on the floor came in while they were talking together. She stopped short and stared as if she could not trust her eyes. Then she cried:-

"As I live its little Angeline But how can that be?"

Angeline got up from her her knees and shook hands with her and Miss Brigitte could not get over her surprise at Angelines transfigured and changed appearance.

She walked around the child once or twice and said:

"What a lovely dress you have on and how fine you look I could hardly recognize you and the little Scotch hat there on the table, is it yours too? Do put it on so I can see if its becoming"

Angeline did.

Suddenly the door opened and Dr McKenna entered but also stood still. Angeline with

with bare arms outstretched ran up to her old friend seized the hand he was holding out to her and cried with the greatest glee:-

"Good morning Doctor and I thank you again a million times"

"God greet you Angeline" said the doctor with a kindly smile "But why do you thank me the moment you see me?"

"Because you took care of my poor sisters" the child answered.

The doctors face lighted up as if with sunshine. He had not hoped for so hearty a welcome from any

of the little Vivians. He had been very much worried about them because their burns were very critical and had been so wrapped in his own thoughts that he had no eyes for anything but their condition.

He had been afraid that Angeline would almost have forgotten him for they had seen so little of each other and besides as the message he had was sure to be a disappointing one to her the feet she would not care to welcome him.

Instead of this however angelines eyes were shining with pure joy and here she was filled with thankfulness and love

clinging to the doctors arm as if she would never let go. With a sudden rush of fatherly tenderness the doctor took the childs hand in his.

"Come dear" he said with his kindest smile "I take me straight to your sister Daisy"

But at this angeline stood still and looked fearfully at her other sisters who were not awake.

"How are they?" she asked though she feet it was a foolish question by one more look at them.

"Thats just it now I'll have to tell you something that will hurt you as much as it does

me" the doctor answered. "You can see for yourself Angeline as you look at them that they are in a very serious condition. Daisy Jennie and Catherine were burned worse. They're very ill. It'll be a long time before they'll even be able to sit up in bed"

Angeline was completely taken aback by this news. For a moment she just could not grasp the fact that what she had all along thought to be so certain had suddenly become untrue.

She stood without moving when she heard this unexpected message. The doctor had nothing to say and there was absolute

silence about them. Then all at once it dawned on Angeline why it was that the doctor had come. She looked up at him. There was something so sad in the gaze that rested on her that she had never seen one like it before.

The doctor had never looked at her that way before.

It went straight to Angelines heart. She couldnt bear to see any body unhappy and least of all the nice doctor.

It must surely be because her sisters were so ill from their burns. She sought some way of comforting

hum and hitting upon it at once.

"Oh surely I hope they'll be well before long and then they're sure to be up and "around" Angeline said to comfort him. "It never takes us long to get well no matter what happens to us and now lets go see Daisy Her beds right here."

Hand in hand they approached the bed and the doctor examined Daisy He did the same with the others. Angeline wondered why the little girls were left nude in bed and their burns on their bodies not covered with bandages.

"Why are they left that way?" she asked. "If bandages are wrapped

around them, then burned skin or flesh will come with the bandages when removed" said the doctor fearfully.

Pernod just this moment came in with James. The doctor turned to Pernod.

"I suppose you know my brave boy if we want to have the slightest hope of your sisters getting well again we must use the greatest care and treat them very tenderly".

"Dr" cried Pernod "be honest with me. Have you the least hope that my sisters will recover from their burns?"

The doctor shrugged his shoulders sadly. "not much" he said softly But come my dear little fellow, think

of other things for a moment. In the first place you have seven dear little sisters, who long for you when you are away from home by compulsion and who are happy when you come back. You never have to return to an empty house and sit down to a lonely dinner.

Your sisters though so badly burned are well cared for here.

It is true for what has happened to them they must go without many things that other children have and yet in many ways they are far better off than they are. No Pernod in a way you and your good little sisters are not to be so greatly pitied.

you are very fortunate to have each other. But think what would have happened if they were gone forever and you had a blighted empty house. Why your father tries to bear this cross more than you do, and he has been here as often as you have. And remember you have the great luck to have captured the leader of the firebug ring where everybody else failed. The whole city's proud of you lad."

"But I didnt catch Samuel Paloaka"

"But my lad you didnt set out for that yet You'd get him too if you intend"

Pernod was standing up. Soon he was softly striding

up and down the asle of the room as he always did. when he was excited, or when thinking deeply of some matter.

They or the doctor was was a great favorite of the little Vivian girls because he treated them so nicely and every came he came he had some funny story or other to tell them.

Jennie stretched out her bandaged hand the moment he sat down beside her. Pernod and Angeline also drew up chairs to the bedside and with her bandaged hand in his began to talk about the reasons of the big fires which up to now Violet only knew and kept to herself, and they reason, why, she did not know

of it for so long We passed quickly over the fact that their condition was more serious than thought, and that they would be out of bed before Christmas was positively out of the question for he was afraid of the tears that were coming.

True enough the tears did come and swam in Jennie's eyes try as she would to hold them back for she knew that her good brother hated to see her cry. But oh it was very hard to give it all up now when their only joy and comfort during the long lonely hours of her stay in the hospital had been looking

forward to having a happy Christmas. Jennie never questioned what the doctor did and she knew of course that it couldnt be helped, as their burns so far seemed to refuse to heal. She chocked down her sobs and turned to the only hope that was left her. She laid her pitifully bandaged hand in Pernods as tears also came to his eyes and said:

"Oh you will go and see that justice is done wont you Pernod dear. Angelique can testify for us. and then you can come back to us and tell us how things turned out with Mrs George and the firebug fi what they did. I've got

it thought out. Please Pernod see that justice is done for us. Those wicked people went too far, and while you expose them at the trial I and my poor sisters here promise to take all the cod liver oil the doctor wants us to, honest cross my heart and hope to die if we dont."

It is hard to say whether this promise of Jennie decided the matter or not but it seemed to do so for Pernod smiled through his tear, and said:

"I would have seen that justice is done anyhow Jennie dear but just the same I want my little sisters to get plump

and strong as Papa and I want you to be... But I cant do anything neither, neither cant the Court or jury untill you are wele enough to to wit ness your selves and what happened on attending the trial."

Angeline had not had the chance to over hear any of this conversation and when Pernod tear fully told her of the sad condition of her sisters of much she had already seen, a very sharp pain shot through her little heart.

The sad horrible incident which Pernod told her as the result of the fires made her begin to think that her sisters may

never leave their beds again.

That was a new sorrow, a gnawing painful sorrow that she couldnt hardly bear that renewed in Angelines heart. For a time she had nothing to say because of the grief that had so spoiled her joy of returning home.

Pernod had put his hand over his eyes and was sitting and was sitting perfectly.

The doctor had left unable to bear the sight any longer. Angeline despite her sadness thought perhaps he had dozed off for a moment

She decided to wait untill he had woke

up again. Not a sound came to break the deep silence. Pernod did not speak but he was not sleeping His mind had been carried back to unforgotten days. He was again standing a smaller boy besides the chair of his mother She had put an arm around his neck and he was hearing the voice of his mother and saw her dear eyes resting so fondly upon him and the pleasant words seemed to be telling him to punish the wicked cruel things done to his sisters.

Pernod sat there a long time his face still buried in his hands,

silent without movement of any sort.

When he finally straightened out up he noticed that Angeline was looking at him oddly.

He took his sisters hand in his but them looked at Jennie who had hidden her face in the pillow.

When Angeline and Pernod got to the hotel room where he stayed Angeline poor little girl threw herself down on a couch and began to weep.

Her wailing grew louder and louder louder and more bitter and she kept

saying over and over in her grief:

"Now they have burned my poor sisters almost to death and the doctor says they wont recover from their burns."

And poor Angeline sobbed as if her little heart would break Marjorie ran out of the room, Pernod was scared

Never before in all her life had Angeline broke down and cried like she did this time for she surely thought that her sisters would never get well again and she firmly believed that Dr Mc Kenna was right.

Her cries grew louder and louder.

"Now my sisters will never get well

again and I was so long away that I thought I could never see them again."

Pernod tried as hard as he could to show Angeline that Dr. Mc Kenna couldnt say possibly that her sisters would never get well. But even after Pernod had finally succeeded in explaining to his excited sister her mistake the poor little girl could not be at all quieted and kept weeping harder than ever.

For the awful thought had suddenly come to her that her sisters might die because they did look to be fatally burned and it hurt worse that such a thing should

happen to them while she had been so far away, and perhaps no one would care whether they died or not. (Oh yeah)

And why should this happen that after a long time when she did come back to Chicago she should find her sisters in this sad condition with their sick room as still as death.

In the meantime Mrs Jenny had come into the room, and heard Penrod trying to explain to Angeline her mistake.

When she saw that the holy child still could not stop her sobbing she went up to her with evident compassion but said:

Angeline dear I want

to tell you something If ever again you feel this way or want to give way to such a fit of crying look at our poor Jesus on the Cross and that will comfort you"

That worked. Angeline grew pale with fear a holy fear. Her sisters were her dearest possessions but she loved God most. She dried her tears in great hurry and choked down her sobs as hard as she could and did not utter another peep.

The house keepers words had their effects. Angeline did not weep again no matter how she felt. Some times she had to try so hard to conquer

her sobs when she looked upon the crucifix that Marjorie would say to her in the greatest surprise: "Why Angeline you're making the most awful faces I ever saw." But Angeline did not worry about her faces if she could make awful ones, despite her beauty

and after she had got the best of her dreadful fit of grief everything would go on as before and her grief would soon be forgotten.

With it all however Angeline so lost her appetite and looked so thin and pale that Pernod could hardly bear to look on in silence and see how his poor

sister at all meals let the nicest dishes pass untouched. So when he passed her a dish he would often say encouragingly to her:

"Take some of this Angeline, it is excellent. Oh not such small helpings. Take a large spoonful of it and then another one."

Much similar brotherly love and advise he gave her. But it did no good.

She no longer ate much of anything and when at night she lay on her pillow like a flash everything in the hospital sick room came to her eyes. She would then be so distressed that

she wept on her pillow but quite softly so that it would disturb no one. In this way a whole week passed by. Angeline herself never had an idea whether it was still fall or coming on winter.

She went out of doors only when Pernod took her to the hospital to see her sisters with father, the little girls showing no change in their condition.

Angelines longing for the recovery of her sisters grew greater every day.

If some chance brought up the memory of the condition of her sisters it was all Angeline could do to bear

the awful pain of sorrow which came to her, and she had to struggle with all her might not to show her great unhappiness.

So a whole week had passed by and on this particular morning the winter sun was shining so pale on the white walls of the house across from her, that Angeline guessed the time was drawing near when Pernod would go to see her sisters at the hospital a go to see Jack too. Jack knew also what had happened and also was greatly distressed.

Poor Angeline. She would

sit in a far corner of her lonely room and hold both hands to her eyes so she could not see the sunset me on the wall over across from her.

And thus she sat without moving, silently fighting down her burning sorrow until Pennod called for her again.

Now a change had taken place in Poor angeline. It seemed she had been made to understand that her poor sisters would either die or stay in bed for ever and ever so long, perhaps always. She also began to think that when father came home he would give

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up all hope for them and that if they died she and Pennod would be the only children left to him.

So it was that little Angelines heart grew heavier with each new day.

She still more lost her appetite for food. She kept growing more wan and white from reel starvation. Pennod scared forced her at times to drink milk. She often lay awake at night for hours because the moment she was by herself and all had grown still around her she began to see living pictures of her burned

sisters and when she did finally go to sleep there would come to her in her dreams, her sisters burning in a horrible fire.

At such times she would awaken with a scream and then would bury her face in her pillow and cry for a long time but so gently that no one heard her.

Angelines grief did not escape Mrs Jerrys sharp eyes The old lady waited for several days to see if a change for the better would come and Angeline would lose her sadness.

But as angelines mood continued (the)

to be the same and Mrs Jerry often noticed early in the morning that Angeline had been weeping she finally took the little angel to her room looked at her very kindly and said:

"Tell whats the matter Angeline dear. Have you the same trouble?"

Angeline answered "There's nothing to say unless my sisters recover."

"There isnt? Could you tell Mary Marie or Joyce your sister' or Penrod about 'it' I wonder? asked Mrs Jerry.

"Oh" I could but that wouldnt be of any use. Angeline said quickly. And she

looked so unhappy that the old ladys heart was filled with pity.

"Come come my dear" she said in her nicest way "you must not really (felt) feel so bad.) Suppose Dr McKennas verdict made you feel so bad. And now we must have a little talk together. So sweet angel wipe away your tears and stand right before me where I can see you clearly. Thats good. now we are happy again."

But it was still some time before angeline could stop sobbing. Mrs Jerry waited a few moments for her to recover saying now and then to encourage the child:

"There there, everything is all right

and we are just as happy as ever we were."

When at last she saw that Angeline appeared to be comforted she said:

"Now my dear there is something I want to know. How are your good sisters getting along in St Josephs hospital. Have you learned whether they are getting better and do you understand their condition?"

"Oh no" Angeline said with a sigh. "but I knew from the start that anyone burned that way cant ever recover."

"What do you mean Angeline, by saying that you knew that your sisters could never recover?"

"no can recover when

they are burned so badly. I saw their burns. Their flesh is seared deep. I saw people die who were not burned that bad."

"Why what a notion. And where did you learn this strange fact?"

"I overheard Dr McKenna tell Pernod so. And I guess he knows for he's a great Surgeon and doctor. He always is trying to help them and he can never do anything."

"Well Dr Mc Kenna must be a strange doctor. I must say. But look here Angeline. You must not believe every thing that you happen to overhear. Surely they'll get all right."

"It don't seem at all possible now." Angeline said in a voice

of one who gives in to fate.

"Let me tell you something" said Mrs Jerry "Your sisters have not yet recovered because burns takes a long time to heal. Suppose you believe what I tell you. Really and truely I'll bet your sisters will be much better in two weeks or so."

"Oh goody I wish they were well this very minute."

"It will come to them and I can see that it will not be very long now dear Angeline. But we must go and see what Mary ones doing."

Yet Angelines eyes were still red from

weeping, when she came down to supper.. and when she saw Ethe was sitting only with Pernod she had to start sobbing anew.

But this time she held onto herself for she knew that one must be quiet when at table. That evening the house seemed as empty and quiet as if the world had come to an end.

Angeline and Pernod sat around all the rest of the evening, and part way into the night as if lost and had no idea what was going to happen next.

Pernod in his heart was sorry that Angeline had come home on such a time to find

her sisters in such a condition then she would not need to face this new sorrow. He wondered how Mr George and his wife could have been so cruel.

He also wondered how it could be possible that any one would have to forgive anyone like the Uncle and Aunt of Webber George

Pernod went to see Webber Geoges parents but they didnt want to hear anything about Henry or Jane George.

"We all know this. I am and mean everyone is talking of the sad fate that happened to your sisters.

And they said as well as hinted that any punishment even Hell was too good for the two prisoners. They told them to their faces too the priest had a straight talk with them too about repenting and begging Gods forgiveness. But it is no use.

All the city has never heard of such a crime before. no we dont want to hear about them They re nothing in our lives at all!"

Pernod would give anything if his sisters would recover. enough so that they could come to Court so that the trial of Mr George could begin.

The trial of the other two could come but Mr Georges would be delayed. But, since he came back and Angeline returned a week and four days had passed and his burned sisters showed not the slightest improvement

He spoke to his Lawyer about it but he said:

"The trail of Henry George Jrn sure cant start untill your poor sisters are able to be moved and carried in stretchers into Court for a real evidence of their burns. We got the date when they were first burned in

that Jackson Boulevarde fire, and the length of their recovery will also be used against the prisoners. and the doctors record chart will also be used. Oh it'll go hot for those firebugs I tell you. Dont worry my boy you'll have all the satisfaction you'll want soon enough. This trail wont last long in this case. and the Court they're going to be in will be presided over by a severe judge, Judge Sullivan."

"But its a dreadfully long wait" objected Penrod. "They wont be well enough to even be moved for days and Angeline is so distressed over

their condition she wont handly eat anything. This was even the worst thing that ever happened to my sisters in their lives. Couldnt there be two trials for instance? Have Mrs George and Rooney tried for the kidnapping and ill treatment of Angeline, in one day and Mr. George afterwards?"

"No my boy the Court wont be able to do it that way. Each defendant gets tried seperately and Mrs George would be tried first. It'll take some time and your sisters may recover enough by the time Mr George trial comes. But dont worry

those culprits wont escape" But has Angeline any witnesses to Rooneys ill treatment of her?"

"Yes three" said Pernod, "I do Indian Chiefs who are here and a negress. Sheriff Grayson brought the prisoner Rooney here, to be tried in Chicago for her sake."

"But he should have been tried in California" said the Lawyer, "It would have been through, and Rooney convicted."

Pernod came to see Dr McKenna, and also told him of Angelines worry and grief. The Dr explained things to the lad, who listened with eager attention.

"First of all" said

Dr McKenna, your little sisters are burned worse than you or Angeline think, but I never made mention that they would never recover. You couldnt kill them if the house fell down on top of them.

Yet without knowing it they have been seared enough to kill any other ordinary person.

Their condition is even now enough to scare the nurses within an inch of their lives but I can prove it, that in due time they will recover.

Next your other good little sister

Joice whom you had brought here at my advise from St Lukes had been piming away into almost insanity with grief and delirium because of what happened to Angeline that she has lost flesh untill she is almost a skeleton. I wont allow her to see her sisters for fear of the shock that would follow. And they warned me that they dont want their Mother who in New York to know. If it was not for Angelines return Joice might have really been insane. If you want your sisters to appear in Court

soon something must be done in a hurry. There is only one quick cure for their dreadful burns, especially as quick as you want it and for the bad state of their nerves caused by the burns, make an urgent novena to the Sacred Heart.

So you have my full prescription. Start the novena to morrow."

Penrod jumped from his chair. He walked up and down the Hospital reception room in the greatest excitement. Finally he broke out:

"nonsense. My sisters burned because Mrs George was arrested for doing away with Angeline. Burned

almost to death. Still suffering Joice sick from the shock. Joice getting to be a skeleton? And all this because Angeline is blamed for Webber embracing the Catholic Faith.

This is not a persecution country doctor and all this the moment I left home Without anybody noticing or suspecting it in the least.

My sisters came to this country happy and healty doctor. Do you think I'm going to take Joice back to abbieannid wretched and thin as a nail because of that bunch of diabolical kidnapers and firebugs. No doctor that is too much to expect. My

sisters later on may be tempted to forgive those fiends but I cant do it and never shall. You take my poor little sisters under your care treat them at your best do anything to them you want but make them healthy and sound for me again. And I want their condition shown in court to impress the jury more strongly. Then I'll have that crook where I want him. But first I must have your help."

"Permod" the doctor answered earnestly "Just remember what you are doing Their burns cannot be cured with

with powders and pills. The little girls are not mending at all now as it seems but give us poor doctors time and they probably will get well quicker than even I feel sure of but not as quick as you expect. Well but even suppose they dont get well as fast as you want you dont want to take them back home too late to be cured do you? Or perhaps never take them a home at all."

Pernod stood still terrified.

"Why if thats what you think then theres only one thing to do and we must get right to work."

Then the doctor

started for his work on other patients while Pernod when to see his sisters.

While this was going on the little girl friend of Pernod Mary Marie Masters had the most trying experience in her life. As she was known by Mr Georges Crook friends to have been with the Vivians she was abducted on the way to school carried off in an auto and brought to a big but old rickety wooden house.

She was forcibly carried by cursing men into a room dimly lighted by a kerosine lamp. I was questioned by

by the men but she would not and could not tell them anything.

"If you dont tell us what we want we'll kill you." said one of the men desperately "What is Pernod going to do with the Granges?"

Instead of answering Marjorie ran to the window brushing past angry clawing hands. She tore down the shade slammed a fist through bursting glass.

Was that her voice? Those agonized screams echoing shrilly through the street

"Help help."

One of the men stepped close with a curse. Foul breath caused by liquor brushed past her face She

wheeled, Then she screamed still louder:

"I dont know what you are talking about. Let me out you fiends let me go."

But the first mans face was white as a sheet from rage There was a dreadful gleam in his dull eyes that should have warned the child not to scream even once.

He approached closer halted with another curse eyes stary hands trembling from his rage. Long thin bony hands His face was contorted with a frightful scowl

Marjorie drew back in terror and again screamed. The moment she shrieked

again, who with an awful imprecation his hands shot out clutched at her little throat screwing tight with clawing fingers.

"I'll fix it that you wont be able to yell any more" he snarled.

She chocked she stumbled eyes bulging and tongue protruding resisting feebly she was so weak still hanging on to her throat but tightning his grip he carried her over to the bed hurling her upon the shrieking frame.

His fingers were like vises around her throat pressing against aching muscles. He cackled eyes focused upon her writhing body glued to straining limbs

drinking in that picture of pain. mad eyes eyes of a fiend.

Ide held on so long that she gasped for air her lungs feeling like bursting.

She tried to cough she tried to shout for help she wanted to go on living you see but no sound came.

She tried to struggle hard to save herself for she grew desperate for air.

"Aw come on dont kill the brat or we'll hang for it" said the other man.

"You're darn tooting I'll kill the little brat" cried the second man furiously hanging on much tighter to her

neck with an almost crushing grip that brought her protruding tongue out further. "I'll finish her right now and for good."

But at that moment her foot accidentally shot out in her frantic struggle and the lighted fragile lamp on the bedside table crashed to the floor and broke spilling the oil which then from the still flaming wick caught fire.

The noise and mounting flames attracted his attention and by scratching him Marjorie managed to break loose.

She staggered to the door to find it locked. While the two men tried in vain to put out the fire,

she unlocked the door unseen by them opened it and rushed out.

By one of the men her escape was discovered and leaving the room which became a mass of flames.

She hurried into a room on the first floor got to a window and leaned out to shriek for help but the strangler was close behind and twisted a sash cord tightly around her neck so that she again strangled and looted the same as before.

"Aw come let her as she is and lets beat it" cried his companion.

"Yer we will but

I'll first bring this shas down which will her here" was his words and suiting the action to his words he brought the windown down upon the back of her mech which increased the pressure of her strangulation.
All became black before her eyes.

The trials of Mrs George, and Jim Rooney.

A handsome couple faces still flushed with the excitement of a honey moon fol lowing their wedding, and of a merry pre- paration for the com- ing Christmas stood bantering in front of their p. home on west manoe street
Suddenly a series of childish banshee wails of terror and agonies split the dark ness and hurl- ed the young mans pretty wife into his arms clawing at his coat in terror.
"Its coming from that old abandoned wooden house" the

Jenny Lind cried..
The old rickety three story frame house was located a hundred and fifty feet across the street from the Lind house
On the night it loomed, dark and strangely silent and being vacant it was supposed by superstitious persons to be infested by evil spirits a haunted house.
Many also on their houses heard the screams and hid their heads under their blankets.
But as the young man gazed at it he saw a strange light flickering through the upper windows.
"Its on fire" he cried.

With prickling scalp Charles rose rantwards the house the frightened girl close at his heels. When they got within a few yards of the eerie building they stopped suddenly and stared at a nearly totally closed window in stark amazement
The curly haired head of a little girl protruded from beneath & beyond the sash her face covered with crimson
Something was wrapped around her throat dreadfully tight, her tongue was protruding a inch and a half her mouth wide open and eyes bulging almost out of their sockets.

"Its little Maryorie Masters' Jennie Sind gasped: and look above there are flames. The house is one mass of flames up there" Ider escort rushed to the window, raised the sash loosened the sash cord just in the nick of time and pulled out the almost unconscious child bringing her to.

Just then a smaller girl (Sally Fielders? frightened and crying ran up. Maryorie was soon more like herself but her eyes were dazed and blood flowed from a forehead wound.

When she had regained her breath sufficently enough to talk she explained everything carefully

"To save my self when he chocked me" she said been deep breaths. I accidentally kicked over the lamp and set the house on fire," She also told how she had come to be strangled by the rope and the window being down on the back of her neck.

The house was fast becoming an inferno. The man scrambled through the window landing in a blustering empty room filled with suffocating smoke that drove him back as flames licked hungrily at the wall. The youth stumbled back to the

window and climbed out yelling to Jenny Lind to get help-then made for the front of the house to the window in which room he hoped Marjories attackers were trying to escape.

He smashed the glass and crawled inside darting for the next room.

But the increasing intensity of heat and smoke again forced him to retreat.

By this time the flames roused the whole neighborhood, the fire departments arrived rushing up to the flaming house with all equipment. The whole house was now a blazing mass

and though the firemen made heroic and desperate attempts to quench it, it was futile. They had all they could do to prevent a conflagration struggling valiantly with the blaze. But all their efforts were in vain.

The building burned to its foundation.

Fortunately the two men had been captured and charged with rape, kidnapping and attempted murder.

Marjorie was taken to St Josephs hospital for treatment of sore throat caused by strangulation and for the injury on her head.

Dr Mc-Kenna summoned the Counts Coroner.

"I've called you" he began seriously because a dead strangled child found in the yard of the burned building has two fractures of the skull. I believed the same ones who attacked Maryae killed this girl. The worse of it is one of them must be a Glandelinian. The reason why I suspect it is because her body was found naked her belly and chest opened unde so you could every organ there is. Its the most shocking crime I ever heard of"

He led the Coroner to the room where Maryae had been

put to bed. He pointed to Maryaes bandaged head saying:

"She was struck on the head by the same kind of weapon as she fled from her strangler And yet way before this happened the theory that any one had purposely set the houses on fire at Jackson Boulavard to destroy the little Virians had at first seemed so utterly absurd that untill the capture of Mr George the whole city had refused to believe it, and believed the detectives and investigators were putting things up to make a big story for the papers.

But now it was known and twice it

happened that all the police and detectives in the city had been compelled to drive a menacing mob from the County jail who wanted to lynch Mr George.

Marjorie was questioned as to why she had been attacked and the other school girl with her so brutally murdered.

She told the detectives who flashed the information to headquarters and also notified Burns and Withers.

The two men were given the third degree and confessed. Pernod was shocked anew when informed of it. He at once went to see poor Marjorie.

"What happened Marjorie?" he gasped.

I just left my sisters in their room and they are shocked at this news."

She told him and asked:

Did they capture those two me?"

"Yes Marjorie Did those fellows try to learn something about us?"

"Not about your sisters. They wanted to know your next move concerning Mr George."

Any one who wanted to avenge the arrest of George, or shield him also?"

"Yes Pernod. They tried to make me tell but I didnt know any more than any one else Pernod I could not tell them, and when

I screamed for help one of them tried to kill me."

"Well Marjorie" Penrod said "I'll talk this over with Mr Burns. I've got damning clues which will look hot in court. Want to be in the room with my sister instead of here"

Yes Penrod. I think it would be better."

So she was put there. Penrod went to burns and in explaining things said.

"I had forgotten to mention I had secretly examined what remained of the house on Jackson Boul. You know flames do a lot of damage in covering up lots of clues but one

thing they seldom do is to cover up the cause of fire. All my experiences in war arson at home learned me that. George himself set that diabolical fire"

He then exhibited to the most astonished eyes of Burns a large and heavy bottle.

"I found a gasoline container where it had fallen through the (container) floor into the cellar without exploding. The first thing I noticed that was missing was the reservoir bottle. I found it directly under the room where my sisters slept, that is I found

the broken pieces. So we can surmise to start with that the bottle of gasoline was taken from the container carried into the bedroom and left there Look at this glass closely he continued "It is dark but there is very little smudge over it. We know there was no explosion during the fire, the side of this glass and the manner in which it was broken confirms this theory, so it is fair to reason that the bottle was empty when it was dropped on the bedroom floor. The person who started that fire was my George himself despite his lying alibi. He brought the con

tainer into the house, carried it first into the room, where he had tied my sisters to their beds spilled the gasoline over the mattress and bedclothing and on the floor, and then went out onto the porch and did the same thing. He started the fire on the porch. Now fires started by gasoline are not so simple to trace as kerosine. Gasoline evaporates Kerosine dont The gasoline was mixed with coal oil Take this piece piece of charred wall paper, it is covered with a black soot that would come only from a fire where gasoline

mixed with kerosine is burned. Traces of smoke from either can be found in about twenty places in the ruins So you can start to work on the theory that sometime before mid night Mr Henry George entered the house by a duplicate key, found my sisters sleeping, roped them to their beds took the bottle of gasoline from the container poured it over their bed clothes and started the fire A hose stream of water poured through the window of their room in the nick of time saved them from being burned to death.'

Penrod and Burns

questioned one of the two men. They had been accomplices of Sam Paloola but had been hired aids of Mr George Then he confessed a hedious story

He said Mr George broke into the house at 3 minutes past ten when the owner and other tenants were not yet home and fixed things so that the fire did not start until midnight hoping to kill the 5 five little girls so they could not testify against Mrs George in Court. His story how Mr George fired the house after the little girls went to

sleep dovetailed in every detail with Pennods' theory of how the house was burned.

And Idenrys confinement in the County jail was taxing the strict vigilance of police and detectives for the citizens day by day were making the most determined efforts to get him.

For the information that was behind the series of great fires was a ghastly murder plot stunned and enraged the citizens of the city.

In the capture a confession of the two men who attacked may one it was learned that Mr. Henry George

had decieved and tried to frame Mr Palooka on the matter of the fires making believe it was insurance and nothing else.

He had never told Palooka that he wanted to destroy the lives of five little girls The real fact was had Palooka known Mr George real design he would have refused to give him directions on how to set the fires. Palooka did not set a single one.

But that in a way dont excuse him for the crime any way as he was implicated nevertheless The Sheriff who had brought

Angeline to Chicago came with her to day to see her sisters in St Josephs Hospital So did the Indian Chiefs and Murandy.

The Sheriff being a great docter too, also examined them and stated that their condition was worse than he expected though they did they feet a little better than usual to day.

Angeline told her sisters what the Sheriff had done for her, and of the Indian Chiefs and Murandy and why she wished them to come to Chicago with her.

They listened quietly for Violet

only was only in any condition to talk Miranda told of Jim Rooney of his ill treatment of Angeline, and of his capture by the Indians who gave him up to the Sheriff who sent him to Chicago to the County jail.

Later when they were gone I envod just to hear what they would say said to his burned sisters "

"I suppose you'll want to forgive me and Mr George in spite of everything?"

They didnt answer"

"Suppose I forgive them especially Mr George?"

They gave him a sad, tearful and reproachful look com-

bined.

"Its settled then" he said. "Youre not the geese you used to be. I hope in Heavens name you dont change your minds later on"

They shook their heads "no"

He knew the meaning of that and was satisfied beyond measure.

In the meantime Mr George was once more being questioned because of the finds Pennod had discovered. This continued for nearly half an hour until Detective Sergeant came in and conferred in low tones with Burns. He said

"Pennod declared he had discovered other clues "and listen. Things are getting pretty bad for there's an immense crowd about fifty or more thousand strong stamping around the County Jail. And theyre not there from curiousity to see the prisoner either"

"We'd better get the prisoner out of there- suppose the guy may prove innocent in the long run" said Burns listening.

Through the evening silence came the mutter of the mob, low throated virulent menacing.

It rippled through the cold snowy December night like

wind in the trees. Burns knew what it meant he did not need to look out the window at the angry faces illuminated by street lamps.

"You hear that crowd dont you Mr George?" he demanded. But the suspect was silent.

"Why dont you confess? We've already caught you in a number of lies. And we'll catch you in more. And if its proven against you, you'll answer to Prince Pennod not us. Pennod found these endences against you. What about that eh?"

"I dont know anything about it"

George remained impassive calm unfrightened although

every man in the room knew the temper of the crowd was becoming master with each passing moment- a lynching was no remote possibility.

Making a quick decision Burns and the other officials secretly spirited the prisoner from the building and thence to the top floor of the Criminal Court building.

Through it all Mr George showed no fear Here George underwent a lie detecta test. Sesemann reported it to his superior officers that the man had given a number of conflicting statements

but most amazingly enough the polygraph did not show that he was lying or not. Never in all his experience had Burns encountered so cool a prisoner.

Was it possible he was innocent? Without a confession the case against Mr George was built on flimsy circumstantial evidence and Burns knew it.

"The trouble is" Burns told Whiters "that we cant break him. I'm sure he did it and so is Pennod but we cant break him"

Then Burns sucked on a cigar thinking silent Then he continued

"I tell you, Pennod will know how to break him."

I wish he would. Mr George is his prisoner any way I'd sent him to Abbreannia to face the penalty if the jury finds him guilty."

"But he cant be tried without the confession"

"Does he say he was in the crowd when the fire was raging that burned your sisters Pennods"

"yes"

"Then lying. I and my officals were watching every one in that midnight crowd and Mr George wasnt there"

"Sure he's lying" snapped Pennod. "Ide even got the

alibi for the time of the fire all wrong."

"But how are we going to prove it?" asked Reserndon. "If you consult the spirit of your supernatural medel it would be only information. The fact must be his signed confession."

"Ask him what was the color of the quilts my sisters had on their beds" said Pernod. "my sisters told me, nobody knows that but me and the firemen who found them screaming and dieing in their beds. The quilts on their beds were all the same color green. ask him that If he says they were red hes guilty as hell

because he says he was not in their room as did not rope them to their beds or hire any one to do it the night they were burned so if thats true how could he know the color of their quilts in the dark?"

"Good idea" Burns agreed. Here a better idea ask him what part of the (Ellengton?) Redwich Hotel my five sisters were in. He'll say in the room above the skylight of Holzenburgs store Then say to him "you know they took them to the hospital that

burned. If he says yes, you've caught him in a lie because they took my sisters there secretly."

"That's right" Burns said eagerly.

"But after you catch him in those lies, then bring in a set of finger prints and without a lie make him believe they are his. If that don't crack him like an egg shell nothing will and then he's innocent."

Again the unemotional George was the center of interest as on around

him were gathered Penrod and the detectives. The prince conducted the questioning.

"What time did you say you went to see the Jackson Boulvarde fire at midnight?"

"I never said anything about being there at midnight. I came in the morning at eight o clock and only the factory was still burning."

George was impassive as ever this was an old question easily answered.

"And you were in the building before the fire were you not?"

"No I told you that."

"Can you tell me the color of the quilts my sisters had over

their beds when they were sleeping before the fire."
"Lets see now" George paused then continued "no I cant remember they may have been brown, blue, black a red."
Penrod glanced meaningly at the others in the room then bent closer to the prisoner.
"Well well George you've got a very poor memory" he said softly. "now perhaps you can tell me what other hospital they were taken to when the hospital they were in first burned down. Can you?"
"no I cant. I didnt know they were burned in the Jackson street fire and brought to any hospital" was

the petulant answer. George still failed to become uneasy but he was getting sore.
"What? you cant tell us that? you saw the hospital fire didnt you?"
"Yes but I didnt know your sisters were there at all."
"you sure are getting the best of us if you are telling the truth" said Penrod, surprised he could not spring the trap "you've told us the truth so far. We know you were never near those fires, we know that to be a fact. Are you though probably innocent covering up any body you fear,

who did it for other unknown purposes and that you are in his trap and afraid to give him away?"

"I told you before it is Paloora"

"Pernod turned to Burns. We dont need those prints. We might have an innocent fellow after all. but hold him for further observation. I'll consult the angel possessed medel to night. Dont let him go until I find out from the angel"

O'rrod left yet his strange instinct made him feel sure that Mr George just refused to let any body break him. It might be true he never

was outside his home at the time of the out break of the fires but Pernod was positively sure the prisoner had hired fire bugs to set the fires, but it could-nt be proven against him that he really set the main fire that burned his sisters. Mr George stoutly denied that fact.

He couldnt be so easily brought to trial if no confession were made and signed.

What bothered him most was that his sisters did not show any improvement in their condition. Dr McKenna

had told Pernod that his sisters had survived by a miracle, because, any other people would not have lived through the burns they were so terribly suffering from. To prove what he stating the doctor showed Pernod how their burns yet really were.

"Burns really like these if your sisters do survive heal very slow" he said in his business like tone. "I'm using every power of my medical skill, to heal them as rapidly as possible but I'm defeated at every turn. They'll be here for quite a few months before they'll even be able to sit up in

bed. The best thing you should do my boy is to renew the novena and let the selected jury come and see their condition for proof. Then they can tell best how your sisters can be brought to court so the trial can start"

"Would the jury give the verdict by that?"

"And how".

"Well then thats the best ever for an idea but would my sisters submit themselves to be seen by strange men. They are in bed without anything on"

"They'll have to" said the doctor

determinedly "I to the law, and its nothing against modesty when its a necessity!"

"So the two went into the room, and Pernod told them the doctors verdict about their condition, and the plan and wanted to know if they would submit to a proof examination by members of the jury who would be women"

"If you dont submit its an offense and you dont want to do that" added Pernod.

"What has to be has to be" said Violet But thats an unusal request. But we wont submit if it isnt necessary.

When will they come?"

"Any day they're notified When would you wish them to come?"

"Well to morrow if they can"

"All right" said the doctor "The Forman of the jury will note down what is reported. Then it will be reported to the whole Court"

About two days passed and five members of the jury appeared,

They were admitted by the nurse and brought to the beds in which layed the burned girls.

One by one she slowly and carefully

and partly with drew the sheets, exposing only the chests and bellies of the little girls.

A scene grews orne and ghastly lay before the jury men. Their faces turned white, and a chill ran up and down their spines.

Horor and attempted murder by fire was the theme of the picture they had been summoned to look upon. They had expected to see the little girls scorched and burned, but nothing like this.

It took the most greatest effort for them to look jennie over for the little girls were not yet covered

by any bandages. Sore, open half bloody burn wounds were evident as they edged around the bed one of the men said in a husky voice:

"No question about this being attempted murder by fire."

Sooth like the worse burns I've ever seen on any body. Its a big miracle they're living" another ventured And what awful burns. If Mr George intended to murder them by fire he must have been a fast and furious worker. Of those burns mean- ing thing must be more than a

dozen of them all over her neck, chest and stomach. Her face is a sight I wonder she and her sisters still lived."

The other men nodded. "You're right there Frank" said another. "This does look like a most fiendish plot and vicious too. I'd sell have no show I'll warrent."

With rapid dabs of absorbent cotton saturated with alchol the examiner cleaned away the blood from the worst of the burns.

He scrutinized the swollen blisters, and pussy areas on the neck and chest, next he looked over her limbs revealing a new sight that was more horrible than

the rest of her burned body. He straightened up at length and said: "Well gentlemen they are certainly a miracle to be living but they will be an awful long time recovering from their burns. No ordinary person would live two hours with the burns they have. They are fatal burns beyond measure and they live. This is a miracle here. Any questions?"

The leading juryman puckered his lips. "No doc not right now. Maybe later plenty. But this is a ghastly indictment of human lethargy and short sightedness in dealing with the homicidal pervert.

It is the sequel to this previous fire horror and I declare before God that it need never have happened These five little girls have been the victims of a fire bug monster. I have heard that in this case there have been ample warning both as regards the character of the fire bug and the social danger spot where he lived I will sure sign him guilty of first degree murder at the end of the trial:

Period at this time was down in the reception room consulting the strange medel which had such strange miraculous powers. You must remember the medal dont speak, but the angel itself.

Down there he consulted the angel.

"Dear angel be frank with me. Will my sisters recover?"

"Yes" came the answer.

"When?"

God only knows that my dear boy"

"Will it be long?"

"Yes"

"Will it delay the prisoners trial?"

"Not if you use your head"

"What shall I do?"

They can be easily transported to the Court on their mattresses."

"Dear angel who made the fires? Samuel Paboka?"

"No my boy. He's been doing time for two years already"

Then dear angel who is the guilty would be murderer? Is it Mr George, or is he as innocent as he seems?"

"Yes my boy. He's guilty. He set all the fires himself. But he's the biggest fool on earth. Your sisters will be more greatly sanctified by this experience. They will not retain scars and will be more beautiful than ever. I remember your asking your sisters whether they would be goosey enough to forgive him. There's a limit my boy. They'll even offend all Heaven on this case if they do. He does not deserve it. and remember my

boy to carry the medel with you during the trial. I'll help you win against this worst murderer there ever was."

Pernod was satisfied and thanked the angel. Later this same day without Angeline knowing it and which she had forgot to speak to him about Pernod demanded (queer answer to queer and startling questions which he to the surprise of the little sister who was with him hurled at Mr George, and accused him of conspiracy with Glandelinian spies because Pernod said Evidence was against

him because Pernod
claimed, "I and my
father, and my sister,
and others have seen
you with Mr Mack
and also Fagan and
Sikes. I suppose because
my sisters knew of
this that was the
reason you wanted
to burn them to death?"
"I did not set the fires"
"You did too" yelled
Pernod, "I've got all
the evidence against
you. You turned the
fires so they'd
break out two hours
after you got home.
The rope you tied
my sisters to
their beds with was
your wifes clothes
line. I know the
rope too well. You
did not know

the color of their
blankets because it
was too dark in
the room to see.
Your finger prints
were found on the
sill and window
sash of one of
their room windows.
I've many other
evidences I can prove
in Court. I know
your the fire bug
and I'll bet you
did it to cover your
conspiracy with those
three spies who
made their disappear-
ance since your
capture"
This made Mr
George go into a bitter
anger. Sir Pernod
knew how to break
him. He swore and
raved and raged and
defied.

Pennod.

It was on a Monday morning that the trial of Mrs George began. The Courtroom was full. It was the real highest supreme Court in the city.

Pennod was there near the front and so was Angeline and Jack Evans who because he couldnt speak good English wasnt called upon to speak.

The judge was a stranger to them and a hard stern faced man. The members of the jury who had examined the burned little girls were in the jury box. Mrs

and fumed and finally he looked at Pennod and officials helplessly. He wouldnt speak.

Pennod felt positively sure indeed by George getting so suddenly angry that there was something suspicious about George and Mack.

Angeline remembering suddenly told of her meeting Mack and Jagan on the train and told what city they had got off at.

"They didnt make any move towards me but wherever I was on the train they acted as if I didnt exist. So he said.

I hope they stay in Omaha" said

George was there, and so was her husband and Jim Rooney.

At the beginning little Angeline was called by the attorney to the witness chair. She was sworn in and then the lawyer plied her with questions.

"Do you know the defendant Miss Jane George?"

She knew how to answer every question correctly without flunking from Angel possession reasons, and from experiences in Court Marshalls in her own and enemy armies.

"Yes sir I do."

"What do you accuse her of?"

"She deceived me and my cousin Jack Ambrose Evans."

"Are you possessed

by angels as they say?"

"I am"

"Then how was it possible she could deceive you"?

"That is something Mr Attorney that I can easily explain. But in a way it was not me who was totally deceived but Jack Evans. But that is a question to which I object as no one can safely pry into the angels affairs. It is really very dangerous."

"Your answer is perfect. What did she do?"

"She told my Jack Evans that she wished to show me around Lincoln Park I didnt want to go as I did suspect

treachery but when Evans went away to get my clothes for I was only in my bathing suit she forced me to go with her at the point of a pistol.

She did at first take me to Lincoln Park and afterwards on the Clark Street car to the Canal Street railroad station."

"What did she do then?"

"I suspected what she was up to them, and fought to get free to frustrate her, but again she drew the pistol when I won, and told me if I tried to run off she'd kill me. Her face looked like she meant it and I had to submit. She put me on a train on the Santa Fe going

as she said to Phenox Arizonia and ordered a Conductor whose face I recognized to watch me so I wouldnt escape off the train, which I did at Nogales.

"Why did she do that to you?"

"Because she accused me of causing her nephew to become a Catholic indirectly or directly"

There was a murmur of surprise in the Court room from the audience and Mr Attorney looked at Mr George as if he believed she was a lunatic.

"And were you responsible for his becoming a Catholic?"

"By what way do you

mean sir?"

"I mean did you suggest it to him, ask him to become one for your sake for the sake of (your soul this) and to tell him that his other religion was a wrong one?"

"No sir, I never did. I never even hinted it to him."

"She lies" cried Mrs George.

"I object" cried the objector "Let the accuser proceed.

"Are you sure that by any influential contact you did not bring about his conversion?" asked the lawyer.

"Not that I know of sir. For a time even I and Webber George were not on

good terms We had had misunderstandings."

"In what way?"

"She told the whole thing and of Webber George wanting her and Pernod to be his Godfather and God mother."

"And did you?"

"Yes sir"

"Oh thats it? So this woman in the prisoners bar the defendant 'kidnapped you and sent you off to 'get lost in a strange place in Arizona because her nephew so astonishingly became a Catholic?"

"Yes sir it is true"

"Where was she intending to send you. To a Mr Jim Rooney?"

"Yes sir."
"Did she tell you where the destination was?"
"No sir"
"She's not telling the truth" again cried Mrs George.
"Order in the Court wait untill you're asked to speak" Mrs Hog face" shouted the Judge rapping his bench with the mallet.
"and she put you under the conductors guard?"
"Yes sir"
"Did you say you could remember him if you saw him?"
"Yes sir. He's in this Court room now."
"In this Court room now?"
"Yes sir he certainely is."
"Can you point him

out,?"
"Yes sir"
"All right little girl, do so"
To the astonishment of Pernod and the whole Court she pointed at Mr Henry George. Mr George winched and whitened.
"Are you positive?" asked the Lawyer unable to conceal his amazement.
"Yes sir, he was the conductor" she answer with a positiveness in her tone.
"And you say you escaped from the train when it stopped at Nogales!?"
"Yes sir"
"How?" Tell me the whole story up to the time you

was picked up by Mr Rooney."

She did and held the whole Court Room spell-bound with what she had to tell. She narated her whole experiences what the banduts did to her how she escaped them and tried to find her way back to a Cowboy Ranch Ranch by way of some horrible hot desert whose name she did not know but which flow at spots was covered by salt flats, where a hot water stream ran past how she felt awfully dry of her body and fainted from the heat. She was rescued by a man, and then

how men of Jim Rooneys Ranch decieved Sheriff Graymon and brought her to Rooney The lawyer was silent for a moment and then said:

"Can you describe the desert as much as you seen it"?

Not so very much, sir. But it was almost hemmed in by mountains nearest the mountains was a long wide stream of water very hot, too hot to even put your foot into. But I got my water there as I kept always along the stream"

"If this little girl tells the truth then she must have accom

published a miracle or survived by one" said the lawyer "I dont see how a little girl of your kind could have gone that far up the Mohave death valley desert the hottest spot in the world and lived In my younger days. I've traveled a lot I've been in India Afra Africa and North South America.

I've seen 117 in India and 120 in Africa and North South America. I was also near French Guiana and the French Devils Island. I've also been in Para Brazil

I thought they were the hottest places in the world until the day I tried to cross Death Valley

I had never really known what heat really was, Even a day long crocodile hunt in the Amazon River in Brazile with the thermometer at 117 Fahrenheit was much cooler than a trip through the coolest section of death valley, where in Summer or winter, the thermometer often hits from 125° to 133° in the shade.

The short stroll I took into and back from that dreadful valley proved a feat of unusual physical endurance. They called it Death valley those weary burning hot thirsty pioneers who first blundered into it

in eighteen fifty on their way to California most of them left their bones to whiten in its furnace hot dry air their skulls to dry a grin at the Funeral Mountains The valley is walled in by almost vertical precipices which glow as if lit up from within with the vivid night mare colors of the chemists test tube.

Between the flat precipices is a flat desert floor of untolerable sand splashed with salt flats of a poisonous chemical green, (arsenic) rimmed with gray rubble and yellow green grease wood. A Country whose summer temperatures

is beyond endurance The noonday air hot and dry evaporates moisture from the pores so fast that men have been found dead literally dried out with full water bottles beside them A land of glittering mineral lands capes where wise men drink little and fools die quickly.

Only two men have ever licked Death Valley. One is Death Valley Scotty whose $2,000 000 palace is the show place of the Valley The other was shock haired mustachioed Francis Marion Smith. whom two continents

know as Borax Smith. Its a good thing this little girl was not in the Death Valley in Summer. Even in Mohave city far from Death Valley they have veritable hell in Summer.

Even in winter Mohave city is no pleasure resort but then you can at least endure it Yet Mohave one of the most hatest cities in the world world, with the adjoining desert too which is the home of many people can not beat Death Valley.

The men and others work during the day in their offices under big fans

with glasses of cool wather water on their desks. In a hot dry salty air they toil with a mean temperature for July and August of 20 degrees hotter than the average for the hottest month in Para, Brazil.

Service in the Government and Administration routine work for various Companies and Banks the importation of goods by railroad all these go their routine un-interrupted by the murderous climate.

Only by constant work can any one stand the climate and forget the singing heat. No idle

man can endure it there no one can remain idle in a hot hotel room there. But Death valley no one live in, I've seen the white sand dunes quivering in the heat like a mriage, ghostly in their detatched existance. Every where in Death Valley the heat rests like a curse on all mankind - and all living creatures.
The heat even makes breathing a task. So if she really started down Furnace Creek in Death Valley she sure was garne. Did you little girl really intend to try and journey through that Deadly desert?"
"no sir I didnt If I had known it was

no large, or the Death Valley) would not have gone one day on it. Once out on it I was lost and couldnt find the way back, from which I had come. I thought I could get across in a few hours."
"And this woman was responsible for all this?"
"Yes she was."
"Have you any witnesses to your abduction by the woman?"
"Yes sir. They would crowd this courtroom."
At the hearing this Miss George cringed. Angeline was allowed to go back to her seat and first one and then an other witness was

called and then a third and each told the same story The story from any of them was:.

"I was sitting across the way in the Santa Fe Railroad station when I saw that hog faced woman bring that pretty little girl in. I could see that she came with the woman very unwillingly but thought that she was just a rebellious child refusing to do her mothers wish. Getting a better view I saw it was angeline and I got up to get a policeman but the woman must have suspected something for she got out of my sight before I could do anything"

The 3 taxi drivers who had Angeline and the woman too told their story and the same one and two of them told 'the name of the train Angeline was put on alone and where the woman went when she came back.

Then Webber George told his story clearing Angeline of all became saying:

The 'cause of my becoming a Catholic was a boy by the name of Earl Dawweather. We had a heated arguments about the Catholic Faith.. I looked and studied into the matter and saw that he was right. I dont

care a rapt for any religion thats not the true one. Why parents were becoming Catholics so why not ?. Who's to stop me. This is a free country. When I decided to become a Catholic I asked Pernod and his sister to be my little Godparents. Angeline had nothing to do with my becoming a Catholic, and it would be none of my aunts business if she had"

Then the accused was to sit on the witness Chair. Question after question was flung at her but she would all the time answer: I have nothing

to say."

Then as is the case the defending attorney was called for. There was a tense silence and everybody waited breathlessly for the defending lawyer.

"Where's the defense attorney?" demanded the judge. "A defending lawyer."

There was no response All lawyers straight and crooked had seen the newspapers. Some left the city on pretension of an important trip, and all refused to defend a culprit against a little kid.

"Where's the attorney?" roared the judge.

"I couldn't get a lawyer"

moaned Mrs George.
"Your case is going to be hopeless then," sneered the judge.

Then Angeline was again on the bench. It was now 10.30 in the morning. She was again questioned by her lawyer: and asked to tell of her experience with Mr Jim Rodney, and the child still shaken by the horror of her imprisonment by him told what she had gone through at his hands, and how she had narrowly escaped death three or four times at the hands of the would be murderer.

"Can that rawhide be produced?" asked the Lawyer.

"Yes" she answered

Red Eagle has it to show. He's in the Courtroom."

Red Eagle produced the Rawhide, and the Lawyer looked it over and handed it to the judge who examined it scowled and handed it back.

Holding it so everyone could see it the Lawyer asked.

"Little girl are you telling the truth when you say this man, this brute struck you over your half nude body with this dreadful whip?"

"Yes sir. I am telling the truth. It is true. He almost killed me with it. I was ill and bleeding for a long time after wards."

There was a loud murmer in the room for nobody could hardly believe that any man could be so mean and heartless as to use such a whip on her.

Being called on the witness stand Mirandys statements ruled the court against Rooney, and Angelines last and longest statement excited the whole courtroom. The whip was still exposed to the Court.

"Did Mr Rooney really use this dreadful whip on you little girl?"

"Yes Mr Rooney did it Angeline said. "He almost killed me with it"

"and why did he do it?" asked the

Sawyer and she repeated.

"It happened after I was held by him for a week. His mother was very mean to me also but got killed by the redmen. He did it because I warned Cowboys when his men were stealing their cattle. He tried to kill me with that whip. Twice he tried to chock me to death, and once almost drowned me under a water faucet"

With tears running down her cheeks she pointed to Mr Rooney.

"Try and calm yourself Angeline" the Sawyer told

her" and tell us what really happened?"

Sobbing she related how she had been compelled to go with the rustlers how she warned the boys and how when they brought her back to Rooney found him and his mother arguing about me Some of the Rustlers told him what I did but they greatly exaggerated their stories which made Rooney angry at me.

As they told him Rooney was standing there in front of me" she went on dabbing at her eyes with a handkerchief, "and he ordered Miranda to get the Rawhide

but she was not afraid of him and stubbornly refused. He grabbed me by the shoulders and forced me into the room.

After he beat me he threw me to the floor.

I was terribly, really terribly frightened for I feared he might in his rage do, surely do something awful to me. From the blows of the whip, my face was bleeding. The blows took my breath away so that I couldnt breathe and that made me collapse. Then he said to his mother "Look at the little double

crossing that. Look at her!" he then said holding me tightly by the arm and pushing me twards the cowboys. "See what I did to her for squealing." and he said he would do the same thing to me again if I didnt tell him the name of the Cowboys I warned.

I screamed and tried to break away from him, but he held me so tight that he hurt me. He demanded again the name of those Cowboys, but I told him I didnt know. He told me I lied and grabbed me by the throat and threw me on the floor

and started to choke me. I held my head down with the hope that he would not get a good grip on my throat and I kicked and scratched him.

But he was a strong man and succeeded in doing what I most dreaded.

To state something which which had been forgotten in narrative, Mr McRooney was also a moron in type and when angry or excited was a man who liked to strangle girls and children to see their distorted faces and protruding tongue. He had put on the

pressure so hard that her little tongue had stuck far out but since that day he has a strange annoying feeling in the palms of his hands which he would give anything to get rid of.

'after that" she went on he made me work h'and in the kitchen and stood watching me with a scowl while I peeled the potat'oes. I was so frightened I hardly knew what I was doing.

After wards from the effects of the beating I was bedridden all covered with blood and groaning with pain. and I was afraid every moment he would

grab me again and starting to choke me which he would have done if mrandy was not guarding me. You see he was afraid of her"

Mr Rooney was led forward fo the jury to view him.

At sight of the unkempt horse faced man angeline re- (called) corled in horror.

"I hate him" she cried "I hate him Mr Rooney. He is the man who beat me choked me drowned me under the water faucet faucet He is the one who recieved me from my kidnapper. and he tried to

kill me also. Dont let him come near me."
She clung for protection to the hand of the Police Matron Mrs Celia Rosamond

Mr (George) Mooney his head hanging down and to one side scowled slantwise at the little girl who cowered away from him. With his long saturine face his closed a lock of hair drooping over his right eyebrow, he was an evil, dangerous looking wretch that would frighten the bravest child in the world.

"Speak up Mr Mooney" the judge said to him "What have you got to say for yourself?"
He shifted his

gaze briefly to the judge then stared at the floor and said nothing. His eyes were little more than narrow slits. His thin cruel lips were twisted into a sneer. His face was a defiant sardonic mask.

The judge asked again to no avail. He was put on the witness chair to be given a chance to speak for himself.

He was asked questions by the prosecuting attorney but still he did not give any response. There was not even the slightest emotion on his face which still was like a mask.

Ide seemed a pretended to be unable to comprehend what the attorney was saying to him or what he had done.

He appeared also to be in a drunken stupor which had erased memory of his horrible attacks upon little angeline. or he was skillfully acting it was hard to tell which.

For an hour the attorney pounded questions at him but all his efforts to get any answers from him came to naught.

He only squinted at the lawyer from his slitted eyes his long horse like face enigmatical and maintained a frozen silence. For

all the response the got he might as well have been talking to an iron bar. For all his seeming apathy every body was sizing him up as the sort its the best to take no chances with.

There was a crafty dangerous gleam, in his narrowed eyes that nobody liked or trusted. Its best to keep such a man hand cuffed.

Finally the lawyer asked:

"Do you see that little girl?"

He looked at the lawyer from the corner of his eyes.

"What little girl?" he said.

"You know you dumb dora. The little girl there, Angeline Vivian. You attacked her on your Ranch in California."

"You he nuts all of ye" he growled "I dont know, or care what you are talking about I defy you all"

His manner changed however for he nevertheless seemed to realize what he had done for he appeared to age ten years in that short time of his trial.

This made every one wonder if this man really had known at the time while the lawyer was questioning him that he had actually tortured Angeline

on the Ranch. Perhaps he was not shamming after all. Perhaps through some queer mental quirk he had no clear recollection of what he had done in a moment of blind passion and was therefore unable to answer any questions.

When he did finally tell anything Mr Rooneys only motive for the attack on Angeline was because she warned the cowboys what his Rustlers were doing

and maddened by this he had vented his savage rage in an attack of blind fury and barbaric torture as the reader knows

besides slashing her with the whip, he had kicked and mauled her, he had even because she wanted a drink of water almost drowned her.

He though tall and slim was a man of enourmose enourmose strength and she was powerless in his hands.

Never had any one seen a more shocking crime of passion or a more frightful example of blood lust than the Count found in his attack upon Angeline. What astonished the Count more was the culprits sarcastic description of his attempt to stab and shoot

Angeline and how an unseen power had knocked the gun and knife out of his hand. By the way Romey told it it could be seen he was telling the truth and a strange feeling of awe fell upon every one upon in the Court room. Pernod did not feel that way, he could supernaturally protect her himself if with her.

The judge was about to speak when Pernod taking Angeline by the hand stepped forward saying "Please judge I wish a few words with m Romey" and he reached

fiery eyes towards the defendant.

"You may say boy seeing the culprit is your prisoner."

Pernod brought his trembling sister forward. Ide pointed to her with a malacious grin and said:

"Mr Rooney what is this little girl?"

"Why she's your sister."

"Well then what am I?"

Pernod asked that question in so fierce a tone that the prisoner was too disconcerted to answer.

Pernod looked back to the audience till his eyes met those of his good father, who had been,

an unusal attraction to every one in the courtroom by the majestic kingly uniform he wore. At Pernods look he came forward and stood beside him.

Pernod bowed mockingly to Rooney saying "Behold my dear father Emperor of Abbreanrug the greatest king in the world"

Mr Rooney was more disconcerted than ever. That he was in a trap was evident.

"Not only was you beastly to my sister" said Pernod "but I also hold a kidnapping charge against

you for recieving my
sister from the woman
who kidnapped her.
The charge is more
serious against you be-
cause you ll treated
and held as prisoner
a little abbreviation
princess. I'll do my
worse. You ll reciente
no mercy from me
and neither will
miss George."
Penrod and his
sister and his father
went back to their
respective places. The
judge then said to
Rooney.
"You have your
right here. Do you
come to say anny
thing"?
"I have nothing
to say."
Hle was resumed

to his own place
and Angeline again
took the witness
chair.
Rooney sat watching
her intently in his
side long way while
she testified as fan
as she knew how
his men had
decieved the Sheriff
into giving her
up to him and
he pushed his
ear forward with
his hand anxious
not to miss any-
thing she said.
Every body was
still studying
his face and
again they noted
the remarkable
change in his
expression.
Hle was like a

man awakening from a hedious nightmare.
Miranda also told her story. The assistant state attorney who prosecuted the case depended chiefly on Angelines testimony to convict her wicked abductor and Rooney. After hearing her straightforward account of the kidnapping and what Rooney had done to her the jury promptly brought in a verdict of guilty.
The judge said: "Men like this man Jim Rooney should not be allowed at liberty. They are like maddogs running amok. Had he been captured in California at the head of a Rustler mob, and

placed and kept behind prison bars Angeline would not have been his prisoner and she would not be carrying a mental scar that may last for a life time. The poor little Abbie Arrnian Princess. The most pretty youngster in the world, very attractive in every way, and yet she has been brought face to face with sordid realities that should be remote from the life of a little girl her age. I sentence him and Mrs George not to any penitentiary in the United States, but to the mercy of her powerful father and son to do with the

prisoners as they see fit. Whats your penalty my boy?. What do they do to such cases in your own country?"

Pernod whispered to his father who whispered back then Pernod stood up and as he did so six or seven big foriegn looking fellows came forward.

"They shall be sent to my country on the Charges of interfering with the Rights of an Abbreannian princess with kidnapping and abuse" said Pernod.

Then Emperor Ur-lan in good English added.

"It is the will of my son that as soon as we

return to our own country next April 14th the two prisoners shall be condemned by my own princly daughters and shall for kidnapping a princess burn at the stake in an Abbreannian army camp"

Pernod and his father expected a murmur of surprise and horror at their decided verdict. Even a few seconds glances at the faces of the people failed to reveal any kind of emotion and there was only a strange silence.

Then the silence was broken by some.

"You've spoken a

mouthful Prince Pennod Idurnah"

"More power to you" cried another.

It was evident that Emperor Viviens verdict was strongly approved. In the two condemned ones there was not the slightest sympathy seen on any face in the Courtroom.

All the time that Angeline had taken the witness Chair and in a tight hard little voice had told the pitiful story of her harrowing experiences and all the district attorneys questions like a little soldier there were tears in the eyes of every man on the jury and of every person

in the Courtroom, except Mrs George and Rooney who were very uneasy Even the two Indians had been in the witness Chair and being questioned Red Eagles Attorney had been on his feet yelling, and Rooney was yelling back at him.

Over the uproar that had filled the room Angeline had told her story and before she had been half way through the reporters table, was emptied in one mad scramble for telephones.

It was Mrs Jerry who kept furious Rooney away from little

Angeline swinging that big cane of her, shielding her against his ferocious rage until Evans me took him away His rage was a real one and a most hedious one His face was distorted.

He blasphemed and raged, Mrs George fainted at Emperor Vivians decision and they had to carry her out. Angeline did not have to go to Penrod.

He came to her. They were his arms that lifted her from the witness chair after the sentence and carried her back to the judges room and his arms that held

her tight rocking her, comforting her, also shielding her from Rooneys anger.

Now the next problem was to be the trial of Mr Webber George. Angelines other poor sisters were still very ill yes ill enough that they could not be moved from their beds and that situation was still delaying Mr Georges trial.

The jury had investigated their condition but after all they could not alter the situation

There was danger too that Mr George might win his

freedom again by a habeas Corpus because he could prove either truthfully or by strong covering alibi's that he had been home at the time of the fires.

Also to defend him he had secured from Detroit and New York powerful attorneys at great expense making them believe that the fires caused their own undoing by carelessness and tried or were trying to frame him.

And by the fact he had stubbornly refused to sign any confession, was another 'smart' and Pennods sisters could not really tell how they

had been burned as it happened to them in their sleep.

Besides he had a powerfully political pull through many sources which would help him in his trial.

He would too put in a claim that Pennod and the police were framing him. If it turned out he could win the trial, it was evident he could bring a powerful lawsuit against them all.

Therefore Pennod decided to get the most able and powerful attorneys to defeat those of Mr George

and find or make means to throw his alibi witnesses into confusion.

When Penrod mentioned the difficulty to Dr Mc Kenna the great surgeon cheered him on the statement that he believed he could find a way.

He told Penrod to just let him know when Mr Georges trial began.

"To day is Wednesday" said Penrod "The trial starts Friday at 9. a.m and is to continue all day for days with recess at noon.

Chapter 26.
The exciting trial of Mr H George.

It was decided that the trial should begin first with the testimoney of the persons who lost their property in the fires.

There were the twelve owners of the stores on the street floor of the Sedwick Hotel and the hotel owner and manager. Then there were the owners of the houses and the factory on Jackson Boulvard. All had their attorneys, even Mr George. It was surely evident that the trial was going to be a long drawn one.

It was hoped by all these testifying and arguments to be

fought by opposing attorneys that it would last long enough to delay time for his sisters to recover enough to be able to come to Court.

Holzenberg was the first to testify. It was evident too that Mr Holzenburg was more concerned about Violet and her sisters than of his ruined property for he told that he felt sure that the five little girls looked very nervous about something when they made application for the hotel room.

He knew by the papers that their little sister Angeline had been kidnapped and then Mrs George arrested.

He felt sure too that they had wished to hide themselves from unseen danger. He continued: "After they were here three days, I noticed that each day they were a little more apprehensive and more grieving than the day before.

It seemed incredible that such little girls good as they were pretty should be afraid of some unseen danger so I asked the Hotel keeper about it but he didnt know, what was wrong and did not have the nerve to ask them.

On the afternoon of the fourth day

of their stay, the one whose name is 'Violet came into my store to buy a hair curler. It was a wet slushy day as she came in she looked scared and when I asked her what was the matter she told me she and her sisters 'were threatened since the arrest of (her sisters) of Mrs George by unknown and unseen enemies who were not spies.

I said to her:
"Surely nobody would want to harm such pretty little girls like you"
"You dont know the half of it" she answered after the purchase she

asked me to accompany her back to the hotel lobby which I did locking the store after going out. That very night my store was blown out and the hotel was gutted by fire.

I firmly believe that Mr George set that fire to kill the little girls, though I didnt know the charge was against him untill Esmod captured that man.
I have only fifteen thousand dollar insurance on my property which was destroyed which was worth $118 000.
but God knows I'm telling the truth and will prove it.

in the next world that I thought of them more than I did of my own personal loss, knowing they escaped safely from hotel fire I felt immensely relieved.

But knowing the fire-bug would strike again one way or another I tried to goad the detectives and the city Safety Director to capture the culprits

But they wasted their time on the no account investigations What gets me is that it took a mere boy, Penrod to capture the suspect And he did it the very day after he returned from New York after recieving the information That appears very

mysterious to me."

Mr George winced as Holzenburg told his story He was asked many questions by his own Sawyer and also the defendants and came out with colors flying.

This part of the trial (not attended by Penrod) with the number of complaintants with their Sawyers either contending or favoring and the proofs shown of the value of their property and financial losses lasted about seventeen days.

Then came the turn for Withers and his detectives to prove their finds as a result of their investigations.

This caused some

exciting commotion during the trial in which Mr George faced the conviction on the first accusation of return fire to ruin people finically regardless who may perish in the flames.

The case about the fire victim who perished in the fires was also brought up against him by the coroners homicide Squad by detectives relatives and arson investigators.

Even all this was putting Mr George in hot water.

Yet when seated on the witness chair he refused to answer a single question of many that was flung at him by the prosecuting

attorney. His sullen defiance brought an extra verdict against him, "For contempt of court".

For the trial to proceed concerning the burned Virians was an immense problem after nineteen days of this part of the trial the time came for the little Virians case but it was reported by Dr Mc Kenna that the condition of the little girls still remained the same.

It was decided to bring them, beds and all. Except Jennie, two were in each bed. The beds were too wide to go through the elevator door.

If the little girls must be brought to court in their condition they would have to be carried down five flights of steps beds and all. And there are 18 steps in each flights.
And there would be needed two strong men at each end of the bed taking each man or four men to carry each hearty bed down seventy two steps from the fourth to the first floor, So the base men there are eight een steps more.
And the worse of it wan the corrid or space at each turn of the flight of steps was not long enough to set the

beds down on so that those who carried the beds down I would have to go down all those flights without stopping once.
Could they do it?
Or could they get men strong enough to carry them down without mishap.
Suppose some of the men would slip on the steps? The steps are slippery from wax.
Some said why cant Jack Evans do it?
But he couldnt because though he could be up and around his hands and left leg had been dreadfully burned and were

swathed in bandages, Ide had been rescued from the burning house in which the little girls had been burned.

The situation was explained to Dr McKenna who laughed and said, "You fools it cant be done, The beds couldnt be brought through the door of their room You may carry them out on their mattresses

Thats the only problem, and then those who carry them down have to be very careful not to slip on the steps a disaster will follow, and they also have to be careful my patients dont

slide or roll off the mattresses. I cant rope them to the mattresses because of the condition of their burns."

The most unique experience that these five little girls ever had in their lives was to be carried down five flights of steps to the basement and then to be carried through the basement corridor to the hospital near entrance.

It took the men who did it over 20 minutes to get the three mattresses down those minty steps and as luck would have it without a mishap of any kind.

Yet the little girls

had been dreadfully nervous during the downward flight and held on to the sides of their mattresses as best as their condition would permit.

They were placed on the floor of flat bottomed ambulance trucks and conveyed the County City Court trial or Criminal Court Building. It was not so difficult to carry the mattresses in through the building entrance on the rear and up the one flight of steps through outside the immense crowd gathered to see the unusual sight.

The Trial Court room was on the first floor, so it was not so difficult to

to bring them up on the mattresses. Dr Mc Kenna and their nurse accompanied them, and Penrod and their father.

In front of the Judges bench and Jury box were brought two large sheet covered tables. The mattresses were placed on them. This incident was a most amazing sight to all who were in the Court room, and there was certainly a straining of necks and popping and bulging

of eyes to find best means to see. Dr Mc Kenna and the nurses were soon seated by them.

At the beginning of this part of the trial on the 21 th day the firemen who had found the little girls roped to their burned beds were the first to testify, and Burns himself showed the ropes which for some reason or other had failed to burn. They were clothes lines ropes

but of unusual thickness and toughness and of snow white color where they were not blackened by scorching. Chemistry Whether the gas alone problem of the cause of the fire was proved. Then Penrod was called to the witness chair His attorney then showed him the ropes. "Recognize these ropes my boy?" he asked. "Yes sir I do. They belong to Mrs George, or at least they're a portion of her clothes line." And Penrod from his coat pocket produced the rest of the rope which he had taken from Mrs Georges

house to prove the other particles of rope perfectly matched the main one Pennod produced. Then shouted George Sawyer.
"You probably found that rope in an alley ash can".
Pennod flashed him such a fierce look that he was cowed. Pennods lawyer matched them and then George Sawyers came to also match them to find out the facts
Mr George showed absolute restless mess and his face turned very pale. It did not take Pennod long to produce all the other endences he had found in the house his little sisters were burned.

It was an astonishing endence to produce before a jury and judge and court room.
Mr George on a study was not at all like Mr Rooney in facial expression and otherwise. He didnt hold his head sideways nor was there any of that defiant expression as was shown by Rooney.
That he might be a coward at heart was evident because he had a cringing aspect. In other words Rooney was a daring desperado and feared no one.
Mr George was just the opposite.
Violet and her four burned sisters were surprised by and their own intelligence

by all these strange and startling endences that Pennod brought forth.

Truthfully no one else could have done it and Mr George Sawyers were dumbfounded.

Are you a magician Master Pennod?' asked one of George Sawyers.

'My powers I reveal to no one" sneered Pennod.

He done it by the strange gift of power bestowed upon him from Heaven for the sole protection of his sisters!

Withers was also flabbergasted and wished he had had Pennods help in the investigation of the Sedwick hotel fire. Mr George looked

with great fear at Pennod who was surely one who should be greatly feared by the enemies of his sisters.

The showing of the evidences took about an hour. During the showing of the endences Pennod was not asked a single question by any one on his side. Then the judge said:

'I, the jury the States attorney and the Sawyers must now see the condition of your sisters providing they're willing to expose themselves for a moment.'

The judge looked at the little girls and they nodded.

It was Dr Mc Kenna who uncovered Jennie. It was enough. They didnt want to see the bodies of the four others. They could see by the arms and faces that they too were burned

The States attorney rushed into a side room to vomit

The doctor let the judge look over their hospitle Chart and reports on them condition. Then the States Attorney who returned demanded almost angrily=

"Will the owner of the house they were burned in please take the witness stand?"

Mrs Vivian came forward and was promptly sworn

"Do you prom[illegible]

promise faithfully to answer all questions without learning anything out?"

"Yes sir?"

"When did these little girls seek to room with you?"

"December 3rd sir"

"December 3rd?"

"yes sir"

"Did you notice whether they were weary or not when they applied for an appartment or room?"

"Yes but I did not ask them anything as I thought it was none of my business. They had a big rough house looking man with them who couldnt speak very good English. He made the

the application for them. Said his name was Jacque Evanaes (Jack Evans) and was their guardian. He appeared just as uneasy as they were and explained in his broken English that their coming to my house kept as secret as possible;

"How long were they at your place before the outbreak of that mid night fire?"

"I believe four days They were the most extraordinary little girls. Since I come to own the house I've had many tenants with children but though they too in most cases, were good keeds, they were nothings compared to these little

Vivians. I've often asked them why they were so worried and uneasy, as surely nobody would try to hurt such good little girls, as they were but they told me that they had hiddem enimies who were trying to kill them without warning because a kidnaper of their sister angeline, had been arrested.

Did their guardian sleep in the same room with them?"

"I do not know sir."

"Was there any suspicious men hanging around near your house on any of those days?"

"Yes sir there was. On the afternoon of the third day

day. They were across the street near the yard of the Skinner School. The tallest man several times pointed towards my house especially (the) towards the window of the room the little girls occupied.

When I threw open my window and yelled at them to move they scowled, told me to go to hell and mind my own business and refused to go. I called the police who made them beat it.

That night came and also the fire, I suspected these men."

"Are any of those men in this Court room now?"

She scanned every man carefully

looked more closely at Mr George and shook her head,

"No sir. They are not in this room."

"Aint Mr George one of them? Speak truely Mrs Vivian."

"No sir he isnt maybe they were his confederates."

"How did you escape from the fire?"

"The firemen rescued us."

"Didnt you tell the firemen about the little Vivians?"

"Yes sir but they couldnt get in the house then, for most of it was a raging furnace"

There were some other questions asked and then Mr George

attorney came forward for his turn. To every question that he asked she answered correctly without variation unflinchingly and unshaken. When he finally asked "You are not in any plot to frame the defendant are you?"

"Why no, the very idea I dont even know the man, I dont even say he made the fires or didnt make them, I am merely answering the questions which is applied to me I name the man. What ever made you think of such a thing and I'll admit he does not look like a man who would do such a horrid

thing? I hope he is innocent"

She therefore was allowed to go to her place and her husband was called to the witness stand. His answers were also satisfactory. He told the same thing to Penrod's attorney, he had told to Withers and Burns but as he had been out during the third day he did not know of any three strangers loitering about the place.

His answers to the Attorney defending Mr George was such as threw all those defending Mr George into consternation. At round one of the trial George was badly losing ground.

The little son and daughters of Mrs Vivian, pretty little children were also asked question and they each gave a story of the character and reputation of Violet and her sisters that astounded every body in the Court, including Mr George, and brought out a feeling of love and respect for them.

Said Jane Millie Vivian the youngest:

"I used to tease them about their uneasiness and fear of unseen enemies just to try to get them to forget it, but it was of no use, Mother and dad tried to cheer them and almost succeeded, We went to church with

them the evening of the third day to attend the evening devotions it being Sunday"

"What Church?"

"St Patricks."

What street is it on?"

"On Adams and Desplaines. Then came that awful fire, We kids fled into the street almost naked cold as it was outside"

Then they were also to be questioned by Mr Geogen Attorney who first said in a tone very pompous with an attempt to appear dignified:

"Your excellency judge Sullivan and fellow citizens, the man you see a prisoner before you is accused of a record

breaking crime of setting fire to a house occupied by the Abbecan nian Virians with the purpose of murdering them. by roping them to their beds.

The brother of the Abbecannian kids who now sits before the Court claims his sisters who are lying on the tables in this Court rooms were badly burned, through Mr Geoges designs, I can see him in my minds eye positively innocent. If the Virians kept their room locked how could any one stealthily creep into their boudas even when no one was looking to tie them to their

beds. How could the man be alone with the little girls roping them tightly to their beds when it is claimed they are light sleepers. I firmly believe that this is a frame up. I can see with my minds eye fellow citizens and men of the jury that he must be innocent. Here for I pray you not to judge this prisoner unfeelingly. I do not think the innocent man can be guilty and surely it is unkind to accuse a man without proper witnesses.

Mr George is a man whom we all admire and gentlemen and

innocence are his chief virtues Look at Mr Georges intelligence gaze at his pleasant countenance. mark the tender pose of his soft padded hands Would such a gentle man be guilty of repeatedly setting fires to burn little girls? no a thousand times no-:"

"Oh cut it short" said Pennods Lawyer, "you've talked long enough."

"I'm doing my duty in defending the accused" remonstrated Mr Georges Attorney,

"Then why don't you say something sensible" retorted Pennod "you should know it would be foolish for me to accuse a man or even bring accusiations against him

if I was positively certain he was innocent because I have sense to know I would be bearing false witness against my neighbor if I did. And that would be a Capital mortal sin But dont try to make out that Mr George is too innocent (not) to burn my sisters if he could do it and not be found out I imagine he (could) would try it again if he could do it"

"I suppose because I've got my thoughts in good order you would like to upset them or throw them into confusion" said Mr Georges Attorney.

"Yes and if your thoughts were any

were any good they would not become so confused as to cause you to defend that horrid fiendish remarked Perhod earnestly
Besides your mind has no eye and is blind and I suppose if Mr George had been burned instead of my sisters your minds eye would see my sister set ting his house on fire But no one can fool me The criminal who now sits before the Court I know from experience has long desired since my squabble with his nephew to unlawfully get even with me through striking at my sisters who since they came here done harm

to nobody. When his wife was arrested for kidnapping my sister angeline And finally because of that he made a wicked plan to satisfy his desire for revenge I can see him as you said in my own minds eye creeping cautiously and stealthily into my sisters room with long pieces of rope in his hand while they lay asleep and secreting himself when no one was looking untill all sound of foot steps had gone away Then the would be murderer was alone with my sisters and I see him

wind the ropes around them fasten them tight to their beds in their sleep and then going out set the porch of the building on fire -"

"Are you positive of what you are saying is true?" Demanded Mr Georges attorney.

"Of course I'm positive and we know the thing is true because since the time of the fire there is and has been revealed the ropes as evidence. But I wont interfere with you any more? If you want to question the others go ahead"

He gave Period an ugly look and then turning to the one hes

to question she started "Was it not possible they roped themselves to the beds and set themselves on -"

"Hold" cried Burns "most of the house was on fire first before the flames reached their room And the fire started on the porch from gasoline How could they therefore rope themselves to their beds and set the fire. Your idea of their setting themselves on fire to commit suicide is ridiculous."

Maybe so But investigations dont always prove things either Supposing one of them might have been playing with matches"

"We did not play with matches dont never

did," said Violet with decision. We for good reasons are dreadfully afraid of fire. And we have ample proof that we were in bed before nine oclock that night coming home from Church. We did not play with matches."

Violet said it in such a decided undignant voice that Mr Georges Attorney was cowed, Violet was a kind that if she was irritated or excited she could cow any body The Attorney was confused and couldnt say anything further. He then walked back to his seat like a boy severely scolded by his teacher,

Mr George lost round two and looked more

uppre hensive than ever so far it didnt appear as if his attorneys were getting any where He wondered why.

But he had a good number of friends who he felt sure could put in a good word for him, It was believed nearly true by his Satisfyers that at the time of the fires Mr Henry George was really home and had never been near any one of the fires except the Jackson Boulevarde blaze and then he was there late in the morning,

One other of Mr Georges Attorneys now standing before

the jury said:-
How do we know that Mr George was not framed by some body just to get him into trouble with the Winans and the Criminal Court
"I can see by my own minds eye that surely he could not be responsible I can see by my minds eye that maybe he himself has secret foes - I can see in my minds eye -"
"Whats that? Whats that?" asked Penrod of George Sawyer with a hostile look
"I say I can see the situation in my minds eye -"
"Your mind has no eye" declared

Penrod "its blind"
"Your Highness" cried the Lawyer appealing to the judge "have I a minds eye or have'nt I"
"If you have it might be your imagination" said the judge
"Very true" returned the Lawyer bowing "I say I see that maby Mr George has secret foes who wants to get revenge for something its easy for someone to frame a person to get him into trouble with other persons he could'nt get along with Probably that party knew of the arrest of Mrs George and also knew that Mr George was not on

good turns with Master Pennods sisters-:
"Prince Pennod you mean" Pennod sneered "I'm not giving up my title because I'm over in America, I suppose your mindseye sees me as an unden dog"
The Lawyers face crimsoned but he continued "Therefore couldnt it be possible that an unseen or unknown enemy used things belonging to the George's in setting the fires to make the evidences appear against Mr George with the purpose to cause his conviction by the kids called the Vinnans"
"My sisters are not babes from Nanny goats so please dont call them kids"

Pennod retorted
"It did not seem possible to any one that this could be true so the attorney did not get any approval. Pennods Lawyer then said: "If that is so where are the proofs?" And with this trial going on who is going to waste time trying to locate the framers none of us believe that statement true. What I'd like to do is to find out from Prince Pennod to what extreme did Mrs and Mr George either hate Phinn or his sisters and what was the reason that brought it about if there is any known reason."
Pennod answered

I that I am really ignorant of. If there is any reason Mr George alone can tell it. And I'll bet he's afraid to And as to his Attorney stating that Mr George was framed by a secret enemy to get him into trouble with us is only an alibi which can easily be shaken.

I have mysterious proofs that he is guilty of the fires himself"

"Can you say Master Pennod that your adversary has no secret foes to plot against him?" asked Mr Georges attorney.

"Mr Prince Pennod I told you before" cried Pennod, "I'll not take the title Master Pennod from an attorney

who is opposing my case and if you call me that again you'll find something making a connection with your snozzle. As to your insolent question that is positively evident"

"That cant be" said the attorney "Any one knows it is easily possible for some one to frame Mr George to make it appear he burned your sisters"

If the man is innocent as you say why didnt he furnish proof?"

Give us time and I will"

I will not" answered Pennod.

"And why not"

Because I know Mr George is guilty Even

since the first fire his house has been secretly and carefully watched by eight of my girl scouts and no man but Mr George has been seen going in and out of the house no one could pass my scouts day or night without being observed by them. Nobody else could have secured any thing from this house to use it to frame him. Knowing by now from city to city and from town to town what kind of little girls my sisters are I am positively dumbfounded that any attorney would from any neighbouring city come to defend that wicked scoundrel when I and six others have

plenty of evidences against him If I find out you are crooked attorneys Heaven help you both I know I'm only a boy but I'm not to be trifled with."

For a moment or more there was a strange silence in the Courtroom. None of Mr Georges Attorneys knew what to say to Remods words, as it was time for the Court to adjourn until the next morning the little girls were left where they were to sleep while the nurses remained to take care of them and saw to it they got some supper and three well armed

policemen to guard them during the night. At every entrance way and other spots of the Criminal Court building police and detectives were placed, but in hiding to surprise any body who may try to set it after, or bomb it to get the little Woman, in case Mr George was not guilty after all, and the real criminal would still be at large.

Pernod had also decided to remain with his sisters. They feared exceedingly that Mr George might win out for they knew that he had a very powerful following, and they had he and a few days before

that if Mr George did lose out it would be much worse for them. Pernod was greatly concerned by the fact that two Lawyers would come from different cities to defend him.

"What will they do to morrow?" asked Violet with a deep sigh for such kind of a trial had cast a gloom over every body.

"I do not know until to morrow to here" replied Pernod "The Court will meet again to morrow now at nine A.M. As much as I am angry at Mr George he must have a fair trial"

"What will happen

if he is guilty?" asked Angeline in a whisper
"He must face the fiery stake" answered her brother
"In Abbreammia?" enquired Jennie through her pain.
"Wherever it is possible" was the reply. But unless I use some of my strange power to turn in your favor I'm afraid he'll burn by Habeas Corpus for he has two powerful attorneys to defend him and they will do their best to save him. But he will face the Public (accuser) accuser tomorrow and there may be a good chance for us for he is no learned

that no one can deceive him.
"Will the same men be on the jury?"
"The jury doesn't change" answered Pernod.
In the meantime George defendants seperated to prepare for there newal of the trial the next day. They too were afraid of the out come. The crime of trying to purposely trying to burn little girls to death was considered as big a crime as murder and tremendous excitement prevailed.
Mr Wiz and one of George attorneys whom he returned to his own room was exceedingly thought ful. He did

not believe Mr George was guilty. and the Lawyers also knew that if Mr George was found guilty and condemned to death serious results might follow. So although he grieved over the sad fate of the little Virians as much as any of them he resolved to save Mr Georges life.

Sending for his companion Mr Wizard toated him into a corner and whispered "My friend it is our duty to defend Mr George and try to save him but I fear we will fail because that boy who calls himself a prince

and whom I think is a little nut will win his side to my certain knowledge and my opinion is that Mr George was really framed by that would be boy prince. And yet Mr Georges disgrace and death would not bring back those who died in the fire but only bring serious consequences from his powerful friends. So I intend to prove Mr Georges innocence by a trick."

He drew from his inside pocket a sealed envelope and continued. "This you must hide in a safe

place and if the jury decides that Mr George is guilty you may therefore produce the document and read its contents and then no one can dispute your words. This deception will save Mr George's life."

"I do not like to deceive the Count" replied the other "still my heart urges me to save Mr George's life and I can usually trust my heart to do the right thing So I will do so as you say Mr Wizard"

After some thought he placed the sealed envelope inside his pocket and went back to his room

to think over his speech to the jury.

At Nine a.m. the next morning the Court room was again crowded all being eager to witness the second day of the great trial. The judge dressed in his most splendid robes of state sat in his bench. The members of the jury was gravely prepared to listen to what was said.

Mr George was in the prisoners bar where he sat and gazed at the crowds with seeming unconcern.

Strange as it was the same people were in the Court-room as on the

day before. Outside the
Corridor was crowded,
yesterday there was not
a soul in the corridor.
It was evident they
were anxious and eager
to see what the events
of the trial was going
to be to day.
They all admired
Osmond for he was
the kind of boy
that could not be
gainsayed.
Mr George that
day looked sullen
morose and also
appeared to be very
apprehensive.
His attorneys were
there and others
of his friends but
they appeared to be
disconcerted and shaken.
Before the trial
started Dr Mc Kenna

examined Violet and
her sisters. Then he
just wrote down the
report and said noth-
ing. But by his face
you could see there
was no improvement
on their part.
It was seen too that
Mr George had an extra
Lawyer and two
more men as extra
interpreters which Osmond
believed he had seen
some where before. Mrs
Vivian and her child-
ren were in the
Court room to day also
but did not see
the two one of which
appeared to be an
Irishman the other
a Spanish Jew.
I forget to
mention that dur-
ing the trial of

Mr George Pennods little sister Angeline also was in the courtroom once was not yet well enough to leave the room.

The way things looked Violet and her sisters were afraid that Mr George might win his side of the trail and gain his liberity.

If he did win his freedom by being declared not guilty and he was and desired revenge God keep Violet and her sisters.

For in reality reality he was a very dangerous man when he had it in for those whom he hated or were his enemies. From an unknown source he he had a powerful

following and Pennod would have to have almost supernatural power to be able to contact Mr George.

The trial started at nine A. M. It began with Pennods Lawyer questioning Mrs Vinans last child a boy by the name of Francis Vinan:

At first being a little afraid of Mr George, and his leering fleering face the boy hesitated to answer the questions put to him and the Lawyer said

"Dont be afraid to answer my questions Francis. The defendant cannot hurt you for telling anything. So you must

answer every thing I will ask of you. Did the Vinian Princesses show any fear of any body before and while (leaving) living in your home?"

"Yes sir"

"Did they mention any one in particular?"

"Yes sir."

"They did?"

"Yes sir?"

"Who were they?"

"Two men da called Sikes and Sagan!"

"Wait a minute please" interrupted Prince Pemrod That gave me an idea. Allow me to question the boy There something important I want to know there!"

"Anything you say Prince Pemrod. You are the head of this lands and appointed

by the Mayor and the main judge,

"Did you say my sisters mentioned their fears of Sikes and Sagan?"

"Yes Angeline met them on their way to Omaha on her way coming home on the train."

There was a broad grin for a moment on Pemrods face then he directed an ugly gaze twards Mr George.

"You're a Glandelinian spy" he howled.

George rose to his feet shouting.

"I am not"

"You are too,

"I am not"

"I say you are, and my sisters often knew of your intercourse with those!

two men and I'll bet you cant prove I'm wrong." He turned to Jack Evans who was sitting in front and said in plain English.

"Tell my girls outside its my order to pick up those two men on Omaha or other northeast bound trains on that same railline. Get Mildred May well to scour Chicago in case those two men came back here. They alone can get Sikes and Fagan."

Evans bowed politely and went out. Penrod nodded to the Lawyer to continue while he went over to Violet and engaged in low conversation with her and continued all the time the Lawyer was question-

ing Mrs Viriamson on What the boy told was quite important. He said the little girls believed that Sikes and Fagan had a great deal to do with Georges attempt to burn them to death. But they had told this only to them, and no one else, yet what Violet told Penrod of her suspicion made Penrod look very nervous. It did seem to what she believed she overheard was that Sikes and Fagan conspired with George to burn the little girls to death.

And also in answer to the Lawyers question Francis Vriamson told the same thing to the astonishment

of every one in the Court room. Then the boy was allowed to go back to his seat. There was then a conference held between George & lawyers which lasted a few minutes.

The reason was it seemed that Mr George was losing ground still more. They were even afraid their scheme would not pull George through. Record was granite.

Behind closed doors assistant District Andrews called Angeline to the stand and asked her to tell the whole story of her experience with Fagan and Sikes and what she knew of their mysterious association with Mr

George. Sobbing pitifully at times, she told the story and how she escaped and then was rescued. It was a long story and it was nearly eleven when she was through. And when she spoke, seasoned Court room attaches shook their heads as they listened to the sordid touching detail of her life of shame.

There were moments when she halted to dry her eyes. At other times her small frame shook with sobs. On continuing the poor little girl said she knew nothing about their connection with Mr George, but she did know

that Mr George frequently was seen with their main Chief spy enemy Mr Mack and only at night time and then Mr Mack went away and never came back, Mr George rose and howled.

"The little Gutter snipe lies. It is not so."

Bernod was on his face his eyes glaring wickedly at George

"I'll put an extra charge against you for calling my sister that name, In fact your far worse than a gutter snipe," he stormed,

"Sit down prisoner in the bar and hold your tongue" commanded the judge Wait until your asked

to talk. The more you say out of your time will be used against you"

George gulped and turned purple in the face. The defense attorney sprang a surprise by resting then case without putting any witnesses on the stand arguing that the State, or Bernod had not proved a case against Mr George on that they had not established the facts, that Angeline had not told the truth and that Mr George was really framed by Bernod, or somebody else,

The jury and the whole Court however were

Angelone, Nevertheless Pernod still wondered how everything would turn out.

Judge Sullivan was one of the ablest yet sternest of the Chicago Court bench, of the Criminal Court.

The next defense motion after the trial was renewed, after the dinner hour was one to squash the indictment on the ground that the Virams might have burned themselves accidentally, or made a suicidal attempt together with the fact that the fire victims did not lock their sleeping room door.

Judge Sullivan studied the indictment

briefly and ruled that the real subject matter was a deadly fear set up into the little Virams by the acts of their unknown foes and therefore it was a proper subject for careful and strict investigation.

In turn he also overruled motions for change of venue and a request for a delay in the progress of the trial.

Seven attorneys three of them were a famed quartete of Lawyers Lawyers from two cities who had had great new success in many other criminal defenses.

Yet Pernod's attorney handled the case

favorably. Already the case had been strongly publicized in the city newspapers, particularly his contention that murder of the little Vinnams was possibly attempted by a dong drawn out campaign of terrorization, by fire which Georges attorneys tried to dismiss as an apparent suicide.

He outlined the case to the jury explaining carefully wherein this alleged fire born different from other violent crimes against the children, and pointing out the fact that what the papers were then calling first degree murder by fire and base attempted murder of the little Vinnams was not

only a possibility but an established fact sharp as a tack.

Again Mrs and Mrs Vinnam testified that Violet and her sister had oftem expressed fear of unseen and unknown foes and of a greater fear of being left alone and that when they went out they always had their powerful guardian with them too.

There were two of the witnesses who told plenty and it was plain that their evidence had a profound effect.

Probably the most dramatic of Perrods state witnesses was Mrs Roberta Evans

all of whose testimony was very touching and unusual.

But what a difference there was when Violet from where she lay on the table, testified Her sobbing voice might seem that of any one of her sisters lying there in so great a pain accusing Mr George of attempting to murder her and her sisters by fire.

When Violet came to the portion of her testimony where she and her sisters had found themselves tied to their beds by ropes and surrounded by fire a hush fell over the Courtroom and then in the deadly still-ness a woman

spectator put her head down on the railing and wept hysterically. Tears filled the eyes of others, and a grizzled old man in the jury shuddered.

When she told of how the hose stream coming through the window saved her and her sisters from burning to death, Mr George's defense attacked her evidence as being a statement made unjustly in the presence of the accused. But the Special Prosecutor fired a quick question at the witness.

"Were the little girls awakened in time to find

themselves fastened to beds by ropes?" he demanded, Violet hearing the question which George's attorney couldn't answer, nodded miserably.

"Yes," I was the first to awaken, I saw the room on fire and screamed to my sisters. Then we found ourselves tied to the beds."

Lengthy arguments then followed, but the court finally held with Pernods Lawyers that it was fireBug evidence and therefore admissible.

Jennie Vinan told the same story from where she lay but she went further in response to a question whether she had seen from

from what direction the flames were burning into her room. To this she replied: "I certainly did."

She looked at the Attorney sadly. Her face and eyes were still red and black and her lips were swollen and split but were regaining some of their natural color.

"We slept on the second floor Jackson Boulevard side. The flames were eating through the walls and ceiling above us, I saw a part of the closed door burning also" "and spreading fast"?

The Chief Counsel defending George

asked the question most sarcastically She looked back at him at first perplexed and then defiantly as she said:

"I wont answer any of your questions untill your time Mr Sarcastic lemon face so hold your tongue."

Then she continued "Some parts of the room fortunately had some sort of fire proof covering which checked the spread of the main flames towards us. By that I mean during the period of time about which we awoke and found ourselves tied to our beds. In all that short time

however the flames ate through the walls and ceiling showering us with hot plaster and flaming embers. Then the burning lath fell on our beds setting them on fire. We could dont scream as the smoke was choking us. Then I heard some man shout "the fire is spreading there" and then came the hose stream" the force of the water spraying all upon us quenching the burning beds."

That was a blessing. The Georges defence had really thought to trick her

into a qualifying state-
ment. Cyou cant confuse an angel
possessed child? always a
weakness for an import-
ant weakness, Instead she
had replied coolly and
aptly as a trained lawyer
might have replied and
Pernod saw Georges and
even his own exchange
glances as the attorneys
faces reddened Pernod
reddened them still
more by saying:
'How could my sis-
ters tie themselves
to their beds by
lying therein. The
firemen found the
ropes knotted un-
derneath the springs
and one of the
firemen demon-
strated to me by
lying down on
a bed of the

same size that even
he couldnt do it and
he was a tall man
with long arms.
"Yes but they could
have tied each in the-"
"Yes for example,
Violet could have tied
her four sisters un,
but hows she going
to do it to herself,
and she was tied
on also" snapped
Pernod,
As Georges attorneys
faces reddened still
more, one of them
said
"Cyou cant argue
with a woman long
or little whether
your right or wrong,
but that dont
beats em alls"
Then Dr Im Lemna
testified that the

little girls had been brought to the hospital by a fire department ambulance and that he had found them so dreadfully burned that he had told the sisters in charge of the Fourth Floor that their condition was hopeless for their burns were fatal. Then now recovery disputes their condition proves angels possess them.

But by Attorney Buettner up proofs of the long campaign of fire horror that preceded the kidnapping and which followed their most terrified efforts to get to a place of safety from their unseen foes

and when they rested their case Penrod feet quite content that the job was properly concluded. And the firemen, cool handsome, and valient took the stand as witnesses of their condition.

The lieutenant displayed no sign of weakness or nervousness and answered all questions in a clear well modulated voice. He traced the gasoline trail through various room connections from the porch and denied either that the fires were (accidental) accidental or that any suicidal intent on the part of the little

girls had brought it about. And he said that the knots of the ropes were under the beds near the center of the springs. His recital of the events just preceding of the children tied to their beds were (con-) idential with his statement at the time they might be burned a have been burned that one of them I had been crying and screaming pitifully from awful pain that he had tried to quiet her with injections as his companions cut loose the ropes and uncovered her little nude burned bodies by removing

the still smoking blankets. Even then I tried to help her" he explained "she had difficulty in breathing and I slowly raised her little arms above her head several times to see if that would not ease the difficulty. Then as quickly as possible we rushed the little girls to the hospital and tried to bring them around but then they seemed to be dying."

Dr McKenna who had been called first to attend to the little burned girls confirmed this statement. He stood with him

three feet of them" he declared. "They were moaning pitifully like lost souls." The fireman tried to keep them to breathe more easily and plastered their little bodies with salve used for burns.

Mrs Vinan had again testified that Jennie once had said to her eldest daughter "If these unseen enemies don't stop shadowing us we'll disguise as boys and go where we can never be found. If it wasn't for our brother we'd leave for Arkansas right away."

Tom Preston said he visited at the hospital to see the little Vinans. But

the nurse had told him that they were dreadfully hysterical from their suffering and could not be visited yet.

He admitted that he had gone to find details from Detective Burns apparently for the purpose of adding force to the denials of Mr George his attorney called Mrs Vinans son back to the stand and asked questions again but got the same decided answers.

Then George was called to the stand and Pernods Sawyer demanded:-

"Did you or did you not rope the

little girls to their beds as they lay there asleep, and then set the house on fire?"

"I wont answer such a foolish question" asserted Mr George with a smarl.

"Oh yes you will" the attorney declared "The little girls were almost burned to death and the ropes that bound them to their beds belong to you So if you are innocent Mr George you must tell the judge how came the little girls to be tied to their beds by your own ropes and why there were such big mysterious fires?"

"Who dares to accuse me?" asked Mr George defiantly.

"No one directly" answered the judge "your actions alone accuse you The fact is a number of awful midnight fires occured and the circumstantial evidences are against you When they after being rushed to a hospital were nearly burned again there it is proved you were not at home"

"Whats more of any body business" growled the defense.

"Dont be impudent" admonished the Lawyer.

"Its you who are impudant" said Mr George "for accusing me of such a crime when you cant prove it except by guessing"

"I'll bet you certainly did"
I certainly did not"
snapped George.
"You're lying" said the
attorney "not even an ape
would choke his mate
if he found her lying
injured on the ground. Yet
you deliberately set big
fires to burn five
little girls and causing
scores to perish in
the flames."
I did not If I did
what Mr and Mrs Vur-
lan testified in the
burning let them
and even Master
Bernod go and prove
it."
"I will prove it and
you ought to be
put in the electric
chair and given one
hundred thousand
volts, they ought to

let it pass through
your body until it
swelled up and popped"
yelled Bernod,
Chief of Detectives
Burns, and the night
Chief of police said
they saw Violet and
her sisters the night
of the awful Jackson
Boulvarde fire and
that they too at first
gave up all hopes
of their recovery. Fur-
ther he declared that
an old housekeeper
of the little girls
had called the police
station to say that
it was a matter
of hours to deter-
mine whether
they would live
or not.
Then they put James
Andrews on the stand

as a rebuttal witness to tell what he knew, but he knew very little except the condition of the little girls were in when he went to visit them in the hospital.

"Jennie was lying face downward in a bed sobbing and in too much pain to talk," Jarmer said impressively. "And I heard Violet said "dont let the unseen enemy touch me, if he does, I'll die."

The fire men who brought the little girls to the hospital testified again.

"We had difficulty in getting them out of the beds" said the first one "When I lifted only the arms of one of them

she gave forth a scream of agony and despair. It was neither fear nor anger. But her scream was not the only nerve racking happening. The childs body in that still smoking bed was a shapeless burned mass. After that sad scream when I set her down there were moans pitiful sobs half stifled protests against me for having accidentally caused her all that pain, and I was surprised beyond measure that the fire had left a spark of life in the racked suffering little body."

The crowd of fire spectators moved in dead

horror as we finally carried them out in stretches mouting in horror at the burned little girls whose nude bodies were covered, known nearly every where as the most unhappiest children in the world" one of them seemed able to talk and I asked her who did it but she didnt know, but she said gasping, brokenly that she feared the spies had a hand in it.

And then a man who called himself Jack Evans with burned hands and a badly scorched leg staggered down the street gasping and praying. He saw what supreme horror had

occured and fainted big and strong man as he was. An ambulance came and my comrades gently lifted the pitifully burned bodies for the journey to St Josephs Hospital where their housekeeper took up her vigil until their room until deft ministrations made it possible for Violet to talk

Yet despite this testimony every legal obstacle possible to trained and adapt legal minds was being interposed to save Mr George.

Again particularly insistent was the plea that George was home at the time of the fires

that if the girls didn't set the fires a have some other cause for suicidal content then someone to frame George set the fires.
Dramatic events had followed thick and fast in the first two days following the break of the case.

The result of the trial.

On the morning of the third day of the trial the District Attorney took a sworn statement from Mrs Jenny the housekeen of the little girls.
"Why did you be the housekeeper of these little girls all these years?" the defense attorney tried to butt in but she answered:
"Begging your pardon sir but that is my own business and I'm not under any obligation to give that sort of information.
When I first heard of the disasterous fire some one had

told me what happened, and I rushed to the hospital. I never saw such an awful sight in all my life as I did that night. Since I first met them many months ago I learned to love the little darling princesses, and resolved to be caring for them as long as I live. I have always been like a second mother to little Violet and her sisters, loved them devotedly, treated them as though they were my own children. I'm afraid to tell what kind of little girls they are it would take too long. I even did what could spoil any ordinary

child, I pampered their every whim and so did many others, but all our love, and tenderness failed to spoil them. They became only that more loving and grateful. It broke my heart when I found out they were burned cruelly in a fire to satisfy the wicked whim of some stubborn, reckless untruthful creature. I my self am sure it was Mr George who did it." Then Mary one master was called to the witness stand and first she told of the attack of the two

men upon her and why. Then she told the character of Violet and her sisters.

"They love me very much and took me into their home when my parents and brothers and little sister were killed in an explosion of a bomb set by their enemies. They treated me very nice and I was happy in their care. I'd give my life for them."

"Now tell us Maryone" said Pennods Attorney "Tell us in your own words why those two men attacked you?"

"Because I would not tell them what Pennod was going

to do against Mr George. I didnt know, but I wouldnt tell if I did. And because I wouldnt and couldnt tell they were mean to me and would have killed me if I hadnt stuck ed the lamp over." And Maryone ended her story with sobs and placing her face in her arms cried bitterly for a few minutes. The Lawyer said: "Your Honor the childs story proves that Mr George had some something to do with the fires."

After this the District Attorney took a sworn statement from one of the burned

little girls on the hospital. Still doctors disagreed as to their condition, the most expert Dr Mc Kenna declared they would recover but it would take a long time, and then he had been doubtful, for he had said that creeping paralysis had been setting in on one of them.

Already she had been unable to move her toes and within twenty four hours both feet had been helpless.

The doctor had stated that for a time despite the utmost that medical science could do for her the little girl had seemed to come nearer

and nearer to the "door of the unknown" Creeping paralysis as a result of the burns had mounted to the abdominal regions. Then by constant injections of a certain serium he had driven back that condition and for good and saved her life.

Before the beginning of the third day of the trial, better Surgeons than Pernods had been hired the best Surgeons in the Country, for older men, in the profession had come to Georges defense and one of Pernods friends had come

(of) to the boy prince with the warning that he had better cease prosecuting Mr George for he said Penrod had bitten off more than he could chew and that in reality his lawyers had no case and that the defense lawyers would make him look foolish if he even continued to bring the case to trial.

On return Penrod told them honestly and sincerely that nothing would keep him from continuing to bring the case to court and that he would gladly suffer the consequence for the sake of his sisters if the court and

and jury held that he had overstepped his duty in the slightest. One old friend in leaving Penrods room said:

"I'm sorry son to see you throw your career away in this manner. My advice to you would be not to oppose too strongly the defense demurrer to the indictment by the Grand Jury That will give you a reasonable out and no one can critize you if the Court upholds the demurrer."

Such interviews which ordinarily would have been disspiriting merely served to make

Pennod more determined than ever. The defense was again permitted to qualify himself as an expert in view of his long good career of the past, with the result that his lawyers declared in no uncertain terms that those little girls may have been buried through some mysterious cause but that Mr George didnt set the fires.

The defense put its reliance largely on the evidence of a dozen witnesses with whom they sought to prove that in some mysterious way Violet & her sisters were of a nervous hysterical disposition (which is not so) that they

might have attempted to end their lives with or without any external fear of harm.

But somehow these witnesses proved anything but convincing.

A brisk cross examination made them recant sufficient of their positive statements so that the remainder of what they had said was nullified.

The defense attorneys who already had

lost the decision when they protested the form of the indictment put in a most powerful and masterful argument

They desperately and savagely attacked the credibility of some of Pennods witnesses the capacity of others to recall events distinctly. And they ridiculed Pennods theory of an attempted fire murder fixation communication from one person to another Pennod and then

Jim Groveton for the State contented themselves with a simple discussion of the facts brought out in evidence.

Pennod spoke most particularly of attempted murder of his poor sisters by fire and stated that the defense attorneys were liable to lawsuit for insulting his sisters continually by claiming they burned themselves with suicidal intent.

Yet despite this threat, there was another way the defense decided to strike at the accusers.

One of them wanted to ask questions of an eleven as she was the only

one in any condition to be able to be questioned. When she was again in the witness chair and was sworn in the attorney said:
"I have heard that you and your sisters are possessed by angels. Is that the truth?"
"Yes sir it is."
"Are there any proofs of that state of condition?"
"Yes sir. Our guardian has them."
"If you and your sisters have angels, then how on thunderation did they let your sisters almost burn to death or let the unknown enemy tie them to their beds? Can you answer that question?"

"In a good way? can by another question Mr doubting Thomas and see if you can answer that one. When our dear God Jesus was being taken by His enemies to be condemned to the Cross why did not the legions of angels save Him?"
A number of people in the court room could not supress a giggle, The attorney was dumbfounded at this crushing repulse. He had never expected an (a) counter attack He thought yet to catch her.
"I'll let you cant answer my question" he said

"Oh yes I can. I can answer mine too" she answered. Christ was willing to suffer death on the Cross for our salvation and to open the Gates of Heaven which had been closed by the fall of Adam and Eve so He did not permit the angels to come to His rescue though they were strongly tempted to do so. There is another reason why the angels possess us permitted our sisters to burn, and that is they are creatures the same as we are and know no less unless the knowledge is given to them.

It is probable to try our faith in Him God did not forward the angels

of what was going to happen to us. But they did prevent my poor sisters from burning to death and also angels prevented Mr Rooney from killing me.

I'm sure if they had known beforehand what was going to happen the angels would have warned my sisters of their danger."

But why didn't they warn you of the one who was setting the fires?"

"For the same reason they didn't know. They're creatures as well as we are and no one can question the will of God. The angels cannot

be blamed for what we or anybody else suffers. They were not given the permission to save Our Blessed Lord from a cruel undeserving death on the Cross. And he was far less deserving of that cruel treatment than we are"

"Your situation is very unusual" said the defense Lawyer "I cant understand this angel possession business. I dont believe your story about their ways Angels have obligations to perform and, and if it is true, you and your sisters have angels, the angels did not fulfill their obligations by saving your sisters from that fire. I myself not being

a Catholic dont believe in the power of angels. They couldnt protect you if they tried Who ever kindled the fires to burn your sisters have more brains than your (sisters) angels."

"Then why did you want to bring up that subject if you got that opinion," demanded Pennod. "I suppose if some hippopotamus told you the moon jumped over the spoon youd believe it! Angels can do anything if God wills it. If I told you the Cow was going to jump over the moon youd believe it, but you critisize the action of angels. I want you to drop

that subject and leave the angels alone."

George looked abashed. His attorneys couldnt get no wheres because of Pennod. Pennod was carrying all before him, and so was Angelone. It was a dangerous situation for Mr George and he was determined upon a dangerous move if the jury would decide him guilty. He wasnt going to be convicted under any conditions if he could help it. He continually kept his eye on the judge and jury and more continually on his accusers.

It was apparent that Georges trial was going to be long and tedious

indeed long drawn out as was the investigation leading up to his indictment by the City Grand Jury. More than one hundred witnesses testified for the State and less than a score for the defense.

When witnesses now described the terror unleashed when the explosions rocked the Bedwick Hotel and a roaring column of flames shot up the air shafts over the rear of Mr Holzenburgs Barber supply shop George sat cold and rigid in his chair. Once he snapped loudly to one of His attorneys, "Blah Blah blah" and was

was lashed bitterly by Judge Sullivan. When a newspaper reporter gave the judge and jury the photographs showing the black smoke rolling out of Holzenburgs store the defendant yelled: "Fakes"

He was again and more severely reprimanded by the judge and sat back mumbling screeningly.

Then Pernod said loudly:

"I know why George was at home at the time of the fires. He set the fires himself and correctly timed them so they would break out two hours after he got home."

At this George

slumped in his chair and all his insolent cockiness and braggadacio was suddenly out of him.

Ralph Henry Jacobs assistant State Attorney vigorously prosecuted the cadelle of arson conspirators. George was badly losing ground.

His attorneys decided upon one desperate step. There was one German woman a Miss Jenny Rottenmier a woman lawyer who by hook or crook really could defeat the prosecutor and Pernod too and win Georges freedom.

Before the next day of the trial came she was sent

for. She was a woman Lawyer who though not a cnoked Lawyer by any means was one who honestly whether defending a guilty or a innocent person knew how and could win the case despite what prosecutors would be brought against the defense. She was impossible to be defeated and had never lost out.

In two hours this very powerful woman Attorney arrived and stood in the reception hall with great expectations for It must have taken something quite out of the usual run to make her coming at such a strange hour of the evening necessary.

George Lawyer went out to see her and told her in lengthy detail how things stood with Mr George in the trial.

He asked her if she would defend the man on trial to morrow and stated the facts why he was on trial and so on. He explained to the surprised lady everything But the situation for Mr Henry George was so serious that everything must be done quick and without waiting to decide one way or the other.

Miss Rottenmier stood as if rooted to the spot staring at the attorney in great surprise.

She had thought he was going to tell her some thing about some other kind of trial and she would have listened gladly.

Instead of which he was telling her this. She looked very much disappointed and was not quick enough to hide her feelings. She had expected any thing but that she would defend any culprit culprit for a large sum of money but this was different. She had read and heard a lot about Violet and her sisters. She still had a very clear memory of who and what kind of children the little Vinians were

and what they suffered. Once she had said to her husband also a lawyer, "I'd be in Heaven, if only one of my little girls was like them." And she has three children two girls and a baby boy.

And to defend a man who really burned people to death in an endeavor to kill the little Vinians. And she had seen the horrors of the Red Cross Hotel and other fires. To defend a man who was the worlds most dirty crook- no that did not seem to be exactly a good stroke

of business for her She wouldnt do that for no money not for all the money in the world. So without thinking the matter over at any length she said that unfortunately it would be impossible for her to attend the trial to morrow and the the day after it would be even more out of the question because of all the clients she had, and because of all the things she must do then. And afterwards she doubted if she could go to defend Mr George any better, The attorney saw through these excuses and let her go away without bothering about her further.

It was'nt that this great woman Lawyer was afraid of Pennrod or his friends, it really was that she had known a lot about Violet and her sisters knew the horrid consequences of the fires, and her heart really went out to the little girls.

She had an irresistible detestation of Mr George, and therefore would not defend him no matter how much money she obtained for it or what the consequences were for refusing, She had some reason about her and therefore as

far as she was concern-
ed Mr George was sunk.
The following day dur-
ing the progress of the
trial the State now
maintained that beyond
any reasonable doubt Mr
George was guilty of the
great fires. The State
went on that he might
have been goaded into
doing it by his kid-
napping wife.
That act in itself
comprised of the com-
mission of the most
heinous diabolic crime
in all the annals
of World History even
if the big fires
were intended for
any other purpose
other than the burn
ing of the Negroes
almost to death
which had been attempted.

Mr Henry George was
in a very tough spot.
One of Pennods attorneys
had to prove that there
was a reasonable doubt
concerning any other
reason for the destruct
ive fires.
He had to make
clear the fact also
that at the time of
the fires. He had to
make clear the fact
also that at the
time of the fires
Mr George was in
no state of mind
to be judged innocent
for having brought
on some of the
worst and most tragic
fires the city had
ever had. on an
Incendiary list. But
the main attorney
wasnt ready to

to argue these points to the full at that time. First he had to tell Pennods story to the jury, and to Judge Sullivan and to the hundreds of people who who packed the courtroom.

He had to tell those good people all about the holy good character of the little girls, and the burned apartment on Adams and Halsted which had been their original home while in Chicago. The prosecution was was very anxious to hush up all further mention about the little Vivians attempting suicide by fire. The prosecutor couldnt let he could keep it, let me give orges

attorneys bring a witness to dare prove their suicidal Statement? He said:

"Their suicidal Statement is a whitewash. Why dont they bring the false witnesses who testified against our God in His mock Trial. Whitewash. Whitewash. Save the administration on the eve of an election but get rid of the worlds worse criminal. Give him manslaughter and first degree murder.

Give him the gallows or give him over to Prince Pennod to send to Abbreanna to burn at the stake but save the nation. Thats the play.

Judas with his thirty pieces of silver was not any lower than this Mr George who attempted to burn five holy little girls to death for revengeful purposes."

Strangely to his good sisters Penrod for the prosecution had produced many witnesses they dug on to protect their gains from any thrusts Mr Georges Attorneys might make. It began to look as if only a powerful bombshell could shake the State from its well fortified vantage ground. Georges Attorneys thought they had prepared such a big bombshell. One of them arose and addressed

the jury.:

"Set alone is there reasonable doubt in the matter of Mr Georges complicity?" he said evenly But as I will show you there is even great doubt as to whether Mr George the accused actually set the great fires which almost burned to death the five little girls"

Those word rang thru though the Courtroom. They seemed to have their effect. The jurors sat up. The judge looked at the Attorney quizzically The Prosecution stopped fussing with its many papers. It was apparent Mr George was gaining ground a little.

"I maintain" the

the attorney went on quickly that no proof exists that Mr George set fires which severely burned these five little girls. Picture the scene gentlemen" the attorney said. A big fire breaks out at mid night. No one sees who does it.

A man with no endence against him is arrested. indicted accused. But no one can prove it against him! a second fire breaks out. Then a hospital fire. Who is to blame? Cant it be possible that this man is as framed? Cant that be proved? Mr George was at home hours before any of the big fires

broke out and his many witnesses can prove it. There were five fires in all, each one in the same mysterious sort of way. The hotel. Their own home. The place they tried to hide themselves in Then the hospital And Mr George is blamed for these fires. gentlemen.

Four or five fires in all blamed on a man who has nothing to do with them at all. Let master Penrod and his sister Angeline go and prove it."

There wasnt a sound in the Court room when the attorney paused and looked at

at the jurors That silence was or seemed fraught with power and thought and with the doubt he was planting there. He still continued

"What really happened to the house to which those Viviams sought shelter from what they call their unknown enemies. To whom were these conflagrations really directed? And where did the unknown fire bug really mean to strike? Whom did they really mean to burn?

Has the prosecutor told you that the much Conspirators have been unaccounted for? No. But the fires are claimed to have

been set at midnight Gentlemen. Not at any other hour. No proof of Mr George doing it has been really found. Those half burned ropes are no evidence. There have been no ballistics experts produced by the State to tell you that master Pennod almost lost his sisters through these fires.

How can we be certain that Mr Henry George actually was a fire bug on those tragic early winter night now Mr George is in a Courtroom charged with starting the fires. Those Viviams has often

in trouble with spy rings since they came to this Country. Why are they are they here? None of us know. And they say Mr George is a Conspirator with two Chiefs of these spies. But Mr George didnt conspire with men called Sikes and Fagan They were not in this City at the time of the fires. So how can he be charged with Complicity in the arson plot when no one can be certain that these fires which almost sent Master Pennods sisters to a fiery death were actually fires set by some one to frame Mr George. Therefore your reasonable

doubt Mr Prosecutor." He turned to the jury again.

"We are tradesmen of life and death in this Courtroom gentlemen. Why should we deal in death if we can deal in life. Why should we send Mr Henry Georges to his doom if we can set him free?"

The jury in reality were not impressed Later in the trial before the attorneys put Mr George on the Stand Pennod introduced two psychatrists to the Court. One was Dr John Kelley and the other was Dr Brown. Both

doctors testified that ever since they knew them did Pennods sisters ever be in a condition of suicidal hysteria when they rented the house belonging to Mrs Vinan on Jackson Boulvarde This condition the doctors explained never existed the little girls were too holy to want to die at their own hands, that they have too great a terra of Hell to want to kill themselves.

And nobody can poke themselves to their beds and fasten the knots under neath twards the middle of the springs. This testimoney established the facts that on

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that sad night of November 26th Pennods sisters were burned in a disasterous fire set by arsonists Five little girls driven almost to irrationality by their great love of God and the tremulous sungings of a new independent life stirring within their nerve racked bodies."

Pennod was now progressing again.

He told all about his sisters and what characters they have, their saintly ways and everything that is knound about them.

Pennod looked at the judge and each of the twelve men on the jury I despoke

to them seperately one at a time. A strange hush came over the courtroom, and the juror realized that they were only 12 mortal men with a sacred trust. They were twelve men who had already tasted a portion of lifes sorrow and drunk of its fountain of joy. And they had children of their own.

And these men knew that somebody wanted to murder the most prettiest little girls in the world by fire. Penrod looked at each one of them and this is what he said.

"Think of your little sisters if any of you have any. What would you do if your

sister or even little son or daughter was lying there burned by the same fireburg, instead of mine.

My sisters done a lot for me than I am worthy for. And they love me. and they cherished me and I cherished and love them.

My sisters do not deserve what happened to them. They are too good to have any enemies at at all.

Think of your own sisters in this horud condition burned by that man Mr George. Think of the love, the attention you lavished upon her and then

think of your sisters
in a condition like
mine lying on these
tables with sickening
burns listless miserable
And then try to tell me
that Mr George is inno
cent. And that my
sisters has not suffered
enough because of
that snake in the
grass.
"Demand of me that
I should foolishly give
them over to him
so he can cruelly
burn them again."
"I object" cried Geor-
ges attorney rising
to his feet
Objections not
accepted cried the
judge.
In disgust the
attorney sat down.
A Assonist squad

rope expert Henry
Maybell of the State
bureau of criminal
investigation testified
as to how and why
Violet and her sisters
could not tie them
selves in their beds
as they were found.
Attorney Conway claim
ed Mr George de
liberately tied the
little girls to the
beds himself so
they could not be
able to save them
selves by leap-
ing out onto the
fire escape through
their window.
Expert Maybell
stated the ropes
was brand new
of clothes line
variety his tests
showed the ropes

were fastened by the hands of a mam. Jennie pale and gaunt on the table was sworn in at the foot of the witness stand to testify if possible against Mrs H. George.

Jennie had gained little strength and at times her voice dropped to a whisper. Judge Sullivan came down from his bench to catch every word. The jury was allowed to see the burns on the bodies of the little girls which they sustained in the incendiary fire.

Poor brave little Angeline herself under a physicians care for all during the shock of finding her sisters

in such a condition took the stand again and fairly tore apart the resistance of Mrs George's attorneys She admitted she was not in Chicago at the time of the fires but she added that Mrs George had said "I bought & kidnapped you you little Catholic Snipe, if I get arrested for it, my husband will take terrible revenge on your sisters & one of your friends turned states evidence against my brother once and your snippy sisters was already scattering to get my rowdy nephew into the hated Catholic

Church. And when I'm
arrested if my husband
dont kill your sisters
Jim Rooney will kill
you."

Through angelines tes-
timony things commenc-
ed to turn worse It
was just after seven
days after the begin-
ning of the trial
the girls scouts came
back with sikes
and Jagan. who were
to be compelled to
testify sikes related
in detail the nam-
ification of the plot.
to burn the little
Vivians to death
to satisfy Mr
Geoges desire
to avenge his
wifes arrest.

They testified
as to the incend

iary origin of the blaze
on Jackson Boulvarde.
They told that gasoline
benzine, nephta
magnesia and thermite
was used in all the
big fires.

Still Mr Geoges
attorneys tried to hold
their ground but
Pernod by some
method of reasoning
reversed their decis-
ions with a smash-
ing argument and
threw the defending
attorneys and wit-
nesses into con-
fusion and con
firmed the fact
that his sisters
were burned by
Mr George in per-
son.

Now Mr George
was out of luck.

The case had gone completely out of the hands of Mr George attorneys now and the jury filed out to decide their verdict. As Sikes and Jaggar testified the truth they were to be acquitted on the fire charge, but to be held, still pending investigation as to what they had done to Violet and angeline in the past.

Mr Mack who also had been found was acquitted immediately of any charge.

The jury was in the jury room only twenty minutes then they filed back into the jury box.

The members of the jury whispered to each other for a few minutes and then they apponted a very tall man their spoker man. The tall man slowly arose and said:

Arsonists have no consciences so they burn to death who and what ever pleases them. The jury believes Mr George is guilty of murdering more than half a hundred persons in trying to burn five little girls to death and recommends that he be put to death in punishment of the crime."

The judgement

of the jury was recieved with great applause.

The whole Courtroom was as still as if there was no one there as the judge prepared to read the sentence.

The whole Court full of people was very tense but no one was as tense as Penrod and his sisters. What is going to be the verdict.

The jury had given its decision The judge first looked steadily at everyone in the Court room then glanced quizzically at Mr George. Then he said:

There has occured in this great city of ours a most unusual trial in this

whole Countrys history. Not only is this trial a most unusal one, but we are dealing with a case which is as unusal as the trial is. As long as I have been a judge I have dealt with many criminal cases of the most horrible and meanest kind but this one beats them all to smash.

He is a man whom we know as a sadist He is a kind that may be cursed by Heaven and Earth.

This man in his endeavor to murder five little girls has caused fifty six persons

to burn to death. You all know what Christ had said: "For those who harm a little child in any way it were better for him if a millstone be tied about his neck and he be drowned in the depths of the sea" Yet he done to these little girls what no man could have concieved. The strangest part of it is he has done this to little girls who are princesses of a far away mighty nation called, Liberia abbreammia.

They came to the United States for a good and Holey reason and to keep us rid our country of a nefarious

rung of Glandelinian spies. It is well known that our Country has its duty too and must protect all foreign visitors who come here no matter from what nation they came.

It is said that Abbreammia is going to look in the matter of the burning of the Great Emperor Winstons daughters, and the Emperor himself has informed the city Mayor that the only way out of serious trouble with mighty abbreammia is for the arsonist to be delivered up with his wife

to the mercy of those he tried to burn as Pernod is an Abbeanmian prince it is my duty to deliver this prisoner over to him to be condemned to face the fiery stake in Abbeanmia. That is his sentence. He shall die by fire a week after the prince and princesses return to abbeanmia. The Court is adjourned"

Jack Evans who was in the Court room arose and signalled to a number of men who came forward. The Culprit was delivered over to them and taken away. The two were not to die

right away but to await the return of the Princesses to Abbeanmia.

Violet and her four sisters were returned to the hospital but this time they had by now recovered so far that they could be taken back in if not on stretchers

And now it was easy to get them up to their room this time for they were taken up by the elevator. Then burns could be dressed and bandaged too by now but they still suffered lots of pain. Yet Doctor Mc Kenna didnt tell them but he did tell their Queenly mother

and daddy that they still would have to stay in the hospital for a long long time. This was because he would have to do a great many things to their fierce burns, so their bodies would be nicely healed again. So they were back in their nice sunshiny room with a row of big windows.

Violet and her sisters always thought after this from the treatment they had recieved that St Josephs Hospital was a beautiful place and that nurses and doctors were persons who spent their lives like Christ Himself did. When Violet first awaken-

ed the morning after Georges Condemnation, she couldnt think where she was for everything looked so strange since the 10 days stay in the Courtroom, She sat up in bed quickly-- but lay down again even more quickly for she started her burns on her arms legs and body to smart horribly.

Then she remembered where she was and how she came to be there from the Courtroom, and she did not at all feel very happy about it either. Her sisters were still asleep. Just then the door swung

slowly open and a pretty blond haired girl came in. She wore a white dress and shoes and caps and Violet thought with surprise "

"She must be our new nurse."

In her arms was a huge bunch of beautiful beautiful red American beauty roses.

"Good morning little princess" she smiled and said "see what I have brought you."

"For me" squealed surprised little Violet "Oh how lovely" and she held the roses in her arms and smelled and smelled of them and the nurse said,

"Give them to me Princess and I'll

put them in a vase on this table by your bed then you and your sisters may smell them all day long."

"All right" said Violet "I suppose you are our new nurse are you not?" knowing that the other nurse was down with a bad cold.

"Yes I am going to take care of you and your good sisters my dear. My name is miss Johnson and I think we are going to get along finely dont you?"

"Yes miss Johnson" replied Violet slowly, wishing to herself as she said it that her mother were there with the nurse. Miss Johnson was nice

enough but - then things were always best at first" thought Violet, "Oh I'll surely make the Gerger pay dearly for this. Oh dear, oh dear, I wish we were home in Abbiearnia."

Even after the trial the little burned girls could not still see anyone except their mother daddy Jack (who was well now and Pernod, for a few days but so many people sent them lovely flowers and cards and books, the priest came every morning to give them Holy Communion, and Miss Johnson and all the nurses and interns were so nice to them that they should have

been very happy, indeed. But you see they still were in so much pain and misery so that they just didnt and couldnt enjoy any of the nice things that were done for her. She had said angrily to her sisters:

We ourselves shall judge Mr George when we return home and Pernod shall verify the condemnation"

When Docta McKenna came to dress their burns he really hurt them a great deal but of course he couldnt help it even though the little girls

knew she couldnt yet so much misery did his treatments of their burns cause them that they knew as they were could not help but dread his coming and started to cry every time they heard his steps in the hall.

"Try to be brave little girls" Miss Johnson would say.

"We try but we cant handly with these painful burns" they would say almost crossly.

When Dr Mc Kenna was through with the last one he would smile pinch her cheek and say in a pleasant voice.

"There little angel of God that didnt hurt much - now did it?"

"Yes it did, I would be telling a lie if I said it didnt" she would reply mournfully.

Catherine never knew why Doctor Mc Kenna called her "Angel of God" but he never called her anything else and after a while she grew to like the name when he said it just as she and her sisters had grown to like him for they knew how kind he was.

"Why does he call me "angel of God" she would ask her mother "Am I one".

Their mother and daddy Pernod and Angeline and Grace felt bad because

they were so unhappy for they knew they surely would have to stay in the hospital a long time. They tried to make them feel at ease and to see how many things they should be thankful for but they would only cry and say: "We do we do but sometimes the pain is so fierce we are almost wild and at nights it seems worse and the nurse has to dope us so we can sleep."

"But I thought you were only faint when the doctor dresses your burns dears the rest of the time you ought to feel fine. Besides you have many

books and games to amuse yourselves with, and Miss Johnson is lovely to you. She told me that she read to you dear little girls last night when you couldn't get to sleep" said their mother.

"Well we like this place and every person" insisted Jemmie, but we suffer so and as hard as we try can't hardly bear it."

"You see Violet and her sisters though having always done about what they wanted to and having had everything they wanted was far from spoiled little girls. But at times the pains

were really far more than they could bear and when they had to lie still and suffer so they were more than miserable poor little girls. Its easy to tell any one in severe pain "try and bear it" but when you are in severe pain its a different story. I my self know from experience.

Most of the days seemed the same to the poor little girls but they liked Mondays Wednesdays and Saturdays a little bit better because on these days the Book Lady came. Now Violet and her sisters were always well

pleased to see this famous Book Lady— first because they liked her better than any— one else in the hospital and second because when she called it meant that Violet and her sisters would have a "brand new" book to read.

And Violet and her sisters liked to read as well as any girl could.

The Book Lady was a real grandmotherly lady with snow white hair and such a lovely smile that all the sick people liked to have her come to see them.

She always wore a white dress and white shoes and

usually had a flower pinned at her belt She wheeled a funny set of bookshelves down the hall and into each room so that the sick people who felt well enough to read could pick out their own book,

On the bottom shelf she kept the children's stories and often after she and the little girls became real friends) she would have some especially good fairy tale tucked away just for them. One dark raining and snowy Wednesday Violet and her sisters asked her if she had any little girls or boys of her own,

"The (book) book

Lady looked very sad as She replied:

"none at all dears. Long ago I had a little girl very much like you Jerrine and three little boys but they all got Scarlet Fever one after the other and died and their daddy died very soon after wards" (She didnt tell them he really wouldnt bear his sorrow and killed himself)

"Oh that is too bad" the little girls said together "Who lives with you now?"

"I have lived all alone for years and years" dears" said the "Book Lady with a sad little smile.

"All alone" they

exclaimed "Dont you get awfully lonesome? How can you always seem so happy?"

"Well for a long time after I lost all my little family" said the Book Lady "I just stayed at home and was very unhappy. At first people came to see me but after a little while they didnt come so often and the days seemed very long. Sometimes I didnt see any one for days and days and days and I kept feeling more sorry for myself all the time.

One day I came to this very hospital to see a friend who was so sick that the doctor had

told her she would never be well again. So I had expected to find her very very sad or even scared but instead found her so very happy that it almost took my breath away. Before I left I asked her how she could be so cheerful and she said:

"Why I feel I have a great deal to be happy about You know the little verse:

"The world is so full
of a number of things
I am sure we should
all be happy as kings."

"Well thats the way

I feel" I went home and and all the time I was thinking about my poor friend and the verse and the more I thought about her, the more I was ashamed of myself. Going down the hall of the Hospital I had noticed so many people were really sick, and had to stay inside. It made me come to realize how lucky I was that I could be out in Gods beautiful sunshine so I decided to start all over.

That was when I started to be the Book Lady and for twenty years I've come to the Hospital every day and tried to pass sunshine on to others. At the end of each

5·05·2

week I have visited every sick person in the hospital, and am ready to start again. Seeing so many sick people, some who can never get well some who can never see again, and some who have no friends in the world. would did make me realize that I have a great deal to make me happy.

I am well and strong and living and can bring much pleasure to others who are not. That really makes a person happier than anything else, don't you think so little girls?" asked the Book Lady.

"Yes I suppose it does" murmured Violet thoughtfully "you said that just like a priest"

"Mercy me I didnt really mean to preach my dears" laughed the book lady "I guess I've talked too much"

"no- I like to hear about you - it sounds like a story" they said. After that on the days when the Book Lady came she and the little girls had long visits and Violet and her sisters heard of many many children (and grown ups too) who had no one to come and see them or love them. And all the time Violet

and her sisters kept thinking harder and harder and every day with their burn pains gradually going away they smiled more and more until after a while they were more like their former selves again. Their brother Osmod every single noon after he had eaten his lunch would still rude out to see his little sisters.

Violet was the one closest to a window and if she watched closely she could see him turn the corner and would wave her handkerchief to him.

Then she would

listen for his footstep in the hall and it was such fun because she could always tell it.

A great many hours a day their mother would stay and on these days Pernod would bring them a big chicken sandwich in his small satchel for their lunch. Miss Brown would bring their mother a nice pot of hot tea, and they would have a regular little tea party by themselves.

Sometimes they would see who could eat the slower and almost always Angeline won. The prize would be a big luscious fig or date.

Four days after the trial when Pernod came down the hall with Angeline and Joice, he came so slowly that Violet and her sisters were afraid he either had bad news for them or was ill.

"Pernod" they cried together as soon as he came into their room with their other sisters "what is the matter? What makes you walk so slowly?"

"You shall see" said Pernod with a smile as he stepped into the hall for a minute and then came back with a queen shaped package.

"What have you brought in that package Pernod dear?" the girls cried eagerly as they watched him unwrap it slowly. Finally he set something on the main dresser between their beds and stepped back.

"Oh gold fish" they cried with delight "and what pretty ones too. It must have been hard to bring them way out here without spilling them. My but you are a nice dear good brother"

And they would have given him a regular bear hug if they were in a condition to do so. The gold fish were in a big

clear glass bowl with beautiful colored stones in the bottom some water weeds and a little castle for them to swim through, and Violet and her sisters enjoyed watching them very much. On the days when any one of the little girls did not feel well enough to sit up, and were again in much pain Miss Brown would put the fish globe on the table by her bed and she would lie and look at them until she fell asleep... And how they did enjoy taking turns feeding them and watching them eat They were so

much company for them that they would often say "Good morning -" and good night" to them just as though they were real live people.

It was late in October when Violet and her four sisters first came to the Hospital severely burned so it wasnt hard to stay inside when it was cold and stormy outside. So they didnt mind it (out) now.

"It looks so dreadfully cold and stormy out side" Violet said to Pernod - "Im almost glad Im cooped up inside, But when the first spring like days come? long to be out"

"It doesnt feel as

cold as it looks dears" answered her brother. "In fact its getting somewhat warmer and that snow is apt to turn to rain soon. But even though its early winter I dont see why we cant have real spring time in your room to make it look better than it is outside any way."

"What do you mean?" asked Daisy.

"Wait and see" said her brother with a wise little smile, "I'll have mother do it for you"

The next day which was dark and unsettled when their mother came her arms were filled with bundles

middle sized bundles and middle sized bundles and small bundles and of all shapes.

"What in the world have you brought in all those bundles" asked the little girls the very minute they saw her.

"Well suppose one of you who is able undo them and see for yourselves little Curiousities" replied their mother.

It didnt take Violet long to obey you may be sure. There was a large box of dirt a bag of oats, four onions (or at least Violet and her sisters at first thought they were onions) two flat flower

bowls and a box of strange white pebbles that Daisy remembered having picked up at the Lake Beach the spring before. Then there was a long narrow box filled with some sort of dead branches (or what appeared to be dead branches.

"How funny" thought Violet but Catherine said:

"What are all these things for Mumsie?"

"To bring springtime into your room in winter" replied her mother "These are Forsythia branches Fernod brought in a Conservatory down town and these" holding up the other dead looking

branches) are pussy willow branches. We'll put them in water and you little girls watch them closely for a few days and see what happened before you realize it you'll see the little gray pussies coming out and you will have Forsythia blossoms coming out before any one has them out doors. Period bought these branches from a downtown flower house."

"He did" they exclaimed "Will we really have blossoms on those dead looking branches?"

"Of course" said their mother "You see putting them in water and keeping them in a warm

room is what is called "forcing" and it will be no time at all before you'll see them coming out."

"Oh goody goody" they cried together much pleased.

"These dead looking bulbs are narcissus bulbs" said their mother "Would you Violet like to fill one of the bowls with pebbles. Then we'll put the bulbs in the pebbles water them and set them in the dark closet for a few days after that all we'll have to do is put the bowls of bulbs on your sunny window sill, keep them

watered and watch them grow and finally blossom."

"What fun" squealed Violet busily filling the low blue bowl with pebbles and then gently pushing the bulbs down in as her mother suggested. "But what can we do with the oats. They'll grow too tall to retain their beauty as false grass"

Mother laughed. "When I was a little girl like you Violet, I used to love to visit my grandma more than anything else during the winter she always had an old fashioned glass bowl in the

center of her dining room table with some lovely green (still) stuff growing in it. It was nothing but oats - exactly the kind that horses eat but it was so fresh and green that it looked beautiful and I thought perhaps you would like to watch some grow here in your room. Just put some of this dirt in the other bowl sprinkle the oats on thickly and cover with more dirt. That is fine now all you need to do is keep the dirt moist set the bowl in the window and watch."

"I know all about oats said Jennie "If its real sunny to morrow they may even peek through the dirt by to morrow night They grow very fast in fact you can almost see them grow It will be heaps of fun having these things to watch. Why here's our lunch I didnt think it was any-where near noon How fast the morning is gone" and she gave a happy little sigh.

"Being busy always make time pass quickly said her mother,

"I guess it must" Jenny agreed between bites of creamed

chicken. While her little daughters were eating their mother told them that she would bring them some Conservatory violets the next day and a bunch of forgetmenots"

Pennod didnt have time to buy them this morning" she added.

"I guess its a good thing he didnt No then'a you would have had to rent a truck to bring all our spring time things laughed Hettie "I do love forget menots Will they blossom inside too"?

"Yes, all you have to do is keep them

moist and out of the sun, you know they are a kind of flower that grows much bet ter in the shade."

"It will be such fun to grow them ourselves mummey It is beautifully nice of you to bring all these things to us, and the name of Pernod to buy them We shall have spring time in winter right in our room Sure enough.

Every morning after the Doctor cleaned and cleaned (their) and treated their burns, which at this time would still be awful torture for them, which however they bore up patiently as possible

mrs johnson then head nurse brought their mail to them When Violet and her sisters first came to the Hospital they just looked at the pretty cards unopped them up and gave them to Pernod to take home but the more they learned from the book Lady of the little children who probabey never had a single card all the time they were sick the more they appreciated theirs.

Violet and her sisters were surprised too because they had so much mail for almost every day they recieved two or three letters

or pretty cards with cheery verses printed on them. All these gay cards miss Brown herself put on the wall at the foot of their beds until after a few weeks you couldnt see very much wall.

"Little angels of God this looks like a regular picture gallery. Why dont you charge admission to it and then when you get well you and I will take the money and go to the circus" said Dr Mc Kenna one day.

Then he laughed. now Dr Mc Kenna had such a hearty laugh that it made every one who heard it laugh too. Miss Brown called it a

"contagious laugh" and Violet and her sisters often thought that Santa Claus must laugh the very same way.

Dr Mc Kenna the two nurses and the little girls were often found laughing over just such things as "their picture gallery" and sometimes they got to laughing so hard they could scarcely stop.

And so the "picture gallery" grew and grew but of course Violet and her sisters never did change admission to it for as they laughingly told Dr Mc Kenna they were not at all sure a circus would ever come

to the city during the winter time. Violet and her sisters had a very happy Thanksgiving day although they thought about it for several days before and was afraid they might be just a wee bit lonely. And their bums did not feel so good to day either.

But that was because they didnt know that their mother and daddy and brother and friends were all coming in to spend the day with them or that they were going to wake up to find their fav orite plants growing better or that their very favorite

dolls were going to have a beautiful new set of brown curls and dainty new dresses. My what happy little girls Violet and her sisters were During the morning a nice old man who often came in to visit with Violet and her sisters brought them Thankgiving nuts and candy that his little granddaughter had sent him He was so much better that he was going home the next day and he said to the little girls:

"It is too bad that the five of you have to be in bed with the Christmas season approaching

when all the other little girls and boys are roller skating and playing is it not?"

"Well Mr Andrews we shall be pretty glad when we dont have to stay in bed, but we are having such a nice time everyday that we really am quite happy. You and so many other nice people come to see us and this morning the eggs on our breakfast trays were all fixed up to look like the cutest teeny baby chickens and our dolls have such lovely new curls and oh we really have so much to be glad about that-." and right here Violet

just had to stop for breath.

"Well honey that is the best way to feel about being sick after all" agreed the old man. "Lots of folks make an awful fuss if they have a little pain and it never helps a bit. You five little girls are so happy all the time that I think that is why so many people like to come to see you. No one likes to hear complaining all the time"

And so that beautiful Thanksgiving came and went and though the little Vinians thought about how pretty St Vincents Church would look on Thanksgiving

morning with all the lovely Thanksgiving Masses they didnt mind so much for as they told their daddy.

"Next we get to go again everything will look prettier to us just because we didnt have the chance to go all this time. But oh we miss the Masses so much just the same."

That night Violet her self lay awake for a long time after their mother and daddy and brother had gone.

She was wishing that the Book Lady could have heard what she said to Mr Andrews in the afternoon for she knew it was

this dear old friend who had helped her and her sisters to look for something pleasant every day, and in her heart Violet feet ashamed of many complaints they had heard from other patients who had suffered far less than they themselves did.

After a while for some reason the days in the Hospital didnt seem half as long as they had seemed at first.

Perhaps it was be-

cause Violet and her sisters kept busy all the time. There was something always to do - if nothing more than to watch the windmill go round and round outside their window, or the light birds dancing over their wall or the gold fish in the bowl. And their various plants and the cats.

Miss Brown had brought them the windmill one day and had placed it

where the little girls could watch it and tell in what direction the wind was blowing. "It was such fun to say to a visitor "What a strong East wind it is to day -" just to see the surprised look on the visitors face as she wondered how these little girls could possibly know what kind of a wind it was.

And Violet and her sisters had their sister Angeline to thank for the light hands. She had brought seven of the glass prisms from where she had bought them and hung them by cord in the

window so that when the sun shone through, the light birds danced around merrily back and forth. Sometimes they played all over Miss Browns face, or even Dr McKennas on their own, and that was fun.

Violet and her sisters knew how to make paper doll furniture, and they made a great deal of that.

Much of it Violet sent to a little girl down the hall who couldnt sit up to do anything but who could play with the furniture, lying down.

And Violet and also her sisters made so many beautiful posters. Most of

them they got from Good housekeeping and childrens magazines but many they made up themselves by cutting out ladies and little girls and boys, and houses and parting them right where they wanted them.

Violet herself colored the hats and dresses and all of them were very nice indeed, and to the surprise and delight of the nurses, no matter what the little girls did their room was never littered with any refuse stuff or in an untidy condition.

Three day after Thanksgiving Violet decided to write

a letter to Mrs Jerry who for a time was in Boston to visit her sister and Mrs Brown asked her if she would like to write a picture letter.

"What is a picture letter?" they asked together

"Well you cut out pictures for every word that you want to write if you can find a picture for every one" laughed Mrs Brown. "If you want to say dear Lady find a picture of a (dear) deer and of an aged Lady and paste them side by side."

"How nice squealed Violet "I am going to do it. Do you

suppose the Book Lady will have some old magazines that I could cut into?"

"No I dont think so but she can get many of them from the patients" said Miss Brown.

So Violet spent most of two days writing to Mrs Jerry She cut and pasted and planned and when the letter was done she was very pleased with it. Mrs Jerry said she was always going to keep it which made Violet very happy indeed.

So between coloring and cutting out paper dolls writing in her

dairy writing letters
to her little friends,
doing simple cross-
word puzzles, amagrams
and many other in-
teresting things. Violet
and her sisters kept
busy.

Jennie herself made
a beautiful scrap
book to send to a
poor little girl that
the Book Lady told her
about and then Vio-
let decided to make
a scrap book of all
the sick cards that
Miss Brown could not
possibly put in
the picture gallery
it was so full.

She thought that
it would be a good
way to keep all
the cards so that
she and her sisters

would always remem-
ber the people who had
sent them to them.
And what a great deal
of time it took.

For Violet wanted to
paste them in neatly
and sometimes the
paste would not
stick and Violet could
not keep getting
out of patience.

But altogether every
thing went along
very well - and as
for the days why
they just flew by.

One (bright
cold morning the
last Sunday in
November Mr Mc
Kenna said:
"Well Violet how
would you like
to go for a ride?"
"A ride - why what

do you mean Doctor?" asked Violet.

"How would you like to have Miss Brown take you around the hall in a wheelchair?" asked Dr Mc Kenna. with a smile.

"How would I like it?" Oh Dr Mc Kenna do you really and truely mean it?" cried Violet too excited to believe it could be true.

"Surely I mean it Violet. O K Miss Brown" and out the door he went before Violet had time to thank him. Her sisters were in no condition to be that good off yet and you must remember that Violet was burned less than the others.

Miss Brown fixed the wheel Chair up with blankets and pillows and two other nurses helped her move Violet very carefully out of bed and into the big chair.

Then they put her doll Rosebell in beside her and away they went How nice it was to ride down the hall and wave at the other sick people as she passed their doors. It was more fun than anything Violet had done in a long time.

When they came to the sunroom Violet just held her breath Miss Brown put the wheelchair by the window and

when Violet looked out she saw the roofs of many buildings Then they went to the Chapel. Mrs Brown let Violet stay and watch the colored lights flickering in the Sanctuary untill she seemed tired and sleepy and then she took her back to her room where they found her sisters sleeping.

"May I come again?" asked Violet anxiously.

"I think so" said Mrs Brown. I think If Mc Kenna will let me bring you every day"

"I hope so" pleaded Violet I think the Chapel is just like a Fairyland - in Heaven"

Mrs Brown was right. Every day after that Violet rode down to the Chapel on the Second floor and visited her "Heavenly Fairyland. She always came for Benediction now and loved the singing.

Were you ever in a Hospital on your Birthday? Well Violet and her sisters had never been and Violet whose birthday it was thought that it really wouldnt be like a birth day at all. How could it be? Because of course you couldnt have a party or a cake or do anything that you usually did.

But she knew that she would be

would be able to go about the halls at the Chapel, and she knew too that her mother and brother and Daisy and Angeline were coming to stay all day with her so she wakened in the morning before her sisters quite happy.

When Violet was washing her face and hands & she and her sisters could not be given baths yet because of the conditions of their burns) someone knocked at the door and when Miss Brown opened it there was a telegram for Violet herself.

"A telegram for me? Why that's strange for I never in all my life had a tele-

gram" cried Violet as she opened it excitedly Sister Miss Brown

A happy birthday to a dear little princess.

Aunt Emma and
Uncle Hanson"

That is what the telegram said but Violet said much more. She was so excited that Miss Brown could hardly keep her still. Just then in came one of the nurses with a big pile of letters and cards.

"Happy birthday little Princess" she said "all this mail is for you, and you only."

"For me oh let me

see it" and Violet began opening the envelopes as fast as she could. Such a pile of birthday greetings from all of Violets little friends of St Patricks School and of the Skinner.

Every one seemed to have remembered Violets birthday this year.

It was such fun to read them all and they were so nice and pretty.

While she was reading them a great big package came for Violet When she opened it she found the prettiest purple bathrobe she had ever seen Tucked in the pocket was a little card which

read-"

"Violet dear
I made this myself
for your birthday
Mother."

This made Violet love it more than ever for she thought that there was no one quite like her mother. And that is the way it was all day long Little packages with birthday gifts kept coming and so many visitors that Miss Brown was afraid she would have to send some of them away.

Just before lunch time Violets mother came and of course Violet had to show her all the gifts

right away and thank her heartily for the bath robe, after they had looked them over and talked about them, and especially about how very very nice it was of so many people to think of Violets birthday, her mother said.

"Now little Birthday girl close your eyes and turn your head to the window."

"all right I will dear mother but what are you going to do?"

"never mind Question box" laughed her mother "just do as you re told"

So Violet did as she was told (though it was pretty hard especially to keep her

eyes closed) she heard her mother go into the hall, and she heard other noises but she couldnt even imagine what her mother was doing. Her sisters knew but didnt say anything

"Oh mamsie please hurry" she cried at last" I am almost bursting with curiosity"

"All right open your eyes" said her good mother laughing.

You can guess that Violets eyes flew open pretty fast, but when they were open she couldnt see very well at first. Then she turned her head

and discovered that the reason she couldnt see very well was that the window curtains were drawn, and the only light in the room came from the candles on the most beautiful and wonderful birthday cake that any child could imagine

It was so big around the bottom that it just fitted on the round table that Violet always had by her bed and so high that it looked like 3 cakes right on top of each other.

and although the botom was as big as the table every layer was smaller than the one under neath untill the

top one was just large enough for a little golden haired dole to stand on. The doll wore a little violet cloth dress and hat that just matched the purple frosting on the cake and they all were the color of the candles.

At the bottom of the cake marching around like a circus parade were animal crackers.

Poor little Violet couldnt just say one word for a moment and she almost cried for joy. and her sister deeply enjoyed her happiness.

"Oh mumsie it is the most wonderful grandest

birthday cake in the world. "It looks just like a picture, How did you ever make it" (Violet was so excited that she got her grammer a little mixed) "I never thought I would have such a wonderful birthday this year" sighed Violet "and I don't believe I could ever have a happier one!"

"Well Violet I'm glad that you are having a happy birthday and I hope that all your birthdays will be even more happy" said her mother and sisters together.

"They always will if I have you" said Violet hugging her mother happily.

When Violets lunch tray came her mother had a lunch tray too, so it was like a real party. her sisters ate heartily too, and when Period came as usual the birthday cake was cut and the smaller top layer and a part of the other divided among her parents six sisters and brother. Just as Violet was cutting it, in came a big container of ice cream which Period had ordered so that Violet could "treat" all the nurses with birthday cake and ice cream.

They came in one or two at a time and Violet was kept busy

cutting cake while her mother and Angeline served the ice cream.

"I want to save one piece for Mother and daddy" and Don McKenna said "Violet "All the rest is for my sisters and the nurses."

"So everyone had some cake and every one had some ice cream- and Violet was pretty tired when night came.

But as she kissed her mother and daddy and Pernod and Angeline goodnight she said again:

"This has been such a happy birth day. I thank you so much, I am a lucky little girl"

and though miss Brown was quite

cross, (because she was very tired and Violet had had (such) so much company that it had kept her unusually busy that she couldnt help being so.

But Violet didnt feel cross to her at all which shows what kind of a little girl she was.

Despite the company she had her room was not out of order which helped a great deal.

The days had passed swiftly for Violet and her sisters for every day they had had new things to keep them busy and happy now.

not real big things

either for very little things pleased Violet and her sisters like the day when her little school mate Margaret came on just to spend three hours with her while Margaret's mother was at the dentists or the day when some American Girlscouts who were visiting across the hall saw Violet and her sisters and came in to get acquainted with them.

On the third day of December their mother brought them a little window box filled with "Pansy Faces" (as Violet called them) and after that she increased the blossoms until some could

be picked and Miss Brown took them to a poor old lady down the hall who never had any visitors (except Violet) or flowers.

On this day the doctor told Pernod and his two sisters that their sisters were getting along fairly well now and some of them ought to be on their feet soon. That was good tidings indeed. They were in bed for a little over four weeks and then it was time when three others of the little girls Jennie Catherine and Hettie were able to sit up. As far as matters went their

father mother and Pen-
nod saw to it that they
could have as happy
a Christmas as it was
possibee in the hospital.
Angeline on the way
with Pennod to the
Hospital could not make
very rapid progress
while in the heart of
the city with its Christ
mas Eve throng of
vehicles and throngs
of merry makers
and consequently they
had to be some-
what delayed but
they got there never-
theless,
When they were
in the room Ang-
eline said to her
sisters
"We are going to
have a Christmas
tree dears. A really

truly Christmas tree
and Pennod will help
to dress it with all
the most beautiful
things you ever saw.
I went with mamsie
to by the tree a balsam
such a big one too.
Big as that one over
by that store-see? The
big big one down there.
Videt you can see it
from this window,
and you ought to
see the things I and
mother bought to
put on it such a
lot of bright shiny
ones like those
we used to see peo-
ple hang on their
tree only ever ever
so much bigger
and more beautiful.
And there are to
be presents for every-

body even for Dr mc-
Kenna and your two
good nurses. There lots
of things for you too
dears, only I cant tell
you what is is, be-
cause that is a Christ-
mas secret mother
said so. Isnt it lovely
to have Christmas
secrets. We never did
have any before did
we sisters dear. Why
didnt we?" and the
little rosebud face was
turned towards her
sister Violet which was
illuminated by an
electric light in the
room.

Violet was about
to reply to these em-
barassing questions
when someone slip
ping and falling
in the hall outside

the room door spared
her moral sensibilities
by creating a diver-
sion in her question-
ers thoughts. There
some of the little
girls couldnt help it
it was such a funny
sight and peal after
peal of laughter filled
the room. The one
who had taken the
enforced "Highland
Fling" and landed
flat on his back
got up, and red
faced hurried away.
A moment later
another form stood
in the door way.
"There Angelinia
Aronsung" cried Violet

Chapter 28.

Merry Christmas and Happy new year.

Angeline advanced to take her cousins hand and say in her softly modulated voice:

"Welcome to St Josephs Hospital dear Angelinia Aronbrug We are very glad to see you. Come in." and leading by the hand the Beautiful little daughter of their fair famed Uncle Angeline demonstrated the spirit of the season - "Peace on earth"

Angelinia's hand c trembled as it rested in angelines

"Come in Cousin dear" continued Angeline nearly beside herself with delight. "I know where you are going to sleep

to night right in the guest room across from this room. And I said so and we'll pay the bill Pennod said he guessed youd like to be close to the room our sisters are in. Would you? Come?" and Angeline caught hold of her cousins hand to tug her across the hall towards the other room

"Will you follow your guide?" "Angelinia?" asked Pennod.

"any where in the world" she'll lead me." was Angelinias reply with more feeling than such a question seemed to demand.

Angeline danced down the hall her cousin going with her, and Pennod following close behind while while the nurse brought up the rear with the bags.

"This is your room. aint it pretty? Do you like it?" asked Angeline untying her little fur hood as she danced about and then wriggling out of her squirrel skin coat which enveloped her from neck to heel.

Angelina looked about the artistically decorated and furnished room, noticed the dainty appointments of dressing table toilet table and bed, glanced at the walls, then stood

still seemingly lost in thought.

"Do take off your things" said Pennod as he helped Angeline to remove her coat Angelina began to remove her outer garments placing her hat upon a chair but held her coats in her hands and looked some what bewildered. Pennod looked up. "Just lay your things on the bed Angelina and the nurse will put them away for you" said Pennod. "I dont sort of like to. I'm afraid of mussing up all that lacy stuff" answered his cousin.

"Its not so easily mussed up Angelina" replied Pennod smil-

ing reassuringly "now little
rosebud dear Suppose we
leave our good Cousin
to get free of her cinders.
Will you join us in my
sisters sitk room when
you are ready Angelina.
Dinner will be served
in a few moments" and
Osmod left the room
with his sister beside
him covering his had
with kisses as she
pranced along.
Ordinarily through
her own doing little
angeline was tucked
saftly away in her
bed when the clock
struck eight but
this evening was
a red letter one in
her sad melancholy
life though happy
now.
She was to sit up

untill ten oclock in
order to help dress the
big Christmas tree
already standing in
the room near one
of the windows its
spreading balsamic
branches so filling
the air with oders
that one was inclined
to play at peep in
the hope of discover-
ing Santa Claus him-
self hidden behind
them.
Then dinner was
served That hospital
dinner by the way
was a source of mar
vel to Angelina and
aroused within her
strong misgivings re-
garding her pet still
carefully wrapped
in the package in
her bedroom, there

seemed so little apparent need to supplement the bounty before her.

When they adjourned to the sick room Angeline ran on ahead crying in her happy little voice

"Come Cousin Angelinia (come quick because) cant wait another minute."

"my sakes alive" cried Angelinia "I never did see such a tree in all my born days"

"Isnt it a big one? Isnt it" and Angeline performed a graceful dance around it.

Then the dressing began Angelinia blossoming out in a wonderful degree as the work proceeded for a lot of the

Christmas spirit seemed to be in the very air she was inhaling and she could not escape it if she would. Pernod and Jim Groveton watched her admiringly now and again exchanging meaning glances for they began to understand Angelinia Aronbings better from that hour and to realize how such a strange girlscout life as she led since she was eight years old would inevitably develope such a character as hers.

Purposely Pernod and Jim let the major portion of the decorating fall to the share of their cousin and Angeline, the former darting from

the boxes of shining trifles to the tree with hands overflowing with sparkling balls, or brilliant geegaws while Angelinia hung them to the branches as fast as her fingers could place them, growing nearly as excited and wildly enthusiastic over the effect as little Angeline herself.

There are some natures which will forever remain children at heart and strange as this may seem Angelinia was really one of these though owing to her girl scout and warlike life, she had given very little evidence of that fact the harsher, fighting aggressive, and repellant side being nearly always

to the fore. And to the Glandelinians she was a fierce little amazon.

Never in all her life had she known the real meaning of Christmas joys. Never especially during her early childhood had she entered into the Christmas revelings which seem so much a matter of course to every child and inseperable from their lives as light and sunshine.

Never incredible as the fact may seem had she been brought into such an atmosphere of love kindness and good fellowship as this now brought around her and brave Angelinia drooping the "girls scout

tornado" as she had been called by the Glandelinians he came almost as gay and light hearted as little Angeline herself.

More than once as he watched his cousin did the tears well up to Pernods eyes and the pathos of such a life he came revealed to him.

He would also never forget the scene in Jolies bedroom at St Lukes either where he had learned and understood more than the world could ever know.

"Hang this one up high Angelina. Way, way up there" cried Angeline as she handed her cousin a gorgeous silver star and pointed to the very top of the tree.

"My soul and body! How do you suppose I'm going to reach the top of the tree! Its as tall as an eel spear pole God a step ladder Pernod Wont nothing else in the round world ever get me up there" was Angelinas wholly reckless reply.

"A pair of wings would get you up there" said James Andrews, in English.

"Eees zat so. Do I looka like ze lord"

"Well there's no kind of paradize that's as pretty as you and your Cousins," said James.

"Oh yeah. And zare ees no boy as good as Pernod I'm and yourse" she

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5-2

retorted

"Here comes the step ladder right on deck" cried Period bunging in from the hall the ladder at already at hand for such an emergency. "But youd better let me do the lofty sky light work "We dont want any broken bones for Christmas." "he added as he scrambled to the top of the ladder,

"Guess like enough your right was Angelina as more prudent after thought as she handed him the great shining star and watched him with absorbing interest as he fastened it to the very topmost spur of the

tree where it shone and scintillated in the electric light. So interested had all present become in the placing of the star that for the time being little Angeline was quite forgotten.

Suddenly they were recalled to a realising sense of her presence, she was standing directly beneath the chandelier the light from it falling full upon her strangely bright golden hair as she looked at the star with an expression upon her pure little face that caused Angelina Arcnbrug, and even

her sisters to draw a quick breath. Angelines hands were clasped loosely loosly in front of her her head slightly raised and her lips parted as from them came the tender words of the beautiful Christmas hymn which Sister Dorothy had taught her last Christmas.

I saw you never in the twilight
When the sun has left the skies
Up in Heaven the clear stars shining.
Through the gloom like silver eyes,
So of old the wise men watching
I saw a little stranger star
And they knew the King was given,

And they followed it from afar.

Know you not the lowly baby
Was the bright and shining star
He who came to light this planet
Our dear earth both near and far.
And we too may seek his cradle
There our hearts best treasures bring
Love and Faith and true devotion
For the Christ Childs honoring."

Softly tenderly the childish voice filled the room with its sweet melody the little singer wholly unconscious of the beauty of it, because

Angeline "did not sing because she must" in order to give expression to the thoughts which filled her heart with joy.

Angelinia Aronburg stood as if transfixed for the holy chid childs voice seemed to her as a message from another world so weird and tender were its notes. It must be remembered that in the days past Angelinia had never knew any of the Virian girls could sing and consequently had never heard that wonderful little voice at its best

But Angeline was entirely unaware of the impression

she was making and continued her little hymn of praise to its end. Angelinia Aronburg dropped upon a chair and covered her face with her hands.

When Angeline came to the end of her hymn she started slightly as if raising from a dream then catching sight of Angelinia Aronburg she ran to her saying. "Poor Cousin Angelinia are you so tired and sleepy" and clambered into her lap to put her arms about her. Angelinia returned the caress warmly as she said:

"Yes I guess I clear tuckered out I dont

go a journeying after on such cold days as it is to day."

"I orgive my thoughtlessness" cried Pernod. you must go right to your room and my little sister must be tucked away or Santa Claus will surely catch her it is already past ten o clock."

"The stockings Pernod, the stockings" cried Angeline.

"Surely the stockings" echoed Pernod "Here they are already to hang by the fireplace."

Angeline took the four long limp stockings and slipped the loops carefully sewed upon them for the purpose

over the four little hooks which the floor man had screwed beneath the broad mantle shelf.

"There, there" she cried "they are already for Santa" and a moment later followed by (time) Tom and James she was on her way home.

When Angelina Cronburg opened her eyes the following morning it took her sometime to realize where she was It was still dark beyond her window as the little night light burning upon the table near by revealed to her For several minutes she

lay quite still, her eyes traveling from one unfamilar object to another, as her sleep laden faculties strove to reassert themselves. Presently as her fingers grouped aimlessly about the bed coverings they touched the soft silkiness of the down coverlid and the next instant Angelina was broad awake.

"now I'd like to know if I did that after all?" she exclaimed beneath her breath with considerable emphasis. "I'm certain sure I laid that coverlid on the chair last night for fear I'd wrinkle it all up. How in the world came I to have it

over me this morning?" and Angelina sat bolt upright to assure herself that she was not dreaming but wide awake.

Yes there indeed was the white silken puff cover with its gorgeous crimson poppies carefully spread over her although she was absolutely certain that she had been at the greatest pains to remove it from the bed when she was preparing to retire upon the previous night.

Upon entering the room she had found the bed clothing carefully turned down by the (mma) nurse and all in readiness

for the guest to retire but Angelinia Aronburg though usually used to rich things had considered that cover far too handsome to use

Some day later in her life she would understand that a good nurses ear lies close to her heart, and when Miss Johnson the night nurse came on duty, why she was in the habit of stealing into the sick room more than once during a night

And so it happened that while Angelinia was above Violets bed giving a gentle touch to the bed covering Mrs Johnson had heard Angelinia talking about the awful cold weather on her sleep, and feeling some-

concerned had slipped noiselessly into the room to find it almost 20 above zero in there from a wide open window and the sacred puff cover folded carefully across the back of a chair Mrs Johnson could not help smiling as the reason for this care flashed across her.

When she slipped out of the room again the puff cover was fullfilling its destiny.

"Well this beats my time" was Angelinias next comment "Ive seen a sight of queer things in this hospital since I came here last night but I didnt know they had quilts that served when folks

was half froze and crawled up on to your beds of their own free will and unless this one did goodness knows how it come here"

But before Angelinas bewilderment could go further she heard outside her door a voice singing joyously:

"Rejoice Our Saviour He is born.
On Christmas day in the morning"

followed by 'merry Christmas Cousin dear merry Christmas I've brought you your stocking and I've got mine too I knew I'd wake up first and was at the 5:0 clock Christmas Mass

at St Vincents Church and oh it was beautiful and I Pernod and nearly everybody recieved Holy Communion. Merry Christmas. Merry Christmas"
Angelinia Armstrong tossed the bed covers aside utterly disregarding her cherished cover and scrambled out of bed dragging on her dressing gown as she hurried across the room to bang the window down shut, all the while calling excitedly:-
"Merry Christmas, Merry Christmas Yes I'll be ready in half a minute Let me shut this window or youll freeze stiff as a board. Who in the world opened it any-

way. I must think I'm a cold storage egg. There its shut now come along in fast as you have a mind to"

It was a comical enough figure which flung the door wide open and bade Angelina enter for Angelina had enveloped herself in a monsterous gray morning bedroom gown more ample than graceful a design and above it peeped her head her front hair rolled on some sort of patent crimping pins which she used to keep her hair in place while in bed.

But if angelinia did look grotesque the little figure in

the doorway looked the very spirit of Christmas. Angelines feet were encased in brand new winter shoes and her small self in the downiest of wadded dark blue silk dressing gown fastened straight up to her chin, and bound about her waist with a blue silk cord. Her golden curls fell all about her shoulders and in each outstretched hand she held a long lumpy stocking filled to overflowing with all manner of fanciful things.

The instant the door was opened she ran into the

room crying:
"This is your stocking Angelinia. This is yours I gave Mother, daddy and Pernod theirs, and stockings for my good sisters too and I'm going into their room to see them take their presents out just as soon as we have seen ours. Come quick quick quick" and clambering upon angelinias bed Angeline caught her own stocking by the toe and began to shake forth its contents screaming with delight as each object was shaken out.
"Now if upon christmas day one year bygone h- any one had informed Angelinia

Aron-burg that when another twelve months rolled around she would be sitting in the middle of a big bed with "Angeline Vinan shaking from a stocking an array of gifts, both fancy and funny exclaiming with a childs enthusiasm over each as it appeared almost sobbing with joy one moment, or laughing the next she would have looked at that person about three minutes only animosity darting from her steely eyes and would undoubtedly have replied:
"Well you must be a damned fool."
Yet here she was this cold crisp 21 below

Christmas dawn sitting in the big bed and enjoying herself from the very ramp'ant tips of her curling pins straight down to her bedroom slippers as she had never enjoyed herself in all her life while Angelines laughter pealed again and again through the room and beyond her window the Christmas stars winked and twinkled as though saying to one another:

"We knew a thing or two after all didn't we?"

"Get dressed quck Cousin Angelinia Get dressed as quick as ever you can because we are going to have the tree and the pre-

sents right after breakfast, and I dont know how to wait" cried Angeline gathering up the articles she had taken from her stocking and scrambling down from the bed. "I'm going to see mother and daddy Period and my sisters take the things out of their stockings now, they said they'd wait untill I came back from your room "Good by for a little teenty tiNile" and away she ran to the such room there to repeat the joys of bringing to light all manner of pretty things from stocking after stocking for the Emperor and Empress and their princly children were relishing

the days of past years before the war and also indeed the two Rulers were reliving the days of their own childhood in their little daughters so strangely restored to them.

A few hours later their father distributed the packages which lay piled beneath the tree.

"Angeline with mothers love" he cried gayly holding towards Angeline a box nearly as long as herself

Angeline came to take it clasped it tightly to her and then scuttled back to her mothers side

"Angeline with daddys love" again called her father

"Another for me?"

cried Angeline and then flew back towards the tree to clasp a very humpy bundle. Before she could run to her mothers side again her father called merrily

Angeline with Aunty's love and so on until she had more packages than she could carry

By this time Angeline was completely bewildered and nearly hurled from sight for she had plumped herself down in the middle of the floor as upon her the gifts continued to rain, and there she sat giving wild screeches of delight as package followed package.

Iden sisters and Pernod too recieved an abundance of various gifts. They alrea already had opened theirs but Angeline was too bewildered to think of it then.

"Arent you going to open them sweet heart" they all asked together as Pernod dropped down beside the delighted child.

"Oh yes pretty soon quick" cried Angeline "just as soon as I get to know they're really truly all for me.

"But arent you and mother and daddy and Cousin Angelina and - and everybody else going to have a lot too?"?

"Indeed we are See all those still beneath the tree?" answered their

mother

"Then please let me help give them" cried Angeline springing up and leaving her own parcels unopened "I want every body to have theirs and every body to all look at theirs all to the same time" she concluded getting hopelessly twisted in her excitement.

"Very well This is your very own day dear and you shall plan it to please yourself" said her mother gently.

"Come along then little Lady Bountiful, Heres a big bun. Ile for mother" called her father holding a big parcel towards Angeline

She ran to take it, next came one for

Cousin Angelina
"Angelina" An oribung with Angelines love "read Em- pero Vivian.
Angeline bounded twards it and then rushed with it to her Cousin and casting it and herself too into her lap cried.
"I to for you angelina I bought it all my own self only Ermod went with me to protect me. My sisters want to give you their in person. I knew you didnt have one and I knew you would like one because mother likes to have them. Shes got such lots of pretty ones and you havent got any so I got this for you. I bought the others

my sisters want to give you. My brother father and mother and other boys bought Christmas presents for you and so did the girlscouts The one I bought I choose it my ownty donty self See, see, quick quick" and Angeline almost tore off the wrappings in her eagerness.
"My soul and body a present for me? and you giving it to me? I never did hear till of such doings. Why I didnt at all expect a present or anything at all. The idea the very idea" said Angelina as she worked excitedly at the twine which fastened the

At length the string was loosened, the paper removed and the lid of the box lifted off. There lay the folds of yards of the silverest of gray taffeta silks with little black stars dotted all over it the first silk dress Angelinia Aronbing had ever owned since she entered the army as a girl scout

"He said he praised
"he said he praised.
"his for me? Why
"never did - no -
"never did in all my born days Why
shouldn't never dare wear it in the world
Why "never did"
cried Cousin angelina completely overwhelmed by her good fortune.

"Aint it pretty "isnt it Cousin Angelinia? "im so glad you like it" cried Angeline prancing about and clapping her hands joyfully while Angelinia mechanously stroked the soft folds of silk and continued to murmur "Well "never did- no-never"

Suddenly in the midst of her admiration she stopped looked wildly about her then hurriedly getting to her feet placed the cherished silk carefully upon her chair saying:

& "good land of the "living "certain do believe "im possessed "dont understand how "clean forgot

them I wouldnt do for me to come to St Josephs Hospital more than once in five months, I should not have a spark of sense left" and away she hurried from the room.

"I wonder what is up?" said Period trying not to smile as she disappeared Before any one could arrive at a conclusion Angelina re-entered the room carrying a carefully wrapped parcel which she placed upon a table and proceeded to undo meanwhile saying

"It is not to any great measure of a Christmas present to be sure and certainly does

look kind of slim-jim aside of that elegant silk But my how it does shine-dont it But I thought sure enough youd think they were not so terrible bad after all"

As she spoke she lifted from a snowy towel four huge pies a box of cookies and a big bag-ful of walnuts.

"There Angeline dear is the best offering I can make but I want to tell you one thing every last plum in that mince meat every slice of apple in this pie and every crumb in these cookies

is just as brimful of love for you and yours as a grateful soul can fill them. Amen."

"Land of the living Saints I believe I'm more tired out than I've ever been after a whole days drilling new scout recruits" sighed Angelina, as she dropped into a low chair near Jeanmonies bed.

Pernod who sat opposite her answered. "Yes it has been a very lively sort of day hasn't it dear Cousin with all the stacks of presents coming to us from outside. But thank God for its happiness" he added most im-

pressively "Amen" said his sisters, in the beds, and 'angeline and' Jorce close beside him,

"Amen and amen minty and minty times" cried Angelina- "This year has really brought more into my life in all the years I've lived as a girl scout chieftain, and that's true as 'gospel. It appears to me as if I had sort of been dreaming for those months and years and have only now just woke up Reck-on if I did so sooner I would have got more comfort out of life.

Well it is not of any use to fret over bygones which will come again I dare say but if I dont get something out of the years ahead of me, my name aint "Angelina Aranburg. Come here Angeline dear"

The concluding words were spoken in something of Angelina's old high and mighty manner and Angeline slightly started. Her cousin saw the change flash across the Princess's face and hastened to add.

"Goodness I hollered at you so I most scared you to death didnt I Little Lamb of God Dont mind my sharp way of speaking I guess its most differ

ent from other folks and has got a snapper at the end like a cowboys whip but it aint going to do any harm to any one but your enemies. I got that way from my military career and cant help it. So come along and let me cuddle you. Ive missed so many chances that its high time I began to make them up" and over Angelina's face crept a tender expression a tenderer expression than any in that sickroom had ever seen rest upon it.

Angeline bounded up from the chair upon which she had been sitting.

King who had come with her stretched at length upon one side of her and Bunny at the other two powerful affectionate dogs all adound her were her own Christmas presents with which she had been enjoying. The day had been a happy one for the little girl and her sisters overflowing with new experiences and manifestations of the love which now filled all their little world and in which despite all they went through they were blossoming and developing into the most beautiful flowers in Gods flower garden.

Ever since the unu-

ual Glandco-Abbreanniam war had come on the seven little plants had struggled in a most uncongenial atmosphere.

From early morn since her sisters were on the road to recovery Angeline had laughed sung and played the very personification of joy and happiness and filled this hospital room with a joy too deep for words to express.

To Angelina Anorburg the day had been a revelation from the moment she opened her eyes in her bedroom to this very hour.

She had not been still a second but

had gone from one room to another, first hurrying to her own bedroom with the intention of making the bed and setting the room in order only to find herself forstalled by the nurse and the room immaculate.

Next her services were offered to the Sister in charge of the floor, who she was sure must need them in getting the Christmas dinner trays ready for her seven Cousins benefit But here too others had been before her, and she learned with some surprise that the Sister in charge was not obliged to attend to such matters as

a last resort she turned to Angeline who had no nearer duty than to enjoy the beautiful Christmas gifts which like those of her sisters had come from far and near, for their many friends, and also Empress Virians friends had taken this opportunity to express their sincere delight at little Angelines restoration to them, and the recovery of her sisters

And contradictions of contradictions Angelinia Aronburg had actually played dolls with angeline seated upon the floor near the Christmas tree, she had helped Angeline try on the clothes

the wonderfull new doll the gorgeous new garments which filled the dolls basket to the very top.

Gown after gown was put on and admired, Angelinia growing as enthusiastic over them as their smaller owner and evincing deep concern if each tiny hook and button were not properly adjusted.

But the crowning delight was the name given to the doll. Its choice caused Angeline deep concern. One name after another was suggested to her mother, her father, sisters & enlod and Angelinia drooling but none seemed to be the proper one. The situation

grew desperate.

"no" said Angeline wagging her head solemnly when about thirty different appellations had been suggested for the blond haired blue eyed beauty seated in state in her wakefield rocking chair". no she must have a "somebody name not just a book name. She must have a name I love" 'cause shes so beautiful" and the little mamma kissed the brisque face rapturously and then struck a thoughtful attitude. The next moment she clapped her hands together and cried:

"I know. I know I know. I'll name her "Angelinia" for

Cousin Angelinia because I (all) love her next to mother and daddy and my brother and sisters and my first dolly was named for mother."

"My land of mercies" was all that Angelinia Aronburg said but no greater compliment was ever likely to be paid her.

So it was not surprising that the Christmas twilight found Angelinia Aronburg "clear" tuckered out. Happiness can sometimes bring about as great a degree of fatigue as toil.

"Please tell us a story mother dear, please do" begged Daisy as Angeline snuggled down in her cousins arms.

"A story" repeated her mother in dismay. "You little girls know I have never told a story in all my born days."

"Better begin right off then there is no telling how many you will have to tell in the future" cried her husband. "You have already 'met up' with a voracious appetite for such diversion."

"Yes this is just the season and the hour for tale telling" added Jennie.

"But I don't know a sign of a story telling" exclaimed their mother. Better someone else do the telling."

"By the way I will

tell you all including mother and daddy, a very short one, a truly true one as my little sister Angeline calls such but only on the condition that my little sister Angeline follows it up with one, Is it a bargain?" asked Pennod.

"I believe you'll all wish yourselves dead and buried before I have finished- if I ever get started" was Angeline's own wanton warning.

"We will chance it" said her mother laughing lightheartedly.

"My story is a short one" began Pennod. but its also a sort of surprise for us

all. You know I learned when down in New York before the Georges started that fire home last October that one of my old time boy Scouts Radcliffe was there looking for us all, he would have succeeded in finding us had not a contrary fate decreed otherwise. Things have been sort of crossways with him since he came over here looking for us and he has been lost in that unusual part of the country. I've felt New York city to be a poor place of Radcliffes kind so I've been keeping my eyes open for his coming

and I've found out he's
arriving into this city.
You know mother I've
often spoken of him
and I found out one
of the boy scout chiefs
is going to resign from
the Second National
Guard to join the Fourty
Third degree Rangers
who wants him aw-
ful bad and there
didn't seem to be
any one any where to
step into his place,
the officials under
him are all too
unable for such a
responsible position.
I met Radcliffe got
wind of it and
being a prince
put in a word
for Jim Graveton
and its a go. the
position is his. He

will come up to fill
it when we return
to our war camps
in Calverinia. There
That ends my story
and I'm better satis-
fied with that present
than any I've been
able to give this cold
Christmas because it
keeps a boy scout
live up to his talent
and ability and sur-
rounds him with
the atmosphere he
ought to be in."
"I'm so delighted"
cried Jennie fervently
That's Annie Rooneys
National Guards her
going into. I always
was so attracted
towards Annie Rooney
and her division
of boy and girl
scouts."

There aint no finer troop of boy or girls scouts to be found in the whole army" cried Angelina Anything. "I know for im chief in command there, and Annie Rooney is the best girlscout going and all adore her."

"Is Jim really going to take Jad Whimpys place?" asked Angeline eagerly

"He surely is try and bye when we go back" answered Penrod.

"Oh why cant James Andrews take Jims Command and fill that vacancy."

"Why that will be just the thing" cried Violet delightedly That is our division and would suit James well."

"I'll look to it to morrow morning Angeline (your) youre a little trump! Now for your story, my little rose bud"

"I've been hoping and a pray you really would forget all about it" replied Angeline laughing in spite of herself.

"Not a bit of it keep to your bargain." cried Penrod merrily. "What under the sun, moon and stars, shall I tell?" asked Angeline "Tell us about the time when you were five and six years old Angeline That's what mother once told me" was Daisys suggestion. That is worth tell-

telling. There wasn't a single thing in it at that time worth living for, and any fool with suicidal intentions would have killed himself for

The party who kidnapped me when I was four years did not do it for any intentions of holding me for ransom but for the purpose to put me some where where I'd never see home of my parents and sisters again. They were a strange kind of people. There were not a single thing in them but having their own way whenever they could get it and there were not

many times they couldn't and thats the solemn truth, and though they were not actually cruel to me they were neglectful and let me go hungry many times. I could not remember a single time all the days they feed me that I was ever happy but I can remember a sight of times when they made me very miserable. The main time they treated me very hard

was after the day the
barber they took me
to couldnt cut my
hair. They tried it on
me one but it would
not work They called
me a little witch
abandoned me so
that I would have
to shift for my
self. In going around
begging I was taken
up by police and
put in an Orphan
Asylum. There because
I turned out to be an
unusally good little
girl all the other boys

and girls shunned
me and the attendants
were so mean that I
couldnt bear it. So I
ran away. I somehow
by hitch hiking a
freight train with some
kind hobos came
to Chicago. I dont too
I had to go a begging
Then I came across
Penrod near the Skinner
School at Jackson Boul-
vard It was a dread-
fully rainy day and
from exposure I
was sick and feverish
and wet through and
through"
As Angeline talked
a deep shadow fell
across her face and
she looked out the
room window as
though she saw in
the darkness out-

side many visions which had vanished as the smoke was vanishing from a chimney outside Unconsciously Angelina Aroeung clasped her little cousin more closely as though holding fast to one very real and tangible joy which had come into her life. Perhaps the touch was suggestive, for coming back to a sense of her surroundings with a start Angelina added: "I couldn't tell you all of this story to save my life. Pernod took me to where he lived with some friends took care of me and treated me as if I were his only sister. Yet them

we did not know we were really brother and sister. He somehow found out who and what I was and as he too was an Abbreannian he brought me back home. And to telling this there was but one beautiful thing that ever happened to me, and that happy at home again, was playing with my sisters in our palace play room when I jumped to my feet excitedly. Staring at me from the wall was a picture of the good little boy from whom I so tearfully parted after he had brought me

home.) excitedly told them that he was the boy who saved me and asked them where they got the picture. After they told me the whole thing we didnt give up untill we found him. And when we did."

Before Angeline could continue the nurse came in and announced a visitor and a moment later a jovial boyish voice was crying

"merry Christmas. merry Christmas. How are you all Sort of late in the day to pay my respects but just got back into the city late this awful cold morning and heard the good news. God bless

us all but it is good. So I took the fastest train I could catch and got here my but its cold. It's 21 below How are you all? How are you?" and into the room came Jack Saunders followed by a tall dark complexioned boy whose deep set eyes seemed unstantly to take in every person and object in the sick room.

Period sprang forward to clasp Jack Saunders hand in both his own and exclaim heartily "Why this seems to be good to be true. When did you reach this city?"

"This very morning" was the answer in

a deep voice which seemed to suggest his military ways as a great boy scout leader.

Meanwhile the Empress herself had advanced towards their guest the other boy with both hands outstretched and a smile of the warmest welcome upon her countenance, as she said:

"Captain Radcliffe kindest of friends, how delighted I am to see you my boy! This indeed a fitting ending to a happy day."

Captain Radcliffe held the slender hands in his own, and then bent down to look into Angelines little face raised to his. The last time he had looked upon

that little face lines of deepest sorrow were impressed upon it. To night it was radiant with true happiness.

"And now is all well with little Princess Rosebud?" he asked Angeline gently

"Thank God yes" replied Angeline softly and then turned to greet Jack Saunders.

"But you must see my good sisters" she added a moment later Don sister speak to Jack Saunders for he is one of our dearest friends. Cousin Angelina let me present Captain Jack Saunders."

More than a year had passed since

Angelinia Aronburg and Jack Saunders had looked into each others eyes and now they met again. They had often fought side by side in conflicts where both sides would not give a single inch.

Now they stood face to face once more Angelinia Aronburg a girl scout official of the highest rank Jack Saunders also of great importance.

The interval had been one of great surprise for both. all the rest looked on in greater surprise.

Violet was the first to recover herself and relieve the awkward situation.

"I have old friends

met?" she asked presently

"I'm willing to call it by that name if he still is" said Angelinia laughing rather nervously as she extended her hand.

Jack Saunders took it and held it a moment as he said:

"I guess we've both had time to settle down to something like common sense and 'friend' is too rare a word to be juggled with. How are you Angelinia? I didn't look to find you here, I'm more than glad to see you for a fact.

"But what about the little Princess that didn't perish in

the death valley after all? and boy scout Captain Saunders laid his hand upon Angelines sunny (ham) head and looked into the sky blue eyes regarding him so earnestly. No child could resist Jack Saunders smile and the next second Angeline was up in his arms, telling him how she had been found and rescued by Death Valley Scotty and the whole time with Jim Rooney, and what happened to her sisters, while George Radcliffe held one of her little hands and joined in the conversation. whenever a (word) word could be wedged in.

There was much to

be told and long before the wonderful tale was ended the two big boy scouts were seated, Angeline upon Saunders knee, her hand in Captain Radcliffes a little budding rose between two rugged paws, as they listened with absorbing interest and deep sympathy to the story of all Violet and her sisters had experienced since they came to the United states.

Little did Angeline guess how eloquently she was pleading, then, and her sisters cause for in telling of what she and they went through she did not forget the most unpleasant

experiences. She told how Pernod loved them and how he rescued them from what seemed the impossible, relieved their heartbreak.

"And then Red Eagles Indians rescued me from Jim Rooney, the Sheriff sent me home with Angelina Jennings Rooneys scouts and I got home but I wanted to you know. Oh yes I wanted to. and Angelina Aronburg was oh so happy to see me again, Thats why she came here to spend Christmas she couldnt get along without me any sisters any longer" and Angelines head was wagging solemly to emphasis her

assertion.

"No I dont reckon she could to save her life" broke in Captain Radcliffe as he patted the little girl gently upon the shoulder.

But Captain Saunders turned to look at Angelina Aronburg who sat by Violets bed the electric lights softening the appearance of her face until something of the Angelina of sixteen months ago seemed to sit there. He did not speak and Angelina lost in a little dream world of her own was unaware of his scrutiny.

"But you have not told us yet what

a good little singer you are" said Captain Radcliffe.

"My sisters are too We love the poppy song and when we sing it everybody listens."

"Could you and your sisters sing it for me little one?" asked Captain Saunders bending down to look into Angelines face.

"I guess I could if my sisters will sing too, they sing so pretty that I can sing better then."

Without a word her sisters rose to a sitting position in their beds and as the first notes of the beautiful little song flowed from their lips they promptly forgot every body and every-

thing around them. When they came to the last line

And this way and that way
up and down
Nodded the beautiful curly
crown,

Angelines head began to nod in reality for the day had been filled with exciting experiences for the little maid and dear Mother Nature was beckoning her to "Sleepy Town" of which she and her sisters were singing so sweetly.

Lower and lower drooped the golden head upon Jack Saunders shoulder and a soft little

sigh told that Pennods little Rosebud had slipped away into a happy dreamland surrounded by those she loved best and into whose lives she had brought love and joy to replace bitterness and sorrow.

To make it more understood however on this Christmas, I (believe) believe I no one in this whole Country had as happy a Christmas as Violet and her sisters.

Indeed Violet and her sisters recieved from other friends so "few" Christmas presents that their mother in taking them home had a difficult time in finding room for them.

The most best part of the Christmas they all got a good hearty Christmas dinner in sequel to their most devout Holy Communion that early Christmas morning.

They of Course were still in bed when New Years day came around but their burns were healing more progressive now, and yet they were somewhat glad to be still in the hospital as it was dreadfully cold outside being sixteen below zero. It was going to be a very cold winter indeed and a winter with a lot of snow. On this New years

morning the doctor believed that Violet and Jennie could get up for a little while so they could get used to their legs again and be able to walk, at first they could not stand on their feet at all they had been in bed so long but in about three days they were able to get about as before they were burned.

Penrod and Angeline helped them in their walking exercises.

There is always a strange reaction when you first try to get on your feet after being in bed for a very long time.

It happened to me once when I was in

bed for more than two weeks. I couldnt stand at all on my feet without falling down unless somebody held me up.

You are dizzy and it feels like you have no legs under you at all under you. So think how the little girls must have been who were in bed for so many weeks.

On the first day they were scared to stand and did not believe they could regain the use of their legs again but by constant practice they were able to do so. It was the longest they had ever been

in a hospital before
Jorce had as said before
recovered long before and
also came as often as
Angeline and Ernod
to see and help them.
It was not know yet
when the dodor would
allow them to leave
the hospital, but it was
evident that they were
not anxious to do so.
And besides they de-
sired to be completely
cured when they did
so, so they all could
go together.
But when they did
leave the hospital
where were they going
to go?
Their home on
Halsted and adams
had been burned
and was not restored
yet Ernod, no not

even mother and daddy
did not mention whether
they had a new home
or not. And as long as
they were not sure
whether they had a home
outside or not they
prefered to remain where
they were where they
were until they were
totally cured.
Besides this month
of January was turning
out to be very cold
and though Violet and
her sisters cant stand
very severe Tropical
hot weather they have
a horror of awfully
cold weather too, though
they do love lots
of snow.
Last winter to go
back a little ways
some of them were
on Devils Island, and,

others were on Moloki.
During late Spring and a part of summer they all were in French Guiana, and then in fall Angeline is kidnapped, and the other fearfully burned.

All these events happened so close together for them that now they are wondering what is going to happen next.

On the following morning when some of the girls were up and sitting in chairs and the rest were lying in their beds one of the visitors said:

"I suppose (your) (when) you little girls are well enough to go home, you will for

fear of something else happening to you leave this country for your own with the idea it is safer?"

"no" said Violet "We dont blame this country for what has happened to us though (Father) father and mother does. What occured to us this time we blame ourselves for not thinking any dirty cowards would take advantage of it, we asked Penrod to go and keep father in a private national business in New York.

He was very reluctant to go for he feared for us but we thought sure we would be safe and that nothing could

happen to us since the spies were gone. So as we coaxed him he went very reluctantly and after we were alone for a few days Mr and Mrs George took advantage of it for their nefarious scheme.

It is true as everybody now knows that we are unusually good little girls, but we are human and when things go too far we draw the line,

Mr and Mrs George will wish they had never seen or known us when we do return. But for us to go now for fear of other things is also making us cowards so we will stay until May to complete our studies before we

go. We dont run away" "and we'll never do such a foolish thing as send our brothers away for anything again"

"no indeed" put in Jennie. "We may still have secret enemies we know nothing and the two Georgen have friends who might want to revenge his conviction. We'll be on the watch this time and carry with us the most effect ive weapons the ammonia gun"

"But" asked the visitor "why does your parent find fault with the United States"

(Ha!) "They say it is declared that all foriegn visitors are under the protection

of the Stars and Stripes as long as they remain here. Yet papa claims we aint protected. Of we didnt know before we came here to the United States that its big cities and the smallest towns too has many outlaws and the worse of criminals, as people in Abreamma are too holy for such.

We had the trouble with the spies but they didnt do to us what the two Georges did.

Father told us all he did during Mr Georges trial He went straight to the Governmen of Illinois and explained the whole thing to him. He wanted satisfaction

for what happened to us or he would sent out a grum warning to President Roosevelt in Washington and also immediately leave the country with us. The Governor told father that he could not see where or how this could be laid on Abreamma or the country, but father was too incensed to see it that way and demanded satisfaction.

The delivering of our prisoners over to him was satisfaction enough so the danger of the breaking of friendship between

United States and Abbreannia was averted."

"Would there have been danger of a war?"

"Yes."

"And you wont leave even though this all happened to you?"

"No indeed. That seems cowardly to us and many of our friends we were scared away We can be safe any where after this if we only look out for ourselves."

Sometime after wards Pernod and his two other good little sisters came to see them.

They were all up on this day sitting in chairs by the windows so that that they.

could view the scenery at that height to a better advantage. When Pernod went out to have a little chat with the Sister Superior of the Hospital, and Angeline and Joice were seated between two of the beds

Jennie herself came out with:-

Angeline we heard a lot of your adventures after you escaped from your kidnappers on the outlaws who tied you up in a straight jacket, in that underground passage Pernod told me you took a journey through the California Death valley. What on the world made you do such a crazy thing.

Its a miracle Death Valley Scotty Smith found you and saved your life."

I never knew it was the Death Valley and I never even heard of it" admitted Angeline. "Our School Geographies does not tell of such a place. I thought it was supposed to be only a small desert but I did not know how far it extended It certainly was not there. The air felt like fires and I was afraid the winds would blister my skin as I had on only those shorts."

"Did you lose your senses because of thirst?" asked Violet "Death Valley Scotty found you dying they

say"

"No I walked along a wide stream and had all the water I wanted. The heat got me Everything appeared suddenly too bright and dazzling to me. I was in an awful daze, chills struck me so I couldnt stand Then I grew dizzy. I stayed in a shady spot until I thought I feet better.

Then I tried to get up but my legs seemed to feel as if I hadnt any then all turned black, and I suddenly awoke to find a tall old man taking care of me. He told me I was

unconscious and in a delirium for a good number of days. He said he had the awfullest time pulling me through. He fought a desperate fight against my condition to save my life. I was still sick from the effects of the desert heat and again had bad symptoms of the typical Heat fever when Mrs Romney got me. And I got worse again because of the way he went and treated me."

"How long were you in the Death Valley before the heat got you down?" asked Darcy.

"I dont know but it was a long time" answered Angeline,

The only way I could even try to sleep at night was to put the blanket I had over the burro, on the sand and lie on it with my bare feet in the edge of the stream. The motion of the water against my feet helped me to sleep a little. I couldnt sleep much though as it was too hot at night. But is-is-it such a "terrible place as" they say?"

"Its a region that the wise steer away from, and the fools enter" declared Jaica. "There is not exactly much known of the Valley, because hardly

no one ventures into it. I dont believe you could even get any books even written of it, nor much on magazines because little is known of it, for the reason of the horror of the region."

"Very few have courage to even go near it, to the hottest place on the world. Did you ever the deadly desert? Did you ever remember the deadly desert that surrounds the Fairyland of Oz in the Oz stories?"

"The what stories?"

"The oz stories"

"I never seen or ever read one of those books" Angeline admitted.

"Well Baum speaks of a deadly desert in his stories that prevents any one from

ever reaching the fairy land of Oz. I've read those books at a friends home. I'm going to a book store and buy them to morrow so you girls can read them" declared Gonce, "Mr Baum I know, I'm positively sure of it got the idea of the deadly desert when he must have had in mind either the Mojave or the Death Valley.

The death valley is worse than the deadly desert that surrounds Oz. The Mojave though not as hot as the Death Valley is as dangerous to travel on too.

And you traveled all those days in that awful death valley"?

"I hate what Death Valley Scotty believed"

again admitted Angelime "But I did not know it was the Death Valley"

"What saved you is because it is getting towards Winter when you did it" said Jemmie "I'm sure if you had tried to make that journey in the Summer time you would have perished. The heat would have evaporated your body so fast that you'd dried up and dropped dead"

"Is it that bad?"

"Yes indeed. Its worse than they say. The horrors of that desert is beyond all description Pernod knows a lot about the Death Valley for he told me he was there. Many pioneers perished in venturing into that fearful place They didnt die from thirst either.

Only spirits can survive there. Its death sure"

"And I went into that dreadful place" said Angelime "But I was too panicky and too desperate in my hope to escape from the outlaws to think what I was doing. And besides I thought I could get beyond it in a day. I never really thought it was so large. But no matter how far I went I didnt give up. With the proper provisions with me, I would for adventure dare it again"

The nurse came in at that moment to announce that Father Casey had come to visit them. Father Casey a special friend of Angelime came to visit her learned sisters. He

had heard and read the stories of the dangerous fires and couldnt understand the character of a man who would be so low as to make an endeavor to burn five little girls to death. He had always liked to visit these little girls who were always "his angels" to him. As to Webber George or his parents they did not come to see Violet and her sisters. They felt the blame was on themselves for what the other two Georges had done and therefore were afraid, and believed themselves far too unworthy to be near them.

They felt as if they

were in partenship for what had happened to the little Ulman girls, and too, as someone had told Webber George that Angeline and her sisters was going to "give him" and his "parents" a good piece of their mind charging them as a cause of the misfortune because they did not warn of the character of the Uncle and Aunt he told his family. They believed it and foolishly kept out of sight when in fact they could have bettered themselves by visiting Violet and her sisters who would see into the situation

by a complete and through-out explanation and forget the business altogether But the George stayed away. Of course since her return and because of the condition of her sisters Angeline had not returned to St Patricks School, and therefore knowing that Father Casey had expelled George from the school didnt know whether George returned or not, after Pernod had told the real truth to Father Casey about the note. Alice the maker of the note had never been seen again after the true writer of the note was found to be her.

Of course the little girls because of their condition didnt give

the matter much thought if any at all.

Pernod knew of this however but did not make anything of it just them and did not wish to say anything to his sisters about it.

And instead of going home one by one when they got well they would not leave until they all could be able to go at the same time.

But still the doctor did not say when they should be able to go home.

But he knew that they were not past danger yet and still needed medical attention for their slowly healing burns.

Violet the less burned

was the most well of her sisters by now and would have gone home if her sisters could.

A couple of days had passed when a man who was unusally well dressed came to the hospital wishing to see the little Vivian Girls.

He was a member of one of the well known beauty experts and when he saw the little girls he laid down his plans to them. He wished them to enter a childrens beauty Contest which was to be held next June in Los Angeles Californa, He told them that he knew they would win the prize and they were really the most beautiful

children in the world in all appearances. But they were little girls who were never conceited or made proud by their beauty and therefore objected to the proposal stating also that they had no intention of staying in the United States that long.

Besides they strongly objected to the conditions of the beauty contest. Only little girls were to be in it and to ride half naked on decorated trucks or wagons before a vast crowd of people.

"No" said Violet as spokesman for her sisters "hats against all modesty and besides we do not

allow ourselves in anything of that sort. We are not the kind to go for vanity and our beauty is for God alone) If it would be a decent kind of a beauty contest we might even them decide against it, If we even stayed that long for our beauty is so unusual, and the golden color of our hair is so extraordinary bright that it wouldnt be fair to the other children in the contest

But we'll be on our way sometime in May, as we cannot stay longer, and also our boy and girlscout troop—"

"Your brother would refuse to let you or your parents too?" She broke

in.

"No thats not it and it wont do no good to go to them as they wont have us do anything against our wishes. It, is us who do not wish to do it. We cant do it at that time, and the proposition is not suitable.

We would not under any condition give ourselves to indecent exposure We are too pure and modest for that If it was much earlier and the contestants would wear the best of clothes we might consider but half naked never."

"But the one who originates the Beauty Contests wont do it

the way you like it to be done" said the man very much disappointed. But the way it is planned seems all right to me. I cant see where there is any immodesty to a Beauty Contest not vanity either. You dont have to go in it in your birth day suit, but just half bare"

"No we do not agree" said Jennie "We have never been in a Beauty Contest and dont know why we should be in one now? and why should we show ourselves to the whole world? When we came here we intended to stay in hiding for all the time we are

here. no that is out of the question"

"But you are losing a very great opportunity" he said "think of what it means"

opportunities dont mean anything on that line" put in Angeline who was there visiting her sisters "You dont understand but we do you know in Beauty Contests it means all in naked, but the form and what you have on you can see through. We are little Abbreannian girls princess too and like must under any conditions keep our modesty you say you cant see where it is immodesty I suppose you are not a

Catholic?"
"no not exactly I belong to the Lutheran Church"
"Well that show" said Daisy "no none of us will submit to it We could not expose ourselves in that indecent manner We will not be in any beauty show"
"But if you only know what you are missing"
"We have more than your Beauty Judges could give us or any body else" said Violet "If it would be a decent kind of a Beauty Contest we'd talk it over with our father, mother and brother. But not that kind never, We are firm

in our decision We wont do it"
Still he tried to press matters He said that despite the way they had been burned they were looking so well that even their best friends would scarcely know them any longer and any one could see they had been treated purely at St Josephs Hospital
He said since he so often seen their pictures in the papers he had always intended to have them in the beauty Contest for he knew very well that they could easily carry all before them with their beauty
But at the moment he could find no place

where a Beauty Contest was going to be held since that time however he had been figuring night and day where such a Contest could and would be held And he had come just to day because he had seen the Beauty Contest advertized and he heard of a piece of luck for them so (cc) good that he could hardly believe it.

He had gone to Los Angeles without delay to arrange the matter. It was all as good as settled now, that Violet and her sisters was to be more fortunate than all the rest could be.

Now the Beauty Contest judges in

Los Angeles have it all planned) there had been a lot of talk throughout that city about it and (if) it would be fine if the judges could only find seven little girls as was described to them. Now this visitor to the little girls had thought of Violet and her sisters and he had gone straight to the Judges and told them all about the little Vivian girls their beauty and character, and like a flash the Judges had agreed.

Now nobody could tell just what luck and happiness might be preparing for Violet and her sisters in the Beauty Contest if they won you

should have attended a Beauty Contest last Fall and you should certainly join this one next June" he continued "The Judges sent you a letter and application sheets, but you little girls made no reply. What do you intend to do about it little girls?"

"We intend not to join it" was the answer. The visitor gazed in astonishment at the beautiful little girls who did not look as if they were going to yeild.

"What are you going to make out of the proposition then?" the man then asked.

"Not a thing We grow and thrive as

an unnaturally beautiful blossoms in Gods flower garden but we should not show ourselves half nude to a crowd of people"

"But I didnt say you were plants or flowers, you are human beings, You ought to be in this Beauty Contest and the time for deciding on that is here, I have come to tell you in good time little girls so that you can think it over and make your plans during the winter, This is the last late spring that you will be out of a Beauty Contest next June, you are going to join it"

"We wont do it" said Violet stubbornly,

"Do you actually think then that there is no way of bringing you little girls to reason if you stubbornly stick to your silly actions?" the visitor asked with some heat "You kids have traveled around in the world a great deal and had your chance for many adventures and to learn much. I should have thought you had better sense little girls?"

"Oh indeed" they all said together and then Angeline alone put in her say and her voice showed that she was no longer quite so calm in her mind, "and so you believe that next June (am) I and my sisters are really going to enter a Beauty Contest of immodest dressing

whether we are bathing or not. To make in decency about ourselves even if it is a sin. That we're going to stand in trucks half naked before crowds of busy bodies when our own Catholic Church teaches it is even a sin to wear a dress so short as to be far above the knees.

And above all little Abbe American Princesses like us. We'd be a disgrace to our own Country. Just let your foolish goosey Judges come and try to drive us to it. I'll take them into any Court of Law there is and then we'll see who is going to make us"

"and you would be quite right little girls," said the man in a more kindly voice "I t would not be possible for you to do it way But I can see you are dear to each other so for your own sakes what you should have done last June come and join the 'Beauty Contest dressed as you will in the best of clothes and you'll win the prize. What sort of life is this you lead in this gloomy city Who would be able to help you if something happened to you again. Look what had happened to you before Nor can I understand why your enemies had

not killed you already and how you can stand this kind of life you are living"

"We have young blood and good strong constitutions I can promise you that much and one thing more there is something about us that we will not reveal to strangers If you'd take a good look at us you can see it in our faces He will see that there is something that shows we are different from other children. What you say about us joining the Beauty Contest is not for us. If we did that my own country people would be shocked

and afterwards despise us so it suits us to stay out"

"No, no it is not good for you little girls to do that. I know what is the trouble with you little girls," the tempter said "in a hearty voice "your Country people wont despise you half as much as you think. And if you are princesses they have nothing to say "Believe me little girls. Seek to make your plans for joining the Beauty Contest Then when you do join it see how differently the people will look at you and how happy you still can be with them"

The man had stood up He held his hand out to Angeline and said again with much heartiness

"I count upon seeing you at the Beauty Contest this following June little girls It would make me feel very sorry to have to use force with you Shake hands on it. Come to the Beauty Contest this following June"

Angeline did not offer her hand to the Tempter, and said firmly and clearly

"We will not do that. I can tell you that once and for all We shall not come"

"Come on now and decide" he said urgently "Were not joining" said Angeline and this time her deep blue eyes gleamed at the tempter in no friendly way.

"Whats that you say?" the man now said angrily "But then he changed his tone a little on seeing her glaring eyes and went on half kindly half wickedly.

"You must come, you just dont know any better you cant think of the fine time you'll have Come on make up your minds now. Sign your names on the bottom of these sheets of paper."

"We are not joining the Beauty Contest." Angeline repeated.

"Dont be stupid and silly like goats you must have caught it from them. Just get things straight and you you cant guess how fine it is to join a Beauty Contest and all the things you'll see and if you dont like it you can come back to this city again."

"We're not going Angeline" repeated more firmly

"Then God help you" said the man, and went sadly out of the door and left the Hospital.

The man then went to Pernod and tried to get him so interested in the Beauty Contest that he would coax his sisters to go. He spoke about the Beauty Contest for quite a while explaining the details the prizes and so on. Finally Pernod asked "aint you through yet?" The Princely boy did not get a single word in edge wise. "Bah" the man then threw back at him, "you act just as if I had been telling you the most ordinary news. Why there isnt high and low in all the United States a single person who would not

not thank his lucky stars if I'd brought him such good news as I have brought you."

"I'll it where ever you want to I dont care to hear it" Pernod said drily.

Then the man flew into a rage and said: "all right if thats what you think master Pernod then I'll just tell you how I think about things your sisters are the most beautiful little girls in the world, but because you dominate them, they cant do a thing and they know nothing about the pleasures of Beauty Contests and you wont let them learn anything and so when little girls

can have the good luck that your sisters can then theres only one person to stand in the way and thats their brother But I tell you we'll never give in. The people in Los angeles are expecting them to be in the Beauty Contest, and are all on my side.

There isn't a single one in Los Angeles who will be disappointed—"

"Silence" cried Pernod. I will not force my sisters to do what they are up to be against. There your hat, Get out of here before I ring for Evans to throw you out."

The man left the house with great strides.

When he came they

told Pernod about and Pernod surprised them by telling of his interview with the same Beauty expert and declared they had done wisely in refusing to join as it would be very improper and far beyond their modesty and dignity to join any kind of a beauty show.

"But he assumed a threatening attitude" declared Pernod, "and we'll have to keep our eyes open. He's got the face of the kind who will try to force you little girls to join. It is true your the most beautiful little girls in the world but beauty sometimes causes trouble"

Chapter 29th.

The Sessoman house is Haunted.

It was about two days after when before she had gotten ready to go to see her sisters that Pennod told her that she had a strange very handsome looking old gentleman who wished to see her.

Pennod who was never fooled, and who even this time was rightly informed, his instinct told him that the gentleman was all right and could easily be trusted

When she went to see him she observed that he was a tall handsome elderly man, well dressed. He was very honest looking and had a kind fatherly face.

Angeline sat in a chair and motioned

him to do likewise. He came immediately to the point, though to him, she was a far more beautiful little girl than he had supposed and felt greatly in awe of her. "What you wish to say sir"

"I've came to you because I've heard a lot about you, what you are and that you are said to be possessed by angels who even make you (pu) like to them, and guard you almost supernaturally. If you really are that way which despite the religion I belong to, I do believe you and your sisters can help me out of a bad

situation, if you and your sisters find it really true of which I am going to tell you. "Now my dear angel child this is no ghost story I am going to spring on, but I've received complaints from tenants who wont stay in one of the houses I recently constructed, because of some strange supernatural phenomenon of which they cant understand but why I cant say, happens more in the day than at night, but which is very annoying to them indeed. I dont live in that house as I have my own residence but what ever is wrong there is ruining me as no tenants will

remain. a family by the name of Flannigan owns a house across from mine and will confirm what I say. I of course dont know whether it is just the imagination of the tenants or some hysteria or not, but there is something very strange and it worries me greatly.
I know the way you are looking at me that you think I am spilling a sort of yarn or that I'm out of my mind, but as I said before I'll only tell you just what the runaway tenants complain of to me. As I've heard many say demons are even scared of you and your sisters and

therefore I thought may-
be you and your sisters
could help me out"
Angeline was looking
at the man to see whe-
ther he was entirely sane
or not"
"Pshaw" she retorted "there
is no such things as ghosts"
"I'm not saying there
are" he answered, "But
the tenants -"
"But what can seem to
be the matter" she
interrupted him "there
surely is no haunted
house in this americ-
can city. Your tenants
must have read
a lot a trashy ghost
stories and got scared
out of their senses
by them, all houses
here are in the
best of condition."
"My dear little girl"

the man continued
very seriously "I'm not
fooling. What ever the
cause the tenants
wouldn't stay. I also
thought they read
ghost stories but they
had proved to me
they don't. I'm really
threatened with ruin-
ation.
My wife is suffer-
ing too We have
been dreadfully
cheated, cheated by
the fiends."
"In what way?" as-
ked Angeline quietly
taking a sip of
milk.
"Why four years ago
we had a wicked
couple, a negro cou-
ple in my flats,
the wickedest pea-
ple we ever heard

of. I'm no Catholic, but if you could only realize how set I am on hearing only pious and good people in our house yet these negroes were devil worshippers."

"Devil worshippers?" she cried in consternation. "yes little girl, devil worshippers."

"Still I suppose" Angelina could not help saying "I cannot say I ever heard of such rotten characters as Devil worshippers in this country or especially in this city."

"Oh you know what I mean little girl," the man continued "some of those kind of people who give to the devil the homage and devotion

that belongs to God alone. They are those kind of people I have heard so much about their ceirmonies are weird and terrifying, and many of them are in the Southern States who worship devils in all kinds of ways have fiery cermonial dances and the like."

"But what should I and my sisters do about your possessed house? I believe you are joking at yourself. If we go in we might see nothing because were we are in there, Spooks or demons wont stay where we are. We shnow by experience.

We are leprosy to them."

"Please little girl, it is not a thing to joke about. The matter is far more serious to me than you really imagine. I have been terribly really terribly imposed upon by those reported supernatural phenomenons durring my tenants from the house."

"But what is so terrible about the house after all? I passed that address you mention quite often with my sisters before they were burned and your house does not look so bad to me." angeline said quietly.

"There just one thing I simply must tell you little girl. You've no idea what has gone on in the house

durring my tenants away, I'll leave that for the Flannigans to tell you."

"What phenomenons in your house? Why what do you mean by that?"

"It cant be explained thats all none of the acts of these unseen evil spirits can be explained unless (what) you believe what demons can do?"

Until this moment angeline, had not paid much attention to the mans words, but if he was surely telling the truth and not dreamning about this than that was another matter

That might be very serious for any tenants.

It even would be dangerous for them to stay. She again. She again looked quite closely at the man to make sure that he was really sane She couldnt hardly believe it that any such a thing could happen here.

But the man did look as if he really was in trouble and was not fooling a wmg anything he said.

"Why didnt you get get the police to go and investigate?" go she asked.

"I did but they too got scared out also"

"But tell me please" she said "What really is wrong with your house. Do you mean it is haunted by

ghosts or spooks?"

"no by demons brought in by devil worship-pers".

"What is all this I hear about Devil worshippers being brought into the house and what sort of phenomenon goes on there?"

Im telling you little girl what I think of the character of these manifestation I shall have to say first of all that not living there I did not see anything nor am I dreaming or having false illusions. Im not claiming it is so, nor am I claiming it aint I m only telling of the complaints of many tenants.

On the main hand as I said before I've got all these reports of it from the tenants that fled the building and if no one will stay in the building it shows that something strange is fairly wrong, something caused or brought on by those of ene worshippers whose existance there I discovered somewhat late, or perhaps its better to say I knew nothing about until the Flannigans reported them to me."

"But my dear Angeline" said "are you really sure that you are really in so much trouble. Just tell me this. Is it not possible that real

human persons are frightening tenants out of your house. Could it the whole business of course be proven to be only a poor joke which some one may be playing on oder to frighten the tenants out of the house. While you aunt living there If that is the case it might be a good idea to scare the ghost by shooting off a pistol. On on the other hand mm could there not be thieves mixed up with the affair who may be passing themselves so that later they may be safe from any one inter-

fering with them. Or are there not someone in your house playing spooks or ghosts to get revenge on you for something. And do you think it safe for us to go prying into the affairs of such people? They may turn out like the Georges did to us."

"Can be it for me to hunt persons I do not know" the man began again "for although on the one hand there is no places or hide outs in the house of any kind for such pranksters to hide, not even secret rooms as such, as I did not have the house built that way and also on the other hand the

claimed they seem and heard strange manifestations & phenomenons which no one can account for, a lack of knowledge doubtless due to the more or less fact that they see no person at such times and that what ever it is occurs just as much in the day time as at night up to the moment that the last tenants fled.

One of the tenants family ran out of the front door and did not return leaving his belongings unclaimed for which new fact made a great change in

the situation and yet to be sure on the bother hands is threatening me with financial ruin "Excuse me Mr please? But how could such a thing be? Please tell me straight as a string what sort of Phenomenon has driven your tenants out of your house. And tell me too what you want me and my sisters to do?"

"It was easy for the man to do This for the frightened tenants had spoken to him of the various manifestations.

What he wanted her to do was to take things with her as protective measures, go into the house (der) and try to find

out the cause of the trouble, and see if she could not stop it.

"But why does the Flanning arms stay near your house if all the other tenants get scared away?" she asked.

They dont live near the house as that. They live in one opposite mine across the street. In fact they own it. But they swear that they have seen and heard the Phenomenan"

"Then why dont you get some priests to clear the house of the annoying manifestations? Why ask me and my sisters to do it?"

I have tried it desperately but the priests only believe

I've been drinking or that I am nuts."

"Crazy you mean?"

"Yes"

Angelene who had the gift from Heaven to do so, suddenly thought of it, and to make sure it was no trick of any kind to lure her into a trap, read his mind. She caught his thoughts. He absolutely was worrying greatly over the trouble, and more so was afraid, she too would not believe him or help him.

She called for Pernod who came and she spoke to him in Abbeamian for a few minutes.

He answered something as he looked steadily at the man,

and then she turned to the man and said!

"I spoke to my brother about your story and he agrees. I'll tell you what I locate some of the demants if you can Mr Seseman and sent them to see me. I want the stories of two of them personally."

"All right angel child, I will"

The next morning Pernod had hardly opened the door for Jim Groveton and let him into the house when someelody else rang the door bell, but with such a noise that Pernod almost tumbled downstairs

in his hurry.
"no one rings like that but Jack Evans himself" Pernod thought. He must have returned ahead of time"
"He tore the door open, Two married couples and their families stood before him.
They stated the reason of their arrival.
Pernod led them into where Angeline was seated before hooked and arms on a sofa reading a book.
All the articles that furnished this room were made more for comfort than for show which proved that it was used for a living room.
At sight of Angeline who stood up to re-

ceive them the elder ones gasped for they never expected to see so beautiful a little girl. The children themselves were not sure whether they were looking at a little queen of fairies or not. One of the two women asked:
"Are you little Angeline Vivian?"
"Yes sir."
"Our former landlord told us you wished to see us about something concerning his house. We were some of the tenants there"
"Can you remember the organistation there?
"Yes we could"
"What were they (p) like?"

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Why do you wish to know little girl?" asked the mans wife as all were now seated,

Angeline told of Mr Seremans story, explained what kind of a little girl she was, as well as her sisters that evil spirits were really afraid of them and Mr Seremman knowing this had asked her and her sisters to help him get the trouble stopped.

"Could you little girls really do that?" the four grown persons asked in Chorus,

"With the help of God we can do anything" she made answer.

"What is that, you can stop those phenomenons?" they cried in surprise" "Why what can that mean? And what have

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you learned pray that you can do that unusal thing? What prayer book do you use to oust the evil spirits?"

"No books" said Angeline "Eh what?" asked the good lady again "Then how do you learn to do it?"

"We never learned to, and my sisters didnt either. Our presence is enough" Angeline stated.

"Heavenly Powers. You can do all this? You would really dare go into such a house" cried the woman in the greatest honor you dont mean to say you could do that? What would you do in there?"

"We dont reveal our Secrets" said Angeline, which was the truth.

"The spirits may overhear me and spoil my plans. But I wanted to hear from you people whether anything is wrong in that house or not"

They told their experiences which is too long to narrate here except one of them, which one of the men told me of which had decided him to move at once.

He heard a noise in the childrens bedroom, got out of his own bed rushed there and switched on the light.

The bed his children were in was moving about the room as if drawn back and forth by unseen hands and the more horrible

part of it was that his children, two little girls and one boy were struggling as if in the grasp of unseen hands about them little throats and their eyes were bulging and tongues sticking out as if strangling.

For a few seconds he stood there horrified, them, being a Catholic made the sign of the Cross. and the weird manifestation stopped.

He and his family vacated that house that very

name night. His little children were sick from fright for two weeks after that and suffered very sore throats.

Angeline listened as if fascinated. Other details were enough to frighten anyone but did not scare her.

"I'll go and see that crazy house with Joice and Pernod to morrow as early as possible" she said.

The next morning Angeline and Joyce were seated in a street car, with Pernod, the car carrying them rapidly in the direction of the troubled house, just opposite the Home of Mrs Bridget Flannigan.

It was in a little narrow attractive back street, a wide one however before a large prepossessing three story wooden house painted green that they at last stood before.

It was a rather novel proceeding on the part of the eccentric Prince Pernod to be calling first on Mrs Flannigan for the

purpose of informing her that his sisters wished to look the "Haunted House" over and perhaps the very novelty of it caused the prince to quite enjoy the sensation.

He led his sisters up a wide path bordered with a wide stretch of grass and tall stately elm trees and knocked at the door of the cottage, which was opened after a short delay by Bridget Flanmugan herself.

A very good looking powerfully appearing woman of six feet, with long bobbed hair. She wore a light blue waist and a brown dress.

Her face had a stern boss of appearance, but she was not at all what she looked. She was a very kindly woman.

At sight of her visitors such pretty ones the woman started back with an exclamination of awe and real surprise.

"Well mm Flanmugan" began Pernod who never wasted time in unnecessary words "These little girls are my sisters and they have come to find out about the house opposite yours an we intend to go and live there for a spell."

The woman clasped

her hands and burst into a nather incoherent torrent of dismay in the midst of which Pernod cut her short. "There's nothing for us to be afraid of," he said, "They have angels and they promised the Sandlord of that house that they would live there and find out for themselves."

But she cried still in dismay: "You wont be after allowing yourself and them to go in than while things go on that would scare a banshee out of his self. People flee from Ired and others that were out sitting up all night afraid

to go in again that it was all they could do to hold their heads up at all."

"Cant you understand demanded Pernod" I have told you before that my sisters are possessed by angels, They have given their word, and if they can do so that house is to be cleared of those crazy spirits in a few days."

"And whats to become of the little girls if something happens?" wailed the woman almost angrily "Ah master Pernod think of it, what you're doing such beautiful little childers and that place so full of only God knows

what that the Banshees would run away from, oh Master Pennod dont' may the Saints bless them for dear little swait ladies but you'll cause them to know the touch of sorrow, if they go in there, and its praying for you we'll all be this night if you do go in that." That place is so bad I could never get the harvest in than however hard I tried and really could you be after stepping inside just to have a look at such a place" she cried.

"Thats for us to find out" said Pennod "there really anything wrong with the house?"

"Yes and its a foine

big house a new wan. It never just to have that as in trouble until after my second childer was born. I dont understand what's the matter with the blasa at all. I never did seen nothing so suddent in all mine born days. The place was as good as any other house, and it was only two years ago so it was look like this all in a minute But for heavens sake dont go in than please you'd better think first"

Chapter Thirty. Would you like to live here?"

Angeline and her sisters once and Pernod nevertheless rented the place two days later.

The interior of the building did not look as if anything was the matter. One of the flats however was full of furniture and household goods sharing the land lords story that these tenants had fled the place without taking time to hire a moving van to take their property.

Angeline found a small wooden image of a devil in the attic. She used it for firewood.

Mrs Jerry soon had their own furniture in the place. The owner of the house-

hold goods were traced and their furniture reclaimed. The Vinians were to occupy the second floor and use the third for their private belongings. Two days passed terribly cold ones far below Zero, and all was quiet.

In their bedroom they hung up a huge crucifix they brought and formed a pretty alter before it with four blessed candles ready to light.

"Probably the spirits will blow them out" suggested Pernod.

"Before the Blessed Crucifix?" demanded Jose.

"If they do they're not demons them" added Angeline.

"Lets light em and see" suggested James Andrews.

Angeline lit them. Nothing happened they burned on steadily until Angeline blew at them to put them out. They wouldnt go out. They all concentrated their efforts at blowing one candle at a time.

They defiantly burned on. Pernod got the snuffer. Then they defied that also. Pernod got holy water and a big eye dropper filled it and let it go drop by drop upon the flame of each candle. They went out.

The little Abbeam mans looked at each other with surprize

written all over their faces. Another day passed cold and stormy and nothing happened. Angeline informed her sisters of the "Candle light" phenomenan.

On the fourth day at Seven thirty in the morning during breakfast with 20 below outside and blowing hard someone pulled no hand on the bell that people outside came running down from all directions and stared at each other open mouthed.

Pernod said to his sisters.

"I'll see who's at the door maybe somebody from the hospital."

As he got to his feet there was another ring at the bell so full of impatience and so chazily loud that no one could doubt any longer that it must be a living hand behind the powerful jerk. "It's from the Hospital, may be my sister suffered a relapse" he thought paling.

Pernod ran pell mell out of the room and down the stairs and managed to land on his feet long enough to tear open the front door.

Pernod thought the doorknob felt queer as he opened the door.

"all night come in" he said

There was no answer He looked out

Only a few people were passing back and forth No one had stopped to ring the doorbell. He had been too quick for any body to ring the doorbell and run off without being seen.

Pernod at first was boiling mad and dashed out into the street, but no one had come to ring the bell.

As he was still down stairs he did not have long to think things over because all at once there came from the library an awful crash of falling objects and then a cry to Pernod to come up.

He rushed upstairs and into the room

but his sisters were in the library far ahead of him. There on the floor every thing lay in a heap all the things they studied with books, copy books the ink well, and on top of them the table cover from under whose edge a small stream of black ink was flowing the full length of the room.

"Ah those crazy spirits did it fast enough" angeline explained "They done it" The door was open and we saw it happen as we we were looking at the table. Carpet, books, waste basket swimming in ink. It happened as if invisible hands pulled the table cloth

off. That poor mr Seeman is the man of misfortune thats all there is about it. We must get Detective Burns to capture those negro devil worshippers. They must explain about this."

The half scared James Andrews stood and stared at the work of mum.

Although he was not at all quick in deciding things this was certainly very shocking.

"Ah indeed the spirits did it all night" added Joice. "I saw something strange pull the table cover off so everything fell on the floor. That

picture on the wall at the same time came down as if unseen hands took it down and it floated right past us as we ran into the library."

"And one of the spirits rang the doorbell" declared Penrod, "There was nobody there when I opened the door."

"God thing we didnt bring our Dorier here" exclaimed Angeline. "Those spirits would write things on them that we wouldnt like. And we didnt believe in Reserman. But where are the imps of mischief. I think they are too cowardly to show themselves.

After breakfast the

two little girls put things in order in the Library and put a small crucifix in the center of the table.

As they left for the hospital Angeline again said

Burns Detective must find those devil worshippers as soon as possible. James I've wrote a note on this slip of paper & send with it to Police Headquarters. Detective Burns will understand though I'm wondering if he'll also believe it is a "fish story"

James rushed off to do her bidding. Had it been anybody else who wrote that story or not Burns would have been dread-

fully convulsed with loud laughter. But this was different. He knew the Vinians too well, He first sent for the Sandland, heard his story, got the description of the negro devil worshippers and sent his detectives to find them.

"They're not to be under arrest" he said. The Vinians want them for some explaining to do."

At the hospital they told their sisters what happened at Breakfast time.

"Its a good idea to find those negroes and make them explain things" said Violet.

"At first" confessed Angeline "I really

believed Mr Seeman was believing this But we found different."

After a week passed and their sisters were reported well enough soon to go home things had happened.

During this week the little girls and Penrod found something strange going on in the house.

Each morning when Penrod or any of his two sisters came down stairs wondering why the whole house was a a refrigerator, they found the front door wide open and yet ifan and mean there was no one to be seen who could be blamed fa the fact.

The first day that

this happened all the rooms and closets of the house were eagerly searched to discover what might have been stolen.

For it was thought a thief might have hidden himself in the house and escaped with all his booty later in the night.

But this evidently was not the case for not a single thing in the whole house was missing.

At night the door was now not only double locked but the iron bar was also placed across it. It made no difference. In the morning the door stood wide open and the whole place was dreadfully cold.

No matter how early in the morning the little girls or Pernod, or Jarmes in their excitment might come trooping down there was the door ajar.

And yet there was the whole neighborhood still sunk in deep sleep, and the windows and doors of all the other houses were still tightly bolted.

And whatever caused it the house every-morning was a real (um) imitation of the North Pole and they had an awful time to get the house warm again.

But strange to say nothing disturbed them in

their bedroom. On a Monday one of the little girls received a letter from one of the recent women tenants. It began by saying that she had been so afraid she could not use her fingers. She advised Angeline and sister and Brother to pack their belongings and leave the dangerous house before it was too late. For on the most unheard of things happened there and will continue to happen to the place.

Then she told what had constantly occurred while she and her family stayed there a full week. The front door was open regularly every morning, fearful

and terrible noises are occassionally heard, in the house, and phenomena of a deadly kind occurs there, every tenant who dared to stay in the house had been in danger of his life with the door ajar all the night through and what the terrible results of this strange situation might be no one could say.

Now Angeline answered by return mail that that she and her brother and sister had no intentions of closing up and going away. The ghost story surprised them greatly but they decided to make it a thing

of the past before the cold weather was over. Moreover if the evil spirits refused to be laid they believed they knew a way to get rid of the devils so fast that they would never again dare to disturb the quiet of their home.

For example' angeline added 'she & her brother and sister had no intention to leave the place just because evil spirits would cause no account manifestations.

What was more she and her sister and brother were afraid of no kind of evil spirits and they were determined to show them whos "boss"

At night in his own bedroom James Andrews just before retiring saw an awful phenomena. One of his little school girl friends had come to see them all not knowing the character of the house and had stayed late.

She was a delicate child with a soft rounded short neck which was whiter in color than her face.

As she was about to put on her coat she suddenly rose up before his startled gaze, was held by unseen power hand and tight with her back against the ceiling. She coughed violently

for a few seconds then all of a sudden her eyes bulged her mouth opened wide and her tongue protruded far out while forcibly she was striped naked she could not struggle 'and she was clawed' at the belly by unseen hands until she started to bleed James was powerless to do anything himself.

The sign of the cross did no good so he quickly lighting a Blessed candle and holding it in his hand yelled lustily for Angeline and Grace.

The two with Pernod rushed into his room. The little girl was a little

above the floor by this time, hanging limp, arms moving feebly tongue still protruding.

But at the entrance of the little girls and Pernod the phenomena gradually stopped and the child sank down to the floor almost unconscious.

She was revived, taken care of and warned not to come into the house again. It was dangerous for her. She was told to warn all others not to approach the house.

When she left still sick and terrified, Angeline said to James

"You'll have to sleep with us. You must not stay

alone another second for you are not like us and the demons may yet take courage enough to attack you or do you harm. We all must sleep in the same room and leave a blessed Candee burning all night.

There was one strange however that had happened before this which the two little Virian girls had witnessed and which had decided them to have Dames sleep with them during the time of the door opening process Angelone and Joice got up their best courage and had prepared to spend one of these nights below in the room that opened off the great

hall, there to await whatever might happen. The two beautiful little girls took their places on the appointed evening. They kept themselves awake by drinking strong coffee a beverage they never take unless by extreme necessity.

All the time they stayed they were as undertake as could be. It was as still as death about them, there was not a single sound to be heard however from the street. It was very cold and a strange soft snow was falling thickly.

You may believe that the two little girls did not once fall asleep because

there was a queer feel-
ing in the air about them
and it was only in
soft whispers that they
spoke to each other.
Finally when it struck
one o'clock above there
suddenly Angeline giggled
and cried out:
"Well Joice dear we must
have a look out in the
corridor and see how
things are and more
of us are afraid you
just follow me"
The door to the hall
was slightly ajar An-
geline threw it wide
open and left the
room
At the same instant
came a strong gust
of piercingly cold
wind from the open
entrance door which
was during in a

thick flurry of snow
flakes and threw put
out the candle that
Angeline was hold-
ing in her hand.
She gave a violent
shiver and starting
back almost upset Joice
who was standing
right behind her.
Then Angeline
dragged her sister
back into the room
that they had just
left, slammed the
door shut, and in
great haste turned
the key in the
lock as far as it
would go
Then she got
out her matches
and lighted her
candle again Joice
did not answer
just what had

happened because standing behind angeline she had not felt the draught of cold air so plainly

But as soon as she could see angelines face in the light of the candle, Joice uttered a frightened cry. Her little sister was as white as chalk and trembling like a leaf leave as she was.

"What's wrong angeline? Tell me what was that outside?" Joice had asked anxiously

The front door was standing wide open" Angeline panted "and on the steps was a fearfully hideous form, black as sin ate Look Joice right up the steps like

that sus-h-h and vanished into thin air It had black wings. Cold shivers ran down the length of Joices back.

Then the two little girls sat down as close to each other as they could and they didn't move a muscle untill bright daylight had come and people were again stirring about out in the cold, and burring flurries of snow.

Then together they left the room closed the front door which was standing wide open and had gone upstairs to report to their mother what had happened untill this strange

phenomena in James room of the spirit straning the little girl Angeline and Joyce had had nothing to the boy about what Angeline had seen on the front steps for they were afraid James would be so scared that he would not want to stay alone a single minute day or night and that would cause them a great deal of extra trouble.

Now however Angeline called James into her own room and in a low tone of voice she told him about the hedious black form that came up the steps and disappeared.

At first he said he was not worthy enough to sleep in

the room with the little Virians but Joyce of course cried out at once that she or Angeline would not allow him to stay alone in his room another night that he must come into their room to sleep or the spirit might come again into his room and do harm to him.

She wanted James and Pernod also to stay in the same room and leave a Sacred Candle burning all night.

And Mrs Jerry must sleep next door.

And Jack Evans and Sebastian must come down too and spend the night in the hall so

they could bless the air with Holy Water and scare the demon away should he be heard coming down the steps. (up)

Over what had happened to Jarme's little girl friend, Angeline and Joyce were terribly excited, but Jarmes was more excited than they were and it was all that the little girls could do to quiet him.

Mrs Jerry promised to get Father Father Carrey and Casey on the morrow, to bring her own bed into their room and never leave them alone again and of little Sally Fielders was afraid she could sleep with them too

Sally Fielders was more scared than any one else but she did not want any one to know. She had a reason to be though she did not tell them why.

Vining one day before along about twilight when she walked from one room to another or down the long hall she would often look cautiously and fearfully about her, into the corners or steal a quick glance behind her now and then as if she dreaded some one might be following her on tiptoe to pull unseen at her dress or grab her by the

neck and kill her.
But when she was alone, she went only into the lighted living rooms
On that evening at dusk she had things to attend to on the upper floor where the beautiful (just) guests rooms were located.
On the same day she had to accomplish an errand down stairs in the great mysterious reception hall in which every foot step echoed back from a fan and the old Councillors with their big white ruff collars look-ed down from their frames with so stern and unchanging a gaze
When she hung

about her neck her Rosary for she was always afraid a spirit might grab her by the neck and strangle her like she did Garners girl friend.
And she was dreadfully afraid of being choked since the day the spy varmints who had captured her strangled her so brutally.
And she was afraid a demon spirit would do a better job and really kill her.
And she was terribly afraid to die.
So might she was so afraid after what happened in Garners Andrews room that she was glad to sleep in the same

room with them.

Late at night Angeline was awakened by an awful loud pounding or knocking at the closed bedroom door as if some one was madly trying to break the door down with an iron bar.

In fact they were all awakened by the terrible racket.

Sally Feilders knowings what caused it, covered her head under the blankets while her heart beat fast and loud.

Pernod in his indignation forgetting what it was turned the bedroom light on and with the morse continuing shouted

"What the heck

do you want. Hold your horses," and opened the door, nobody was there. He quickly switched on the hall electric light but no one was in sight

Knowing that he and the occupants of the bedroom were the only ones in the house it suddenly came to his mind what caused the morse not, human beings at all.

"Drat that confounded devil" he growled beerishly. "I should have known"

He hung a moderate sized crucifix to the door knob, and did not close it this time but it made no differ

difference.) They got no
sleep that night for even
on the floor above them
there was a terrific bang
ing and crashing as of
pounding and falling
objects and horrid moans
and incessant yelling
and blasphemies.
"That Mr Freeman
certainly was right"
thought Pennod
Sally was terrified
and whimpered Jemmie
and Angeline were
greatly annoyed.
During the follow-
ing afternoon a Phenom-
enon occured that al-
most set the house
on fire.
In their dining
room Pennod noticed
a gas jet was lit
having been lighted
by whom he did

not know for her or
his sisters never used
the gas lights as they
had no need of them.
(The demons lighted it and
God help the one who dare try
to put it out)
After dinner games
Andrews decided to turn
it off and reached up
to do so.
As he reached up there
started to come a real
strange growling hiss-
ing sound and as
he turned the screw
the flames suddenly
grew bigger and
started to curl along
the ceiling in a
number of fiery
tongues.
Flames started
off the chain in
consternation al
most falling

of the chair. Pennod was surprised, his sisters startled, and Sally made a bee line into the bedroom and under the bed.

The flames however returned back to the yet, but assumed a strange oblong shape and was orange and white in colo.

Pennod turned off the switch, cutting off the gas but instead instead of putting it off it only caused a worse situation.

In a moment the flame seemed to go out altogether, then there was a great roar and suddenly the whole room was enveloped in a rolling

cloud of red and golden flames, driving every body out into the kitchen. It assumed a horrible shape with long hands clutching after them. This phenomenon occured often and this is what drove tenants and others in panic and unspeakable terror out of the house.

The horrid flaming shape threw a singing heat and their clothes were smoking. Once slammed the door shut screaming a prayer.

The flame made a most dreadful heat the whole room beyond surged and enveloped as if it had been enveloped full

of gas which was ignited. At the moment the door was slammed shut by force there came a deafening noise as of the door was pounded by a dozen sledge hammers at one time.

This dreadful phenomena lasted fully three minutes and gradually subsided with a moaning sound as of some one in awful pain.

The Phenomena left the interior of the dining room scorched and slightly smoking. The window draperies were burned away for nearly two hours and ten minutes no one had the nerve to go back in.

When they did go in they saw the

havoc the Phenomenon (the) had created Wood work was scorched or even charred the table cloth was burned from the scorched dining table. Books on a book stand were smoking with glares in them and some parts of the floor rug. They doused these with water.

Then Pennod came out with:

"Which of you let that gas?" and he looked at them all severely

But they all shook their heads. He went to the Phone and called up the Gas Co. telling the address and asking to have the gas shut off at that address.

"Whats that?" came

back the answer" I sent any gas man to that Haunted house? Dont you fool yourself? You can shut it off yourself if you want to, but none of us will go there" and Penrod was promptly cut off with a loud click of the reciever on the other end of the line.

Penrod grinned sheepishly. "They know this strange house too well" he said "They're scared to death to come here I'll bet if I turned off the gas at the meters the devil would turn it on again. So dont no one light any gas yets in the house any where. It is dangerous.

This phenomena almost set the house on fire. Dont tell our sisters about the fire Phenomena or they wont let us stay here."

"No we wont" said Angelina.

That night Angelina had gone to bed Sally Fielder with her and lying as close as possible to her. Only Joyce was busy studying in the Library and Penrod was sitting up at work over a part of manuscript in the still unrepaired dining room.

As I forgot to mention the upper floor of the house consisted

of two fairly large bedrooms with a sizable foyer between them a kitchen dining room and living (not dead) room.

Angeline was asleep in the bedroom they all occupied and Pernod was writing at a table in the dining room

The night was dreadfully cold and the wind howled most dismally outside

Pernod was not usually trying to be as quiet as she could be but finally Angeline called:

Pernod was it you who was making that funny tapping noise

"Maybe I did" he answered "Is this the noise you mean?" "and he gave a few little taps with the wooden end of the pen holder to his writing table,

"No no no" called Angeline "I hats not the sound at all What I heard was a loud tapping that seemed to come from the wooden kitchen floor beyond you. It was just as if someone was tapping the floor with an iron bar Didnt you hear it?"

"Yes But I didnt pay any attention to it Probably

another crazy phenomena again" Pennod suggested looking around towards the kitchen.

It was at ten o-clock when the taps came on the kitchen floor, and Pennod himself all of a sudden again heard it, first about ten feet from where he sat and then approaching the dining room.

They came first a continual series of taps followed at the same time as if by some body walking in heavy shoes possibly a second or two apart like step by step which sounded just like the

impact of an iron walking came upon the floor. It came towards the dining room.

"That the sound I mean" cried Angeline from the bedroom while Pennod made immediately for the open kitchen door.

An instant later the kitchen light was on.

There was no one to be seen, not a sign of man woman or animal to break the silence of the night. Pennod saw a moving shadow on the kitchen floor but no person in the place.

Without their knowing it the same thing had happened in exactly the same way many times before this and (Pem?) before Pemrod got the word of the trouble in the house.

The first tenants who had rented the place had heard it at least sixty times It came day or night, and always about ten o'clock in the morning and evening.

I may omit any further details of its further occurance since the details were always just the same. Of course though knowing it was the evil spirit doing it, Pemrod and his

two sisters nevertheless did everything in their power to discover the cause. Over and over just for curiosity sake they sountinzed all the flooring of the kitchen in the day or night board by board

Three nights Pemrod took his station by the door as the hour of ten drew near, but if the tapping came with the footsteps it retreated the moment he sprang out into the kitchen and left no vestige of a cause behind it.

At last they gave it up for greater mysteries had come

them. Before I come to those I must mention some minor marvels for I am giving all the events in the order of their occurance.

The next three or four happened in their very bedroom. So far before this they had been left alone.

They came on in four successive nights of their first week in the house and each of them within a minute or two after Pernod was the last to go bed.

Barely had she put his head upon the pillow when she heard a loud

sound as of the dresser (top) toppling over and falling to the floor with a noise that not only shook the bed room but the whole house. It was followed by a strange clattering noise.

He could almost have sworn it was the big dresser in the bed room.

Ida sister sat up Sally dived her head under the blankets with a muffled scream.

But at any rate he had heard some thing like it fall and since there was no reason for it he arose and turned on the light wonder-

ing if the dresser had actually fallen He had now surely a strange feeling, for he saw that every thing was in good order. Nothing in the room had fallen.

The next just before going to bed he heard a sound as of a large box of matches falling from the chiffonier and striking flat on the floor. A period felt almost certain it was a box of matches. But at any rate he had heard something fall. He muttering something to himself relighting the room wondering if the noise had awakened

his sisters and Sally. It had not There was not an object on the floor. He looked all over the room under the chairs and chiffonier in the closet.

There was nothing to see not a thing had fallen.

The next night it was a sheet of paper that swished across the floor through the whole length of the room. Again the sound would be a hand one to mistake.

But there was no such paper in the room, nor was there the slightest breeze to set it in motion.

By this time however Pernod was handly surprised to find no sort of paper in the room or barly where on the whole upper floor which he searched at once.

There was then a few nights when every one could sleep without disturbance Then came another night a dark and stormy one, when there came a louder noise and a more peculiar one

Once more he had handly followed the rest to bed when something both like a long piece of heavy iron pipe and a giant rolling pin seemed to

fall flat on the floor and then roll across the floor and land up against the wall with a resounding bang then roll back again ker lump bang, ker lump bang, ker lump bang until they clattked against the opposite wall and came to a stand still.

The noise had awakened the others and just as usual Sally's head popped out of sight under the blankets.

Of course Pernod bounded out of bed and pulled the string for the light, but there was not a single thing to see upon

the floor. Nor was there any object in the room, or in any other room, which showed the slightest signs of disturbance.

At this point the reader may be possibly muttering "They're little fools to stay in such a place."

The next phenomena was not a big one though it was a very frequent one. Together or apart period on this two sisters or James and Sally Fielders heard it quite often during their day in this place.

They heard it at any hour of the day or night in every room of the

house and literally in every wall and partition. It was so omnipresent that they gave it the playful name of the Universal Click

I now come to something more startling. If any reader had been waiting to hear about foot falls in the house without the tapping sound they are not going to be disappointed

There were footfalls to be heard all over the house. They began on their first Sunday in the place and they continued at irregular intervals all through their stay into the

next week Sometimes they would hear them as if tenants of a restless nature occupied the house day & night, though sometimes a whole day would pass without their being heard at all.

First and last they must have heard them at least a countless number of times during the week.

They were very easily heard indeed. No one may need imagine that I am speaking of any muffled sound or noise of an corner of the house.

I am speaking of a steady loud tramp tramp as of

a person with good hard leather heels walking on the floor of the room right over their heads, of almost as often on the floor downstairs when they happened to be on the upper story or in the rooms they occupied themselves.

It sounded like the natural gait of a grown man of heavy build.

There were never any muffled steps, no rational person who heard it could have had the slightest doubt at first that there was someone walking about the house.

Sometimes sounds were as more than one person were walking about in bare feet.

In evidence of this I may recount a single incident out of a good many that happened.

Despite the kind of house it was, it was a case where angelina's defying "spooks" would often stride into the house without troubling to ring the bell, as she had the house keys. The peculiar part of it was one of the evil spirits walked with the same kind of footsteps that angelina afterwards did.

Now one day when angelina was

alone at work upstairs, washing dinner dishes she heard the door open, just as she had heard it that one fearful eventful night and soon after one was walking around in the same footsteps as angelina.

Thinking it might be angelina arriving she called down: "Is that you Cousin?" But she received no answer.

Then she started down the stairway. The footsteps below continued as she descended the going down, and to her surprise the footsteps coming

up. Bravely she determined to block the unseen footsteps by putting herself in the way of the coming sounds but then the footsteps retreated and then ceased altogether.

The front door was standing wide open letting the cold air in. When she reached the lower house floor she found it empty, Hoping it might work Angeline cried out:

"What ever manner of spirit you are well you have sense enough to close the door next time?"

To her amazement the door closed of

itself as if some unseen person obeyed her.

"And keep it closed after this" she bawled out.

By the time of this incident (of which) have gone ahead in my story the little girl became very familiar with all the ways of the thing which they had now come to call the mischievous but not really dangerous devils.

So it was no surprise to Angeline to find an empty room where had just heard some body walking — she had known the

something to happen too many times before. She merely muttered something about the old demon at his usual tricks and went back up to her work.

Instantly the thing walked in and around the lower room again just as before.

This time Angeline stole noiselessly down the steps Again the footsteps retreated more quickly than before. Again the room was bare and once more after a good look about the place and into the street Angeline went back upstairs.

Blankly was she back at work above when it all began.

slowly again the feet came over the threshhold and walked above the lower floor.

But this time Angeline stayed where she was.

There was no use creeping downstairs any more, they all had tried it except Sally who was afraid so many times before and failed.

So she simply paid no attention to the thing and then in a moment came a voice:

"Busy up there Angeline?"

It was the cheery voice of Angelina's aroused and Angeline knew not fear that there was no difference in her

ear between the foot-
steps of the Thing and
the footsteps of ange-
limia and Lucy.
The grandest of the
various demonstrations
and the most terrific
was a noise that could
have been easily heard
for more than two miles.
angeline called it:
"Our Grand church organ
Smash" for she or
her sister have no
better way to tell what
it was like.
It was not much of
a noise no? neigh
bors as far Hal
sted street and north
avenue heard it
very distinctly, and
the House was
on Van Buren
street west.
The Thing came

on them about the
middle on at 11,30 noon
noon, on the first
Sunday of January and
a dread fully cold
day it was.
In the Library that
late morning they
heard a variation
of tune ful crashes
which was enough
to deafen their
ears and set the
whole house quiv-
ering as if there
was an earth
quake.
It was just as
if a grand huge
Church Pipe organ
with all the high
pipes toppling had
suddenly lost its
legs and going
way crashed over
the balcony to the

Congregation flew below, with the big musical pipes breaking off and bounding here and there with a terrific prolonged booming dim. The noise lasted nearly a minute. All neighbors near by came crowding from their houses in the greatest excitement expecting the Haunted house had crashed in or been blown up by a big bomb.

What was their astonishment to find the house intact as if nothing happened.

Yet no one had the nerve to come nearer than the fence and gate.

Yet there was not a piece of furniture in the entire house that could have ever made such an uproar in toppling.

Sally Fielders was so scared she ran into the bedroom and hid under the bed her heart beating unruly with convulsive fright.

Joice, Angeline and Penrod took no time to wonder about the cause of the din. They plunged down the steps for the library to look at the disaster and probably they were there within three or four seconds after the crash had resounded.

There was not a hint of anything wrong. Not even a book on a sheelf had fallen, no book case door was even open.

All was in perfect order. Of course they went over all the house and all around the attic but only to find every thing exactly as it should be. There was not a trace of a reason for the terrific crash that they heard.

They heard the noise of the crowd outside and a goodly number of police men receiving a next call appeared but these too knew the

house and only came as far as the gate questioning members of the crowd.

Pernod pressed on the electric light push button to put out the light that was burning for some unknown reason with the sunlight streaming into the library windows but though the switch worked the electric bulbs wouldnt go out.

He was flabbergasted. Here was another phenomena. Taking the globe from the socket didnt work. It stayed on. He left the light lit.

Ide found out later that the lights came on at the same time of the crash, There was a strange smell in the house after that,
The same thing happened again at least twice again that following night with the same startling results frightening the nuns out of the neighbors, and on Tuesday evening following.
The reason for possible doubts about the fifth time will be apparent soon. Except for Angelina Aronzing they had hardly a visitor all this time for nobody who knew the place came

near it and those who didnt know it were not permitted by the police to approach it.
The devil worshippers had not yet been found,
But on Tuesday afternoon Father Carney came at Mrs Jerrys pleading.
Father Carney is about the toughest minded skeptic in all their acquaintance though Violet or her sisters are anything but giddy or nervous.
All the same Penrod thought it best to give the priest a word of warning into his unbelieving ears, Penrod therefore poured a good part of the story of what had gone on.

It was a total waste of breath. His whole story was scouted.

"And for my part" concluded the priest "I wish to Heaven I could hear a little from your precious evil spirit"

That late evening the two little girls Joice and Angelume went to lie down and rest while the priest and Pernod stayed in the dining room to grapple with some high class religious instructions They were soon deep in the complicated work when all of a sudden came a loud shocking click like the explosion of a big fire cracker on the

plastered wall right behind the priest's head. He glanced at the wall but it was as firm as before not even the slightest crack anywhere.

"Your friend the universal Cluck?" he inquired.

"Yes its the universal Cluck but no friend of mine"

"Some universal snap in the drying wood no doubt." he answered as he eyed the wall.

That wall however had no wood partition behind it Pernod went on with his list. Whatever happens

Pennod resolved I shall simply ignore it I shall work on, and leave it to him."

In about twenty twenty minutes the familiar foot falls with the tap tap tap, of the iron walking stick sounded directly in the kitchen.

With all the composure at his command Pennod went on reading, and he did not raise his eyes till Father Carney had shot up out of his chair.

"What on earth is that?" he cried.

"Only the devil" Pennod answered.

"The devil your Grand mother There's an old hobo who got into your kitchen with a walking cane

in the kitchen. Come on."

In a few seconds they were in the kitchen which was well lighted but of course there was nothing to be seen, not even a shadow this time and Pennod exulted as he watched his handcuffed priestly friend search in amazement for what he knew he would never find.

I will say for him that he made a thorough hunt. He ransacked rooms and pried and prodded into a closet.

He tiptoed then pattering of an upper balcony and examined the roof with a searchlight

But he had to give up.
They did not do any more work that night.
They talked about the thing, and the phenomena for quite a while.
"Your other sisters in the hospital had better not know" he cautioned.
"They do know" said Pernod
The priest soon left and Pernod went to bed Shortly after he went to bed he heard his sisters get up and walk around a little and he heard also the muffled voices of some body else.
There after all was silent for the night
H is first glance at his sisters next

morning told him they had met with excitement
"What was that awful crash last night?"
"Crash?"
"Yes"
"What crash?"
"That fearful crash after we went to bed? It sounded like the ceiling falling in the kitchen"
"Tell me what you heard" he begged
And they told him.
They gave him an accurate description
the Grandchurch Pipe organ crash just as it had been heard three times before — and as Pernod did not hear it for some unfathomable reason the fourth

time he could not have described the noise more truthfully.

And as his sisters did acknowledge that they had been terrified - so terrified that they had got up and taken still more frightened Sally Fielders into the bed between them. Period was more than surprised.

Without an exception the few persons who have their story hitherto have said a good deal about the creaking of the planks in wooden houses and a good deal about mice and rats.

But since the glandico-Abbrannian war they had

lived in many a wooden house old or new and they know all the noises that boards are wont to make.

They heard many a creak in this house, but they were never tempted to confuse one or any of them with any noise such as was here described.

They had also lived on close terms with rats and mice and are familiar with their ways.

There were plenty of them in the house when they first moved in. But they set traps and caught them all within

a few days, and even before then they had never twirled a rolling pin, iron pipe or upset a grand church pipe organ.

When they hear about creaking boards and scampering mice the little girls merely have to do their very best at managing a weary smile.

I ought to say too they are not the kind of little girls who would naturally keep open house for ghosts or demons and they never have had a shadow of belief in spectral visitants.

To this day the occupants of this house no better

notion of what the phenomenons are than of what lies on the other side of the moon.

They should certainly like to know but they gravely doubted whether they ever shall.

They do not believe in ghosts and as to demons possessing the house they have no final doubts now. For something strange was loose in that house and they were determined to discover what it was.

Yet for sometime angeline and Grace doubted it was caused by demons

because, Holy water blessed candles and crucifixes failed to prevent the (phenomenas) phenomenons. They seemed to make it worse and there was one crucifix no one dared to touch.

To punish someone for some unusually big sin angels could possess a places and work the same sort of phenomena to ruin a wicked & and land and no device within means can drive angels away.

They had read of the Sisson clip and that phenomena was not caused by fiends, but by the soul of the

man for whom the owner of the Inn had refused a priest when he was dying.

Penrod himself believed that whether they were evil spirits or not, they were not at all afraid of his sisters for they worked so many phenomenons and right in their very bedroom.

Penrod however was furious. He feared his sisters were bested by these demons or spirits.

If they were really angels punishing the Sand-lot for.

allowing unholy negroes to live in his house them he or his sisters would have no right to interfere if they knew who they were He said to Angeline.

"I dont believe the evil spirits are afraid of you dear sis,"

"It does seem very strange" said Angeline. "But I or Joice dont intend to do any thing until our other

sisters come out of the hospital. Maybe they are scared and work at a distance"

"Cant be possible" declared Pernod "The Phenomenons are too close and localized. Maybe they're really scared to touch you but we cant drive them out of there no more than we can drive hydrophobia out of a tiger"

Maybe after all they're not demons" said Joice "for all the religious articles even blessed dont help."

"But they should help" said Pernod, "there's something [illegible] speculation here"

and I'm going to find out I've read books on all things possessed and how such manifestations are committed but these phenomenons are all together new to me. Father Casey believes me but I believe he has no time to do anything for us."

"maybe he is afraid." said James.

"I think so too" added Sally.

"and I know you are too" said Penrod seriously you run like a deer and become under the bed for every big phenomenon that happens."

"I cant help it" admitted Sally. "I'm afraid they'll do something terrible to me."

"They won't if you remain close to my sisters" declared Penrod. "But don't you dare wander about this crazy house all alone. If you do we are not responsible what happens."

"I'll tell you what Penrod" exclaimed Grace "you left the miracle medel with Violet?"

"Yes I did for safe keeping"

"Well when we go to the hospital to morrow ask Violet to consult a and let you have it" the angels

will answer her as well as you."
"Thats a good idea" answered Elmrod "if its angels possessing this house we cant do a thing. And we wouldnt even ask them to go away We fight demons only and-"
"I just thought of something" put in James "If they are angels then why would they annoy you and your sisters with all these crazy phenomenons? Or if your sisters are what they are then they dont deserve this even if they did come into this house at all Reverman's

request Angels are good faithful creatures and wouldnt annoy no one. I'll bet we're in a house possessed by demons."

"But" said Violet after Angelina explained things to things to her "Angels never do work such crazy phenomenons as that There some-thing wrong with that house but I'm sure its not angels Are you sure there negroes didnt make up any sort of electrical device to create those phenomenons? to scare people out of the house?"
"No indeed" said

Angeline. We had expert electricans who were not afraid of the house, to look over all electrical wiring, and they were able to prove there are no such devices, and how could electrical devices cause the sound of unseen persons to walk about the house are of them with 'am iron cane?"

"Are there no secret rooms in the house?"

"None whatever"

"Then it is strange" admitted Violet. But whatever it is it is not angels, Remember the possessed house we were in in California? We conquered

that and the phenomenons there were worse than in this house, and they certainly were not caused by angels. Didnt the police find those devil worshippers yet?"

"Nope" said Pernod, "Maybe they died and are the devils themselves" said Jemmie thoughtfully

"no they didnt" said Pernod, "he Sandland gave me all the details about them."

Pernod and his sisters Joyce and Angeline didnt think it wise just then to tell Violet or the others of the fire Phenomena.

It would have been
unfair for them if they
had.
"Nevertheless" said Pen-
rod, I want to make
sure what it causing
it, where's the medal."
She produced it.
He asked the question
and getting the prompt
answer handed it back
to Violet. She and
her sisters looked at
him questionly.
He was grinning.
"Well whats the news?"
she asked.
"Demons" he an-
swered and one
is eaten him-
self. There are thirty-
eight in the house."
"Thirty eight?" they
all echoed.
"Yes and bold
and stubborn ones

too. It'll take every
one of us to co-
operate against them
One of them the
strongest is a small
demon by the
name of Mike.
For this favor
the owner must
let us have the
house free rent
for the rest of
the time we stay
here. If he agrees
and signs the ag-
reement we'll clear
the place of the
spirits. We can
do it. But he must
help help us
trace those negroes"
"Who will see
him?"
"We'll have
him come to this
spiritual room,"

declared Pernod, I'll go and phone him now"
"Pernod did so. Coming back he said:
"Mr Reserman will be here in half an hour. The reason I propose this is the demons are friends the worse devils of all and to any person of other kinds beside ourselves they would be extremely dangerous. One of a small one who walks like Angelinia Arongbung and his name is Anuke Hes the strongest demon despite his size. Its going to be a very difficuet job to get them to go and thats

why I decide we aint doing this for nothing. The devil worshippers are really responsible for this but are dangerous persons themselves and I'll tell Burns to night they must be arrested if found or they will make us trouble for doing this in the house. The main thing is the proposition with Mr Reserman. If he doesnt agree we move out of the house to manau.
We wont and should not do this responsible thing for nothing. And the angel told me not to do it for nothing If we do

favor for him he must face us"

Seseman came. He was ushered into the room by the nurse. He stared in amazement as he saw the seven little girls they were so beautiful.

He awkwardly sat down on the (chair) chair indicated by Pernod then Pernod said. "We took occupation of your house as you asked us to."

"What happened?" he asked "were my tenants right or did they get fooled or imagined it?"

"Well" said Pernod one of the Phenomenas was an excellent one. It was a nice hot one

a record breaker It come near burning your house down, did any of the (fallen'd) tenants tell you of that?"

"No my boy"

"Well that's what really happened" and Pernod showed him the book in which Angeline had written down all the manifestations.

Mr Seseman looked aghast

"Do you and your sister think you can help me?" he asked.

"I think." There's no thinking about it We can do it, but it'll take time."

Pernod then pro-

docu produced a sheet of paper on which he had written a lot of words.

"This is something very interesting" he said. "Sign this agreement, and we'll get rid of the evil spirits so fast that they will never again dare disturb the quiet of your house"

Mr Seserman glanced over it quickly almost carelessly

Without a word he signed his name down with a grand flourish.

In fact he was a generous kindly old man. All tenants in others of his houses had the highest good recommen-

dation about him and felt sorry for all his troubles. He handed the paper to Pennod saying:

"You could stay in the house forever rent free if you wish. You are little angels your self."

Chapter Thirty.
"Beautiful Phenomenons." and what they might do about them

Two days later Violet was able to leave the hospital her other sisters to follow to morrow. On her first day home Violet learned about phenomenons.

While Pennod and his two sisters Joice and Angeline were at work in the bedroom, Violet was in the kitchen preparing breakfast. It was half past seven, she heard the mysterious foot steps with the tapping of the iron walking stick, but knowing what it was paid no attention.

Sally who was

sitting on the kitchen chair appeared too scared to move.

"Dont be so timid Sally" said Violet almost disgustedly "It cant hurt you when you are with us".

At this moment Violet had been busying herself at different tasks in the kitchen. Just after she spoke to frightened Sally she suddenly pricked up her ears.

"Did those sounds come in from the street? But they seemed to be so near to her. How could the tunes of a big street

hand organ possibly be coming from the library, and still they really seemed

She flew out of the kitchen, across the dining room and tore open the library door.

On the library came the sounds as of somebody playing the instrument with all his might but no body was in the room, and it was the craziest music any one could ever have heard.

Though Violet feet queer she was not scared.

"Stop it. stop it right away." she called loudly step ping into the room.

All at once the invisible organ grinder stopped playing and all became quiet for her shrill little voice drowned the music.

She heard the footsteps of that spirit going out literally walking past her.

Sally who had followed Violet clung to her arm.

She always felt that if she was once left alone in the house the demons might do harm to her.

The next day Violet witnessed the fire phenomena It was more startling than the

one witnessed by Pennod and his two sisters, Angeline and Dorce. I don't want to bore the reader by a lengthy description of the phenomena, so I'll state that this time it came of itself without any gas light on, and enveloped it, like a fiery shroud the dining room kitchen and living room having its origin this time in the library, being black fire instead of golden or red. It lasted only ten seconds not long enough to scorch anything much but it drove Violet fairly out of the house,

in surprise and panic. I wont say she was scared but the strange phenomena threw an awful immeasurable heat, and she did not want to be turned into ashes so soon.

She was driven out too just in her plain house clothes bare neck and arms. She stayed out only as long as the intense cold permitted her, then shivering she cautiously re-entered the house.

To her the Phenomena were a little more lively for two hours after she

had re-entered the house the well known church again smash occured this time in the dining room and two minutes after that the well known door pounding.

Sometime after these phenomenons her other sisters came home from St Josephs Hospital and to them Violet related what had happened that day.

At first they were dumb founded and wondered whether it was safe for them to remain in the house.

"But if we go and move away" said Grace these evil spirits will think we are afraid of them and gather up courage against

us."

Yes if we wish to keep from Geserman we must stick it out" said Bernad. "The only way we can win is to remain and show the (unclear) wicked devils a thing or two."

Later on other strange things started The evil spirits began pranks of a kind with the hope to make Violet and her sisters quarrel with each other. For instance Angeline found her school copy book in Jennie bed under the pillow and a second time on Jennies drawer

with things written in it that shouldnt be there and Jennie found her school reader in Angelines waste basket. Or for instance Joice had laid her neck lace on her dresser and then couldnt find it. Then later Violet found it in her own coat pocket.

Now not only were the little girls not of a selfish and quarrelsome nature but they knew each as they knew themselves and what's more they knew the demons too well.

The most starting or startling thing was Pernod found a part of the man-

uscript he worked so hard on splotted with ink on several paages and with word-ing in violet, hand-writing saying. "I did this to play a joke on you Pernod"

Confound those evil spirits" he growled savagely "I'd like to throw a two gallon can of the blackest of the most pur-ple indelible ink on them." and my sisters will have to keep every-thing under lock and key."

And they did. But that did no good. Therefore all books and writ-ing materials were

kept locked in their
school desks. That really
out witted the spirits
But the demons had
other plans.
On a Saturday after-
noon Daisy and Sally
Fielders were home
alone, with Mr Jerry
at work upstairs-
Pernod and his
other sisters were
outside clearing off
the side walk fo a
heavy seven inch
January snow storm
had come.
In the dining room,
Daisy never in
her life no Sally
either had ever
heard such a noise
as the crash of
falling and break
ing dishes.
It sounded more

like hundreds of pou-
nds) pounds of big
heavy plates and
platters and stew
bowels falling to
the floor and all
breaking at once. It
was a terrible (roar)
din and caused Daisy
to jump in con-
sternation and Pern
nod and his sisters
outside to immed
iately head for
the house.
The confusion
was awful.
For a few moments
Sally sat speech-
less with ho-
ror and then she
began to howl
at the top of
her lungs.
"Pernod Pernod,
Grace, Jennie, Angeline"

"She could not even pluck up courage to rise from her chair because she feared all the evil spirits who made all that awful noise, might unseen by her, jump on her all at once.

Daisy tried to quiet her but in vain. Then entered Penrod and his sister who had heard the din and wondered exceedingly how the demons could do it.

Did these materials really turn out to be spiritual as was a lot stolen and rendered invisible by the devils?

The next morn-

ing before breakfast Sally forgetting things easily enough went to take a bath.

Violet and her sisters had warned her never go anywhere through the dangerous house alone without one of them being with her for the demon finding her unprotected may attack her although good she was she was not entirely sinless But she forgot and went into the bed room to bathe.

She was only in the tub only ten minutes when suddenly she felt something much

hotter than the water wrap itself around her naked body like a strong arm and lifting her out of the water, near her screaming towards the ceiling and hold her there face down ward and in such a manner that she was terrified.

She had been told that if anything did happen she mustent scream or struggle because then the fiends will strangle her, but what ever held her up was becoming so hot that the pain of it made her scream out for Penrod and his sisters. "Help help" shrieked

Sally "Penrod, Violet help, a demon has got me."

She was let down quickly, and tearing open the bathroom door rushed into the library and bolted the door behind her to be (seem) safe from demons unseen which to her were the most awful things in all creation. In her panic she ran in totally naked.

But suddenly she felt something between her feet.

She looked down at the floor the carpet was starting to rise swiftly in a most mysterious

way with an uncanny hissing sound. She jumped high in the air as she had not done before in all her life and screamed at the top of her lungs.

"Ethnod Violet."

She sank limply down in a chair all at once the carpet went back to its normal position.

In the meantime while Sally Fielders was having this experience which will continue later a tramp or hobo, somehow found the front door wide open and went into the house hoping to steal something to eat

and warm himself because it was bitterly cold outside. Nobody was home for Pernod and his sisters and Sally had gone to evening sermon in the nearest Catholic Church they could find.

The hobo found his way into the kitchen turned on the light and seeing the sink went to it for cold as he was he was very thirsty.

"Whew" he said to himself "I need this water in my throat as never before in my dust"

He filled the glass with cold water.

He heard footsteps

on the steps going to the room above with the room came but paid no attention. Holding the glass tight he proceeded to drink when it appeared as if the very glass was talking. It said

"But ease dont squeeze me so hard."

The hobo was so started that he dropped the glass to the floor where it broke.

"Oh now you've dropped me" came the voice apparently from the broken bits. "for shame"

The hobo leaned back against a table too surprised for words.

"Wow ow, a talking glass" he said to himself in consternation. "Is this a haunted house? Aw-maybe I was just imagining things in this creepy place. maybe it that stuff gave me to drunk. It did taste queer and overstrong."

After looking around he proceeded to light a cigarette as he was holding it in his mouth and started to light it the cigarette apparently spoke.

"Ouch ouch! You're burning me. Ouch ouch"

"What?" he exclaimed in greater consternation. What?

What?" and let the cigarette cigarette fall to the floor and putting himself some distance from where it lay while it said:

"now that you've lighted me you might as well smoke me and get me out of my agony. Dont leave me. Smoke me. Smoke me"

For several minutes he stared in fright at the running weed untill it burned away then taking courage he started to hold the ice box saying:

"Well maybe I aint just hearing things Aw may be its just because I'm getting weak from

hunger. Ah an apple I'm so hungry I could eat the wolf at the door."

As he proceeded to take a large bite of the apple the fruit spoke,

"Those big bites hurt so much. Please take smaller bites - if you have to eat me"

As he dropped the apple in his terror it continued to say:

"I'm very versatile Squeeze me when baked, and I become apple sauce. Press me and I'm cider, hand me sweet. I'll bet you you cant do all that."

At that moment something came to the hobos mind.

"I to ventriloquism from some hidden joke in this place I'll bet. Some kid with a ventriloquist instrument he thought. "I'll find that ventriloquist and fix him."

He searched the whole flat prying into every room there was but found nobody.

"Kids like here with some guardian" only "he muttered to himself "some of them are under the bed I'll bet"

He searched under beds and tables, any place where some one could hide but in vain.

"What strange place this" he said seating himself on a chair in the kitchen and proceeding to eat a piece of chicken he'd stole from the ice box "What am experience, all objects talk. I suppose this piece of chicken will scream at me next" and as he sat on the chair it suddenly talked.

"I beg your pardon but you're sitting on me."

He jumped suddenly to his feet with the ejaculation of shaving something on some body.

"What th-" he cried facing the chair "I'm sorry if-" but the chair continued "after all it was not really polite of you to plump down on me like that was it"

"Say what is this?" he howled gazing in abject horror at the chair.

"I'm a talking chair and you impolitely sat down on me" came the answer.

"Yeow" he screeched "a talking chair. I must be going batty" and he fled from the kitchen through the dining room into the library and stood against a book case mopping the sweat of

terror from his brow with his handkerchief. As he was standing there a strange looking spectre approached the frightened hobo in the possessed house.

It was a demon assuming the appearance of a ghost. He was moving forward and at every step he made the peculiar tap, tap, tap, so very familiar to Pernod and his sisters with an iron walking cane. Though it appeared as clean as if of flesh and blood the hobo thought sure he could see straight

it like glass.
"It s-a its a-ghost" he gasped "I can see- see right through it".
The spectre walked up to the hobo and in answer to the terrified mans question "Who- who- are you?" answered in a sad gloomy voice- "I used to live here many years ago. A fire broke out in this place. I was trapped and burned to death. I just melted away like this".
And before the hobos startled eyes the spectre melted away like hot butter on a red hot stove lid. The hobo

fled in panic from the library into the dining room and slamming the library door shut locked it. But three seconds later the spectre again reappeared in front of the terrified hobo saying.
"Why did you run away from me".
"Go away from me" yelled the hobo "or I'll pock you one on the puss" (which means face)
But the spook surely would not go. Instead it said:-
"Won't you listen to my story? The fire got hotter and hotter-"

"Get away from me" stormed the tramp. "and hotter and hotter" continued the spook.

The hobo swung with his right but his fist passed right through the sad spectre.

"and I just melted away like this"

and again the sad spectre melted away like hot butter.

Tearing at his hair desperately the hobo burst out with "I'm-going-crazy"

When the did he recover his wits he rushed out of the house crying-out "I knew that ghost. I thought I'd go looney"

Conrad and his sisters and Sally were just returning home from church when the hobo came running out and as he almost ran into Angeline they heard his startling words.

"I knew that ghost I thought I'd go looney"

He was out of sight in the darkness before they could guess what had happened and what terrified the tramp.

When they got inside they searched the place but they found nothing stolen though some of the rooms

were not arranged
as they had left them
and they found the
ice box Linde open.
Whether the terre
spirits intended to
or not they indirectly
saved their place from
being raided by the
thieving hobo.
But they could not
understand where
he had seen a "ghost"
for they knew the
house had demons
and not spectres. And
spectres would not
stay in the same
house with demons.
"I believe" exclaimed Pennrod "that the monsen that annoyed us scared him out like
surely didnt
see "anything"

I'll bet he'll never
forget this as long as
he lives" said Angeline
"He looked to me like
a hobo" declared Janice.
"For he had on a ragged
overcoat and a torn
dirty cap and was
not at all shaved."
Seeing nothing gone
they let the matter
drop and straightened
out the place.
Sally Fielden really
regretted not warning
Pennrod ahead of time
should let monsters
know before she
went to take the
bath.
No matter how
often she had
been scared out
of her wits by
the phenomenons
nothing had ever

happened to her dur-
ing the time she stay-
ed so constantly close
to the little Vivian girl.
However it did her
no good to flee to the
Library for as Angelique
Grace and Penrod had
found out the Library
was troubled more by
evil spirits than the
rest of the house and
nearly any person was
in the most greatest
danger in that room
which was the most
dangerous in all
the building.
And Sally had
fled into this dan-
gerous room believ-
ing she could escape
from the demons
not thinking of
the consequences
of going into the

dangerous Library
Fortunately Violet and
her sister were look-
ing for her or other
wise she would not
have seen another
day
For nearly twenty
minutes Sally sat
in that chair and
phenomenons seemed
to have stopped she
began to regain
some of her courage.
Then she discov-
ered she did not
have her crucifix
around her neck
having taking
it off when she
was taking her
bath
No wonder she
was molested.
She rose from
her chair to go

out and get it. So her
her dread the key
would not turn in
the lock she was
locked in.
As she turned she
saw a horrible appa-
rition it had a
human form in
some respects with
gigantic black feather
like wings
It seemed as if
the toenails and
fingernails of the
huge hands were
like five scythes
and six toes
and a head that
had such hed
ious features that
Sally screamed
ed one claw
he struck through
the sweaty cham
ber swinging

it down with a great
noise and with
its hand scream-
ing fearfully and
fully she dodged
it aimed to grasp
at Sally.
She shrank back
speechless with ter-
ror fifteen feet high
it lunged towards
her, turned into
a bale of burn-
ing flame and
disappeared.
Then instant
ly she felt a
sensation that
made her cough
violently and
steadily and tried
to scream but
only gurgled and
gasped.
She tried to
make for a win-

to jump out but
something unseen
held her fast by
the throat increas-
ing the pressure
She was slowly
rising into the air
and she kicked
and struggled but
to no avail.
The pressure was
not so strong yet
to force her tongue
out but she could nt
breathe and that
made her desperate
Then came a loud
pounding on the
Library door.
Probably the
pounding Phemo
mentioned. The grip
tightened dread-
fully and then
mouth opened
and her tongue

began to protrude
while she strug-
gle. The pound-
ing continued more
louder It came crash
after crash It didnt
sound like phem-
oments Sound one
was really trying
to force the door.
The full pressure
was on her throat
now and she became
too feeble to struggle
she grew faint as
her tongue came all
the way out.
Then came a
terrific bang against
the door and it
crashed open with
a slam.
Pemrod and some
of his sisters came
in. Pemrod hold-
ing an iron bar

Sally fell limp to the floor gasping for air as the unseen strangle hold was suddenly gone.

"A demon chocked me" she gasped.

Violet and Grace lifted her to her feet Pernod had gone out because Sally was naked.

When Violet was keeping Sally to dress others were investigating the library with the greatest astonishment as they did so the rays of the sun streamed in through the window and lighted up a strange bleached transparent figure

that was standing quite still near the large reading desk.

"Who's there" bellowed Pernod so loudly that the sound echoed through the library. Pernod, Grace and Catherine with little Daisy started towards the figure with holy water and weapons warning it turned on them and uttering a low cry disappeared.

And in the meantime there stood Sally with bare feet barely half dressed shaking and trembling from top to toe like a small leaf in the

wood,
"I honestly believe Pernod the evil spirits will get her yet" Violet said
"Sally what does this mean?" Hetlie asked after a moments pause "What were you after? Why did you go into the Sundry without telling us"?
Still pale with fright Sally stood before them and told them the whole truth.
"and why did you go to take the bath without telling one us?" asked Violet reproachfully
Sally answered, "I forgot."
Then Pernod

coming back from the Sundry took a hand on what was going on.
"My dear sisters" he said. "This is a case for me to deal with. Go into the living room and sit down for a while in dun easy chairs or davenport first of all I'll take Sally into the dining room."
With these words he handed his revolver to Violet took the shivering child's hand in his and went off towards the dining room with her.
"Just dont be afraid of anything" he said kindly as they walked towards

the dining room "but we must be careful and quiet so as not to arouse the evil spirits again. Dont you care nothing bad will happen again"

When they were in the dining room he heeped Sally on the davenport and had her to lie down. Then he sat down on the davenport close to her head and waited until she was a little quieter and no longer shook so terribly He put his hand on her head and said:-

"There we are Everything is all right again Now suppose you tell me why you forgot and

went into the bathroom unguarded?"

"I for a moment forgot the house had evil spirits So I forgot and went in there alone of course and I didnt expect they'd do any thing to me either Then I just found some thing grab hold of me all of a sudden"

"Oh I see So you remember if you had ever seen any-thing in the library, for we heard an awful screaming sound just as plain as anything"

Yes but I cant really tell what it was like It

came towards me and its long feathery wings sounded like fir trees rustling out of doors I ran fast and tried to open the door but something I couldnt see grabbed me by the neck and choked me"

Sally began to twist about and to swallow down the lump that somehow would rise in her throat

"Huh And when you was taking your bath did you leave your holy articles on the bath room like I told you too?"

"Oh mon I just forgot them"

I see Sort as if you thought the evil spirits would not

think of attacking you"

I forgot all about them."

"Are you now getting afraid to live with us any longer since the evil spirits attached you"

"Oh my no you cant think how nice it is here with you and your sisters"

Sally could not go on. The thought of the fright she had received the excitement she had just passed through the weeping she had been holding back no wonder these things got too strong for her. The tears began to flow from her

eyes in a perfect stream and she broke out into loud and violent sobbing

Pernod laid Sallys head gently down on the Davenport pillow and said

"There now go ahead and cry as much as you like and then have a nice after noon sleep. Some of my sisters will stay with you and everything will be all right But never take that cry cloth off."

Then Pernod stole from the room and three of his sisters entered.

When he was again in the kitchen he settled

down in a chair by the breakfast table and explained things to his other sisters They listened with eager attention

"First of all" he said "the demons are not afraid of Sally The same one spirit who opens our front door every night and scared every tenant out of this house is the same one who attacked her The dwarf mike is the strangler and the noise maker If we are not careful the "little mike" will kill her yet Something must be

done in a hurry) there is only one hope to stop these attacks upon her and for the bad 'state' of her nerves caused by these phenomena keep the little girl in our own bedroom every night) there is only one way out of her second trouble, and that is to do the very same thing) his situation is not one that can be stopped by pra prayer and incantations alone Sally is not very strong but she can buck up with us. We also have to do some thing and we can. But those

devil worshippers must be found. Do you think we can do anything to cure these phenomenons without information from them, no sister, dear that's too much to expect. We can't do it and never shall without their apprehension. We promised to take the situation in hand treat the condition of the house do anything we can, but first those negroes got to tell us what caused this. We must have their help) they did this they must undo it"

Chapter 31
The negro worshippers.

The story I have to tell this time is a ghastly indictment of human lethargy and shortsightedness in dealing with the homicidal spiritual pervert by so many disbelieving the condition of Mr Sesemans house and the unspeakable horror within.

It is sequel but used to the previous horror of the fierce attack upon Sally Fielders and I the writer declare before god that it need never have happened if parents would listen to reason and keep by force their children away

from Sesemans dangerous house
A little nine year old girl had been strangled raped and horribly murdered, not by a wicked sex maniac monster this time as at first suppose but by one of the fierce demons in Sesemans house itself
It occured when Ermod and his sister went to school with Sally. Miss Jenny who dared not remain in the horrible building without them being present occupied herself by coming into their class room and during

odd and end work
for the teacher. Whether
it was the little girls
fault or not she
had unwarily enter
ed the building to
show a gas man
who did not know
the nature of the
house where the
gas meters were.
Everything was
all right when they
returned from the
basement They
had got into the
house but because
as usual the front
door was always
no mysteriously
opened.
When reaching
the hall the
name Hallie Sally
no dreaded the
gas man was

thrown out by some
mysterious unseen
force or other and
probably seeing
a horrible appar-
ation, the little
girl fled into the
kitchen
The frightful
apparation pursued
and attacked
her. No little girl
had ever been
strangled as hard
as she had been
as protruded
her tongue so
far. In this dread
ful scene while
she struggled
feebly no one
in the world
can imagine
what yelling and
hideous roaring
the spirit made.

during all the time he was choking her — it spoke like a dragon, and on the other hand what struggles the child made for her life

But in this case there had been ample warning both as regards the character of the house and its many unseen tenants and the social danger spot of the place itself

Local and Special authorities had promised the visitors the finding of the negro deserve worshippers, probably they were doing all they could in this direction.

But so far they could not be found, and yet the worse had come to pass.

I refer to the butchery of little Pauline Flannigan in the downtown section of Chicago by an unknown unseen demoniacal demi degenerate a felon demon 'who obsessed the strangely afflicted house.

The hellish deed took place in the early afternoon of the same day of the morning Sally had been attacked. I confess this causes me to lose my scientific purpose would society

even learn by experience if this really would have happened. Early that morning one of the demons if not the same one had ravished and tried to slay Sally Fielders while naked when taking a bath and she is aged ten.

If this would really happen would Society ever realize that just demon monsters in spiritual form would really do this?

Remember the horrible life poor Job lived because Satan possessed him?

Who would have the nerve to try

to sweep from under privileged neighborhoods evil spirits & where it could be so easy for them to operate perhaps the lesson will be driven home now.

First let me refresh your memory about the Sally Fielders outrage so that this latest horror may be viewed in true perspective.

She was taking her bath. She was attacked in the bath tub managed to escape to the library where she was almost strangled to death by a dreadful shape. The demon saved her life.

The police knew only too well whom and what to expect and suspect They knew that Seremarks house was rotten with spiritual demonical perverts roving free in the infested house and that a smaller demon having the footsteps of Angelinia Canonbury was the most dangerous and motorious of them all and the chief mischief maker.

Then I in the early afternoon Violet was the first to return home from school, it being a dark gloomy stormy day and it was almost like night

and snowing heavily at one below zero

After taken of her coat and hat she went to the bathroom to wash herself and comb her hair then to the kitchen to prepare supper for the others

A davenport like chair was standing in the middle of the kitchen. She was surprised for she or all the others never put it there It belonged in the sitting room

As she wondered exceedingly and thought it odd a strong scent of blood assailed her nostrils.

She at the same time thought that the chair bulked strangely on the seat in the semi-darkness. Then as she switched on the light (it was a wonder the demons allowed her to turn it on) she perceived to her consternation that the nude body of a child was draped face downward across the back of the chair.

Blood covered the floor around the chair.

Violet rushed over choking back a scream of instinctive terror.

She realized in a few seconds seconds that she

was looking at a gutted corpse. Internal organs lay on the seat of the chair and some under the body. A sash cord had been very tightly looped four times around the neck.

The mouth was wide open and the tongue was sticking far out into the light. The face was bloody.

A pair of short white socks and red sandals constituted the only clothing.

On the floor close to the dangling feet was an orange colored molasses candy bar wrapper

At the first glance Violet had recognized the pathetic victim. The child was a daughter of a Flannigan family not of the one who warned Pernod and his sisters about entering the building but of another.

Pauline Flannigan the youngest of four children her three brothers Jack Mike and Denny being ten twelve and fifteen years old respectively.

Pauline was just nine but very small looking for her age a lovely little girl with a smiling open countenance popular among the

neighbors because of her extreme friendliness. The hysterical sobbing alarm given by Violet brought detectives at top speed from the nearest police station.

They however had to summon all their courage to dare enter the forbidden house. They wouldn't go in however until Violet supplied them with cards to wear around their necks. They were followed by the assistant medical examiner who seeing what building it was said:

"Not for me. I'll stick my head into a lions mouth.

before I'll enter that building and no one can make me. They will have to bring the body out"

For some time none of the police or not even the members of the arriving homicide squad would even think of daring to go into the very grounds. When the Coroner arrived

He hesitated at first but finally did with visible assuming him full protection with him by his side.

They sprints wont touch any one with me" he said truthfully

It is verdict but

the seal of ultimate horror upon the strange tragedy.

Pauline had been assaulted in a criminal manner by the unseen powers of darkness. Her body had been mal treated and gutted with most brutal violence, the back being also lacerated when it had been ground against the rough kitchen floor. Consummation of the rape was incomplete, though they had not been for want of making the attempt. In the coroners opinion she had died of strangulation prior to the

sexual attack. Demons practically leave no clues which might serve to establish the identification of demon killer. And it would do no good if any clues were found do to try to "lay" a demon is impossible and very dangerous.

The candy wrapper was traced to a large store around the corner.

The proprietor stated that he had sold a number of the molasses bars during the morning but was quite sure that none of these sales had been made to to Pauline whom he knew

well He could not at all furnish a description of any adult purchasers.

It was impossible to go further with the theory that the candy had been used by any man monster to lure the child into the house and then to make believe the demons had killed.

No one could determine where the sash cord (undercord) came from as none had even been in the premises.

Nothing had been left behind by the slayer. And besides no knife or instrument of any kind

had been used in the dismemberment process. Something like great gigantic claws had torn her body open not literaelly open but almost apart, and strangen yet her heart and lungs were not in the body and could not be found any where.

Pauline was the little daughter of Frank John Flammigan fourty eight old in years a brick layer foreman of good social standing, and his wife Amelia, 32. This worthy couple collasped when they were informed of the tragedy.

The most peculiar part of it was that no one could remove or dare try to remove the sash cord around the childs neck.

There was some thing queer about it for any person who tried to remove it felt a sensation like an electric shock of severe force and rubber gloves didnt help.

Later through Mrs Flanniqan and neighbors it was possible to trace the childs movements untill a half hour before the body was dis-

covered Pauline had left home at 9.30 a.m. in her school clothes which was missing, not kissing. Her mother had given her a quarter a few minutes after school was out for dinner she called at the flat of Mrs Annie Rooney to ask for her little daughter, Dorothy Gale Rooney a school mate.

The woman ar told her that her little daughter was resting out of town.

At twelve thirty Mrs Jennie Saunders a tenant of Mrs Budget Flannigan looked out of the window

and saw Pauline crossing the street alone in the direction of her home. At one thirty Dolores Martin eight, saw Pauline tramping in the deep snow in front of the afflicted house within a few feet of the gate entrance but inside the forbidden grounds. She was with Dolores six year old brother Henry. She had called saying "You know what mother said about going near that house". The one said she could not

be mistaken about the house because she was on her way to the movies and had looked at a clock.

So the time when Pauline had gone into the dreadful building to her doom was absolutely fixed within a matter of a few minutes. Yet no one had chanced to observe the demon monster who had trapped her.

Investigators still believing it might have been done by a madman or a sex monster made a careful search of the child's clothing in ash

cans, rubbish heaps and back yards throughout the district. They extended the quest to Department of Sanitation plants where all garbage from that section of Chicago is received.

Two suits of clothing which seemed to answer the description were located but Mrs. Flannigan declared that neither of them had belonged to her daughter. Pauline's clothes were never found.

Detectives of the city of Chicago the same detectives who had every time aided the little Williams when in trouble feel

back on their best bet in a (window) case of this kind.

They were determined more than ever now to locate the negro dene worshippers.

They began a round up of all the negroes in their districts and precints. But they were not destined to arrive at an early solution.

Probably they were not in Chicago.

Now more than 500 negroes were taken to the Wespleans Street station along with twenty four hours and Mr Geseman asked to identify them at one time. Forty men and 30 women all

negroes were waiting in line to be questioned by Detective Burns, and the Deputy Chief inspector and the District attorney, but to no avail.

It seemed very unusual that so many negroes could be called at such short notice in a single precent and I am about to quote some still more startling figures, any way the hords of negroes quizzed

in connection with the strange element inside Sessmans house that drove out all tenants and caused Paulines death were able to prove that they never lived in the house, that the greatest number of them were Protestants, and Lutheran and some Catholics and Christian Scientists.

Of course they were not taken as having anything to do with.

the murder neither were they made prisoners but it was believed if the right ones were found and they could aid the Whitsons something could be done to clear the house of its strange condition.

A negro of the far south side was detained in a South side police station and was found to have a picture of the "haunted" house on his person. It was believed for a while that he was one of the dope fiends, but their ideas had to be discarded,

along with several other false alarms. Two days after the police were without a line on the devil worshippers.

Assuredly they had no notion of what spiritual type they ought to seek.

Detective Burns and others went out to search for them. Tuesday Detective Seesmann went to investigate the report of a crazy phenomenon which was stated on a complaint by Mrs Budget Flannigan herself who lived in and owned the house just opposite.

This woman stated that all trees

in the grounds outside of her own house acted as if there was there the strongest wind blowing and there was not the slightest breeze no serious harm had been done to any of the trees but the behavior of the trees and the strange sounds in the grounds like the loud meowing of pumas with no such things in sight had been extremely suspicious. And besides snow balls actually thrown by unseen (eyes) hands had smashed her front windows. And yet there was reason to think

that the Phenomenons had been stopped by the fortunate arrival of the little Vinians of whom it was said the demons were afraid. The detective learned that the flats on the second floor and the third were not occupied.

The neighbors believed the house to be "haunted." Detective Zeserman from outside the gate looked over the grounds and discovered no damning evidence there.

But residents of the block were eager to gossip about the strange "strangely haunted house." They considered the house as "queer." Two women reported that on January third,

it was 36 to 18 below zero then they had seen queer phenomenons on the grounds of the "Haunted house."

On January eight the day of the strange Pauline murder they had seen a phenomenon among the snow in the grounds, as of a small violent whirlwind, and there was not even the slightest breeze.

Dr. Kelly reported that as he was passing by the gate a stone struck him on the back of the head cutting his scalp badly. Yet he could see nobody who threw it. A moment later a whole brick narrowly missed

his head knocking his hat off. He hasn't passed by that place since.

From that moment Detective Sergeman worked on the theory that demons or a very dangerous phenomenon had killed little Pauline Flannigan.

He had the strange house watched day and night for phenomenon. He followed the faintest lead. Two days after Paulines death the big wooden barn back of the afflicted house was gutted by flames burning down two other neighbouring barns and catching a wooden house back of them.

It was a fierce hot

stubborn fire and the firemen battled most desperately to prevent the fire from spreading to other houses.

The confusion and sounds awoke Pernod and his sisters who saw the awful fire. And it was no phenomenon fire this time. While from window they watched the great fire crackers ware tumbled from the cupboard and wan remarked from the shock of the big barn crashing in, tuneing clouds of sparks up into the sky. Six firemen were struck and injured by flying timbers.

The fire broke out

at eleven o clock at night and it was six A.M. in the morning before it was brought under control It threatened the rear porches of the afflicted house utreef before it was brought under

Whether the fire was caused by a Pre mormena was hard to determine, but suspicion was laid to an neglected bonefire in the alley. However this caused Seseman to start an inquiry to learn if the house had such a record long but it removed slowly as they had to brace all d tenants who had been driven out,

and that was difficult And were where the devil worshippers? They alone could solve the problem.

At 3. P. M. Seseman was notified by a "shadow" that the gas man of the main city Gas works had been in the building. His name was not given It took Burns less than an hour to dash to the house and interview him.

He must have seen something awful for he was hardly in no condition to talk. He was very shaky. Regarding the fate of little Paulina he knew little. Mr Mack stated that on last Friday a very cold day he as follows- I was approaching

near the house knowing nothing of its character. I met little Pauline on the street in front of the gate which was for some unknown reason he couldnt say would not stay shut.

The place is one short block from her (his) home I asked her "Where do you live little girl over there?" pointing towards that crazy house.

She said: no and I live down there down the block.

I then said to her "Do you know that house?"

"Yes sir, I to called the my sterious

house, Its haunted." I laughed out loud and not believing her asked!

"Do you know where the gas meters are in this house there" She said "yes sir."

I then asked her "Will you show me where the gas meters are?"

She said "yes sir" I walked into the grounds with little Pauline for a long distance to the house Pauline walked in front of me and I did not take her hand. I was a fool not having done it.

We found the front door open

to my surprise, but we went on as we thought it was all right We walked a short distance down the hall to the staircase which led to the cellar.

Little Pauline was walking first in front of me. We decended into the cellar and reached the back Little Pauline was still in front of me and as we got to the back she pointed to the gas meters which were much higher than she and she said: "There they are" I maneuvered around until she was directly in back of me.

She again pointed to the gas meters and said: "There they are"

By means of my flash I observed that the gas had not been used, I checked that I was with her in front of me again I walked up the stairs to the hall, as I on the hall was a old wooden cross without Christ on age on it She had looked towards it first and she suddenly screamed in great terror, I looked towards it and became spell bound with horror, The cross was bare before.

It had had no image before I saw a frightful shape through an I gazed on it it seemed (it am) stationary. To my sight it appeared to be a gigantic demon but. It half formed on the under part like a horrid gigantic hand The claws of its feet appeared to be scythes and the arms were stretched almost like our Gods when his hands were nailed to the cross I never saw such enormous such black but stretched wings which were attached as it seems to

the arms The upper form like a human being was naked the face was dreadfully hideous and on the head was a long streamer of cloth I fancied that maybe some yokes put it there to scare us.

But to my great consternation it left the cross and closing its huge wings swiftly moved towards us crawling and a strange doleful cry came from its lips.

Indeed the thing howled dismally as it swung at me with a strange looking cane. I

I drew my revolver and fired at it but the shot did no harm; I in a moment I was too terrified to cry out or move, it grabbed hold of me and actually threw me out onto the yard and I was knocked senseless.
The man told the truth if this even didnt happen to him he would not have been able to save the little girl.
It was the same horrid shape which in the Library had attacked Sally. Pauline fled down the hall

but you cannot escape a spirit. It had her and threw a rope around her throat and drew it so tightly that it was a wonder it didnt cut onto her neck, and tied it. She was strangled to no hand that she died quickly and her tongue remained sticking out until her body was found.
The description of the demoniacal rape is not to be given here it is unprintable.
Police heads, magistrates and city officials reacted vigorously to the awful conditions laid bare by the "haunted house calamity

But no negroes were found who had ever lived in that house.

Burns was the first to speak out. Admitting the helplessness of his and the Police departments under the present difficulties he said:

"Houses of that kind what are we to do with them? Burn them down or dynamite them? That is not our problem and the demons would not let us do it. But somehow or other we must apprehend this situation and some answer must be found to clear that house. Those devil worshippers must be found."

Burns clung to the idea that the devil worshippers could clear up those strange "demon" mysteries if they wished to do so.

Never had a degenerate or a moron strangled any little girl as fiercely as little Pauline had been choked. Her neck was literally twisted and so crushed that with even the removal of the rope in the County Morgue then mouth still remained open, and the tongue protruded the same way.

It had been a difficult job for the body to have the

body removed as well as the organic section on the chair and floor and only the investigating crucifixes dared to enter the house to do it.

All the Police felt absolutely sure that some hidden maniac in hideous disguise killed the child; until they got proof otherwise.

The problem was to get the negroes who lived in that frightful house.

Mr Reserman was questioned in pub house and he told fifteen different stories of well known Phenomenons and told of

the tenants who had been frightened out of the building. Captain George Gallaher of the Homicide squad sent patrolmen to the new homes of thirty five persons mentioned as tenants roused some of them from bed and confronted Mr Reserman with them.

Every single one of the unfortunates truthfully told the police stories of Phenomenons in that house that sent the "creepy chills" through them. They told of Phenomenons already described but extra ones also.

Detectives Murphy Richard Tracy, James Sloan Danny Becker and Charles Cleveland Cleveland took part in the questioning.

One Lennant told of the heads of his chickens and turkeys dropping off and of half rooms being cut in all his clothing. He told also of chunks of burning wood leaping frequently from the fire place. He claimed that all the three week he dared to stay there he heard the sounds of shears in his rooms week in and week out it lasted the twenty four hours

of the day and night - His bed sheets curtains blankets, clothing etc: all showed half moons clipped in them. The clipping had continued as long as he stayed there. For all that time the invisible shears worked on.

"What really drove us out" she added dolefully "was the fire phenomenon, and it was too much for us. My two children died of burns. My wife is still in the hospital. I got rung off too" Many of the police thought to themselves:

"I'll never enter that place."

How narrowly Sally Fielders escaped from such a horrible death, even after her horrible experience when naked in the library, could easily be known. She had been attacked twice again.

Once when her hair was in braids, and when preparing to go to bed they turned around her throat mysteriously and strangled her violet throwing holy water stopped the phenomenona and this happened before Pauline's death.

Then Sally later sat in an arm chair. It threw her out causing her to seriously injure her arm and ride. Fortunately nothing was broken. They threw this possessed talking chair out into the yard setting it afire. The smoke made the most horrid odor imaginable as it burned. Sally was admonished severely by all of the Ursulans never to dare remove the crucifix from her neck and to keep with her Holy Water where ever she goes either inside or outside a through

the house.
Of course with the mischief starting after the dentist, worshippers were gone the house should have been investigated.
Especially before the mischief became dangerous.
It should have been done immediately when the little Pixie moments became apparent. Someman then should have reported it right away at the very first suspicious symptoms.
If that had been done, priests could have been found who could have found me cure to check the

trouble before it had a good start and then there would have been no 'little Pauline' episode to wrench the heart and sear the conscience of Society.
Even as it had been written, many times Violet or her sisters had seen how children looked when strangled by drunken unfortunate Glandeumians but they never looked like little Pauline.
They had seen such sights among war massacres so often that they were almost used to it but this was a new thing.

It would be quite a while before Violet and her sisters could get over it, but even then they did not flee the building. They had no fear for themselves but for Sally, or those who may defy all things and enter the building.

As for Marjorie masters they warned her in the class room not to come near the place.

They would see her in her own home.

There was only one out near to the murder but for a time he was too

scared to tell anything even when the police who interviewed him promised him protection.

When he gave in he said:

I saw it through a window. The room was well lighted by the sun, Something threw a man out of the door. He fled towards the window into which I was looking and suddenly rose into the air towards the ceiling face down wards a rope from the ceiling appeared to tighten around

her neck her eyes bulged her mouth opened and her tongue protruded Then as she grew limp I was horrified to see her belly all of a sudden open out as if torn apart by invisible hands With claws and with her guts dangling out she was thrown across the chair.

Then there was a fearful red flash in the room followed by green colored smoke that faded away. I was too immovable with fear to get away from that horrid sight."

The child was being strangled for five minutes before the tearing

began. While strangling to death, the child had been by unseen hands stripped of her clothes untill she was naked and all that time her struggles had become more feeble while from her protruding tongue blood dripped.

The mayor of Chicago proposed something new to the city commissioner of correction as follows:- Please provide that such a house where evil spirits abound, of thus proven especially the kind that impairs the morals of children be kept

under the strictest observation. In each case have a complete observatory report made up at the completion of the investigation. Immediately upon the finish of this investigation have the investigators arranged before a magistrate under section Eighty one of the Investigation Law, and all the facts submitted in an application to have such a house brought under, or committed to a rigid inspection to see whether it really has secret rooms and whether pranksters are hidden therein."

The plan was

praised in many headquarters though it was pointed out that legislation would be needed to make it fully effective.

"There is a contradiction in the idea in giving a possessed house the strictest once over, on the ground that it is full of unseen murderous demons, then seeking means to destroy the building. When any person of common sense knows the evil spirits won't let you."

Burns declared: "The talk of trying to destroy a house when its a possessed

a obsessed one? do not believe has much common sense within the premises of our city Government laws which presumes such a house to be possessed by hellish spiritual creatures and it is foolhardy for any person no matter who they are who does know of such a place and the quality of the manifestations to enter therein.

But the main question was could they get the proper investigators who were brave enough to enter such a building

"Those dare devil worshippers are the

men we must find" declared Detective Zeserman. "If they left the afflicted house the chances are that somehow by their strange worship they may have indirectly been the cause of the spiritual trouble which some of the neighbors declared began just fifteen days after they moved. And since they are missing they must be on on the strange and very dangerous phenomenon. But what was the motive?"

"Must have been revenge on the landlord for forcing them to

move."

Detective Broun said: "I know Pennod and his sisters will not go on with this if the situation really is hopeless. They're the type of children who never let no' one not evil spirits get the best of them, ghosts, demons or what. They'll fight rather than go back on their par promise to Mr Seseman. But they must need the finding of these devil worshippers to get clues if there are any."

"But" said another detective "the devil spooks committed a horrid murder of a child on

that house) he gutted body was lying across a chair in the "haunted kitchen" but the child was killed in the library."

"All we have "pointed out Captain Schloeder" is the name of Webber Johnson, the leader of the devil worshippers. Have you any other information on him"? What did he look like?"

"None of us ever met him" replied Burns "but some tenants near the obsessed house might know something about him"

Mrs Bridget Flanagan said "I know" Seseman

said.
As the little body was moved to the morgue Captain Sabine started for Mrs Flannigans residence, since it is located in the downtown district which Burns commands he also put himself into the case.
Mrs Budget Flannigan described the negro of a chocolate black color but a handsome old man. about sixty five or seventy years old He was always as she expressed it "dressed to kill," She said he had younger negroes with him, some also little

boys and girls. But also in her poor English of course she told of Pernod and his two sisters inquired about the place before they moved in. She described the boy as a most beautiful lad and his sisters with him were unusually pretty little girls.
"The boy and his sisters were very well dressed" she said it. The lad had on a dark blue short blue suit, purple tie gray hat and the two little girls would be after having a regular cowboy

cowboy outfit on. The boy carried a blue top coat across his arm. The three children had pink cheeks blue eyes and very smooth ummm ally white skin" she continued "Their hair was after been the oddest golden color. The mister seem the like. It was dazzling in golden rays a sort of golden pheasant like" They had come to her house early one cold morning, the woman re-called and enquired about the possessed houses. Mrs Flannigans little daughter said:- "I heard him called Banna Pennod

several times he and his two sisters seemed very much interested in that "haunted house" and wanted to go in to see it. They asked mother a lot of quest ions about the house full of demons, th con diti on and things like that. Then they defiantly took possessing of the building. I knew the Banshees were terrible dangerous but didnt think they'd kill any child, mother was positive they'd go in the building despite her warning and she has prayed for them incessantly "the invention

The boy Penrod to us that he was never sure of finding out what ails "that crazy house".

"Yet no other knows where the negro dern was hippers had moved to. We wouldnt even have known the name Weber Johnson if I had not heard the landlord Mr Leserman talking to him" explained Tomas. Mrs Flannigans husband.

Both Mrs Flannigan and then husband scouted the demon theory as the cause of the childs death.

"Surely demons cant kill no one" she said. "Impossitive that some one not afraid of

demons, a not knowing there were any there entered the building brought the child in and murdering her & left it to be blamed on the evil spirits yet its hard to explain".

Mr and Mrs Winglehoofen who had lived in the lower flat of the "haunted" house" when the negroes were forced to move out of the house were found by investigators. But they could add nothing to the description of the negroes given by Mrs Flannigan.

As Mr Johnson

and the others moved" said Mrs Adolph Winglehooper" one of them stopped at the door to light a cigarette. A passer by asked for a light and they gave him one. Webber said. "Three on a match - bad luck for Mr Seseman That house will have devils."""

"and he was'nt wrong" Burns cried "What did the other negroes look like?"

All that the Winglehoopers could remember was that one negro was six feet tall, and chested.

"A tough looking man" they agreed.

Burns ordered a description of the negroes to be published in the papers Then they turned to the description of the "haunted" house.

"Now there's something" said Burns leaning over Browns shoulder pointing to one of Pennods' notations in Pennods file submitted to him. "It had slipped my mind until just now."

"The entry read: "Too many Phenomenons. The worst of all Pennod."

The circumstances surrounding that entry are mighty

suspicious exclaimed Detective Sesserman. "Penrod came in here about three ago when his sisters were in school gave us full details. Its Penrods wish to have his "Haunted" house looked over for any of the belongings left by the negroes. But most of the police are afraid to enter that "crazy" house.

Burns summoned two squads of Detectives and with the help of the nervest of the police and the Vinnans, raided the place from attic to cellar.

Penrod and the little girls explained

to the detectives that no phenomenons occured in atta attic or basement, but only the flats they now occupied on the first floor, and the unoccupied one above.

They made a diligent search but nothing could be found that the negroes may have left behind.

Neighbors told them the negro tenants had moved away in October 1910.

The head of the detectives worshipers a very old man was "Wellen Johnson" said the woman

next door Over two weeks ago an old lady with a ten year old boy and two little girls moved into the place. They are awfully beautiful children with bright golden hair, awfully queer bright golden hair if you ask me. But I do not know if they are there yet."

In the trash left in the upper apartment, Burns found several pieces of paper on which numerous cryptic devil worshipping entries had been made.

After puzzling over them for several hours, Burns decided

that they were the devil worshippers list of saloons and of incense stores and the ammount of incense each purchased.

One of the incense stores Burns just on Jackson Bl. alone. Mr Burns visited the spot a quite good looking store of moderate size.

"I want to talk to you" Burns said in his easy going manner to the proprietor flashing his star and motioning towards a near room.

Standing near the corner of the store was his little daughter a cute little child

of eight but in the
store wearing to Burns's
surprise a sunsuit,
and twelve below zero
outside.
He would have loved
to embraced the child
who was very friendly
and not at ake shy
or bashful.
"What did papa do?"
she asked pleadingly a worried look
on her face.
"Nothing wrong at
all my child,
just wish to ask
him questions you
can come along
in too little girl.
Maybe you too can
tell me something"
"With a look of
resignation the
proprietor punched
the "no sale" key

and stuffed a handful of bills into
his pocket
"This isnt a stick
up, nor a shakedown
at all" Burns said,
"all I want is some
information, Did
you ever sell any
incense to a certain
group of negroes?"
"Yes a group led
by an old negro
called by the name
of big Sour Mangle.
He had a tall
slim old fellow
by the name of,
Welben Johnson"
snapped the man
"Aint they okay
with the law?
I was told he
and his followers
were all set Its
none of my affairs

if they worship devils, though I'll admit I was afraid of them because of it. But they made me profit. They bought incense by the wholesale."

"Well maybe they are okay" Burns went on. "Do you know little girls and an old lady live there now, little girls with uncanny golden hair?"

"Yeah, I've seen them kids" replied the store keeper with the greatest awe and admiration "One of the youngest little girls came to me to buy incense too, to drive strange smells out of the house. But why those questions?"

"I'm trying to find those negroes"

"Did they do a crime?"

"no but if they are found they can clear some mysteries about that crazy house?"

"Crazy house?"

"yes crazy house. Its haunted"

"You're nuts. There's no ghosts"

"I didn't say that. That house got devils so everyone says"

"and how" retorted the man. "Now you're talking. That house may be crazy as you say but those kids are crazier still to live there"

Maybe and maybe not But remember Mike I'm the guy to ask the questions

And you'd better keep your mouth shut about the doing of the spirits in that house or they'll come and h'arm your little girl. Understand?"

"Sure" replied the store keeper wisely, "I've always had a lot of trouble remembering things. It's dim and hazy already"

Burns went to another Incense store which was listed on the papers found in the vacant flat.

Burns sampled some of the incence then asked the clerk for the owner.

"I'm looking for

big black Souza mungle and his followers. Where can I find him"?

"I've got his number around here some place" replied the store keeper, taking a hand full of cards from a compartment of the cash register "He just gave me a new one the other day"

The store keeper found big Souza's card

Burns traced the telephone no. and returned that it had been issued to an apartment at no. 6642 University Ave near the gothic towers

of the University of Chicago on the South side. Burns went there. But his birds had flown. Evidence of hasty departure was everywhere. Said the landlady:

"Just a couple of hours ago I put those negroes out. They carried half a dozen bags. I made them, got in a hurry. They were dere. Worshippers and I was afraid they'd bring spooks in my house. They left an image of something which they left in one of the rooms they occupied."

She showed Burns.

On the mantle stood the image of a deer about 3 feet high made of plaster paris and behind it was a picture of a deer.

"Are these the things they worship?" asked Burns in disgust.

"I do not know sir. Probably they had the worshipping things in the bags."

Burns also found a burned photograph of a broad shouldered old negro.

"Is this the fellow who lived here?" Burns asked.

Tenants identified the snapshot as that of Wander Mangle,

on the apartment.

"Did you ever know about or see the brave little Vivians?"

"Indeed we have"

"And what is the color of their hair?" Burns asked.

The answers differed but all agreed on one thing they had the most strangest but beautiful golden hair any of them had ever seen on human being. One tenant exclaimed.

Their hair looked eerie golden and more glossy than the most yellow feathers on a golden pheasant.

Burns left Lieutenant Dick Tracy and a squad of Detectives in the apartment to await Mangle in the

event he returned, not to be arrested, but to have matters explained to him and ask him to help the Vivians.

As the police still continued the search, big Louie Wanda Mangle strode into Burns office.

"Here I am Chief" he cried "Its a Burn rap you're pinning on me. I'm a decent man I'm hippen but I didnt murder that kid."

Burns gasped. He had been told Mr Mangle was a tall man, but not a giant. He appeared 8 foot tall.

"You're not accused

of any crime" said Burns. "Sit down in that chair mr mangle and I'll tell you why you are wanted, and those of your followers. You or they are not even under arrest. Your help is only wanted." Then Burns explained everything to him.

The big negro far from being a superstitious person almost shook the office with his roar of laughter.

"You may laugh" said Burns "But every body in that whole district claims its true. The strange trouble kept the house clear of tenants. The little

Vinians are in the crazy place studying and following the phenomenons."

"How did they make the acquaintance of the ghosts do you suppose?" asked the negro still greatly amused.

Through the Landlord Mr Sherman. "Did' you ever see the little Vinians?"

"I've heard of them sir. Its those Gods children, with that unearthy golden hair."

"I'll telephone them to come and explain to them to come"

The news caused Pernod and his sisters to hail a

taxi without taking time to put a hat or coat on with the weather ten below zero, and in five minutes they were standing in the Police office the little girls bare armed, and wearing only sox and shoes and a dress.

The negro stared as if his eyes would pop out of his head. Violet and her sisters who were used to being stared at paid no attention.

"Whats therm?" the negro gasped.

"They are indeed the little Vinans."

"And they now live in the "haunted" house?"

"Yes"

"And they want to lay those spirits?"

"Yes indeed."

Still he stared at them but with admiration and awe written all over his face Though he was an ignorant negro worshipper he was kindly hearted and good natured.

"Are therm - therm the little girls - girls, who - who want to drive out the spirits?"

"Yes" said Burns and the detective detective told of the murders of the Flanagan kid by the spirits.

The negroes eyes widened as he heard the story.

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He had never heard of spirits doing things like that But then he said:

"But Master Burns no one but Satan can drive out those spirits. They may be as these little girls tell you afraid of them, but they want go just the same But I too am not afraid of them, and know how to protect myself I'll go and get the rest of my friends and see the place"

While still in the place waiting for the negroes to come the have little Vivian one morning heard a great commotion outside.

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Chapter 32
"Try and do it"

Violet looking out of the window saw a great crowd of men women and children "many of the men and even women holding flaming torches in their hands. Violet suspected what was their purpose and told her sisters. They all came out towards the milling shouting crowd Penrod in the lead.

"You beautiful Reeds better geet" said one of the men who was an Italian "We een goin burn down dat douse and drive zem deemons from theem"

"But thats just what you cant do you bl mee!"

cried Pernod and his sisters together "what makes you think you can burn the house?" Joice added. "In all this time no one has ever dared come near this place" exclaimed Violet "you really cant get near the house with those torches The demons wont let you They even defy us though it is said they fear us. If we did not have the patience of the heavenly angels themselves we would have given up trying to study the phenomenons long ago"
"Indeed thats very strange The house

does not look that dangerous "one in the crowd said "Well try it any way. Bring on the torches boys. Incinerate that house and the demon with it"
The murder of little Flannagan is what brought the crowd.
Seeing the crowd could not be convinced the little girls trying to prove it deliberately went to the north side of the big Y and to be out of harms way. They knew the demons would stop the crowd and did not want to be

any participants in the dangerous phenomenon that may follow. The crowd rushed towards the house pouring through the opened gate way and over the low picket fence with loud cries and yells.

Violet and her sisters were very much surprised at the stupidity of the crowd. They knew the crowd were running into grave danger. But at first only the torches went out very mysteriously leaving every-body in great darkness. Then came a booming noise apparently from a tree trunk:

"Try that twice more and I'll give you all the fire you want."

With flashlights several of the men looked the tree over. But there was no one in sight. No one could hide in the branches as it was winter and there were no leaves.

"Aw come on dont be goofy!" cried several of the men. "A varmint did that to play a joke nothing else." "We'll relight the torches and burn the damn house down we'll fix those spirits for killing little Paul-ine." Then torches were

relighted. There was an awful big crowd of them by now and more torches.

They started forward as before but again their torches went out in a mysterious way. A growl of rage rose from the crowd mingled with muttered curses and imprecations.

"Blow the "crazy" house to bits with dynamite" cried a woman in the crowd.

But nobody had explosives with them nor could they get them any where!

Violet and her sisters and Gerrod also knew positively that the crowd

could not do anything to destroy the house and therefore had returned inside and leaving the house in darkness, were by the windows watching the (millions) milling crowd outside.

"They're all a bunch of mum compooty fools" cried Gerrod "The telephoned for the police to come and rout them before something dreadful happened. They can't do anything to this house no more than we can"

The alley was looking out too but she was afraid they might do it as she heard

the woman say to
the crowd to blow
the house up for a
time the crowd was
hesitating to move
forward, for the more
wary were disturbed
and suspicious as
they did not like
the action of the
nearest trees and
there was no wind.
But the more merry
had sent for kerosene
which had been
brought in a hurry.
The torches were
soaked in the fluid
and relighted.
Then they surged forward towards the building like an army of soldiers on a charge amid defiant yells

There came a
sudden glare and
a roaring flapping
sound; and the sky
was enveloped
in a rolling cloud
of flame which
rapidly spread
and swept forward
over the ground
threatening to en-
velope the crowd.
The heat was
immeasureable.
They ran panic
stricken with yells
of pain and
terror.
Many got singed
or dreadfully
burned before
they could pour
through the gate
or jump and
climb over the
low wooden picket

fence, Violet and her sisters did not expect such a scene as this, though they expected some phenomenon. The police came just in time to be almost a participant in the awful phenomena which pursued the crowd scorching many so badly that they had to be taken to hospitals. Hundreds were burned, at the same time the trees in the yards roared and shook as if there was a hurricane and to the terrified mob the very house seemed a

to shake up and down. Inside the house there came a pandemonium of various kinds of deafening noises which even drove the little girls into amazement and consternation. They put their fingers into their ears to keep out the awful sound and the house really did shake up and down, the strangest phenomenon of all so far. They ran out fearing the house would cave in on them and bury them beneath its wreckage. When the flame phenomena disappeared

nearly all in the crowd were scorched more or less, and had to be treated in Hospitals for burns. The women in the mob jam were were either crying or whimpering and the men were venting the air with exclamations of fright rage and pain or cursing and bleeding.

They had fled for a block and the fire phenomena had persuded them that distance.

The police that came had a difficult time to restor order and to call for ambulances to take the more badly burned to hospitals, and three hospitals were

filled with the moaning victims some of them dying.

"Those Reeds was um night dam zem deemon, squaked the Italian on his bed of pain, as the doctor put salve on his burns.

"We tried to born zat deemon house and zem ere spirits zey sweep us wiz ze cloud of fire."

This amazing event was the talk of everybody and also was in the papers the next morning with big black head lines announcing it.

It told a whole lot stating that hundreds were singed or seriously

burned by a fire phe-
nomena while trying
to burn down the
possessed house. The
picture of the house
was shown on the
front page and an
arrow imprinted in-
dicating where the fire
phenomenon probably
started.
It was at first
believed it came from
the lighted torches
at the time they
flamed from the
coal oil but it
was not so
for they again
firmly steadfastly went
out before the
phenomenon occur-
red.
Many others
after words came
occassionally to

stare at the house but
at a safe distance won-
dering if they would
see a manifestation
One did of at least.
He received a very
hard snowball be-
tween the eyes act-
ually flung by an
unseen hand.
He saw others
thought they saw
another fire phe-
nomenon forming
and quickly put
a safe distance
between themselves
and the front
gate.
Others saw the
gate working
back and forth
as if moving by
an invisible
hand. And there
was no wind

though it was very cold. It was stated that once in the summer time when it was first learned that there was something very queer about house a flock of children returning home from school had collected at the gate and fence in front of the structure in such numbers that police finally drove them away for fear something might happen to them. One of the curious children had been pauline Flannigan. The center section had a sort of church like tower and

the outhouse had a long high slanting roof. It was because of Paulines tragic death that the mob had tried to burn down the "haunted" house. The girls had found by this time that by strict investigation that not the whole house or the outhouses were so badly affected though slightly troubled. Only the flats occupied once by the one gone dense was happenings were so terribly disturbed. The basement and the attic was troubled too.

but not violently.
The worst parts of the building they found was only the corridor and the steps leading up from the corridor.
It was really in this forbidden hall that Pauline was attacked and slain.
The library was the next worst.
The whole entire yards also were in a bad situation.
The main barn with the giant roof and the strange towers were also possessed but not thing extraordinary were seen from it and both remained in the upper part of the

tower as if nothing was wrong. They probably were pigeons. The out houses also seemed all right.
The destruction of the house was seem to be impossible. The phenomenon defeated the purpose of the torches put out the torches.
Several desperate attempts were made to dynamite the structure when the virians were away to school but strange phenomenom routed the would be blasters and the dynamite flew up into the barn by itself and exploded.
The children in many the's class room

had wished to see the "haunted" or "crazy" house, but Pennod and his sisters sternly warned them to keep even away from the fence or gate. If they did go reminding them what had happened to little Pauline. The kids of their class who did go and only as far as the gate could see no phenomenons and wondered why.

And to them the building did not look as if there were anything wrong with it.

On the promised day the tall old negro came with his party and was the appointment.

The others with him were three women four women and three negro children two boys and a girl. They looked the place over tested the walls for secret compartments and promised to come again within two days. Then they would plan something.

As she herself was coming home from school man gone masters despite Pennods warning couldnt resist going to see the crazy house.

She was soon standing before the gate. It was

snowing hard that day and it was very cold

"no wonder" Pernod told me not to come over here" she reflected "I never saw such a mess of weeds and bushes and vines before most likely that talk of ghosts is the bunk but I could bet the garden in summer is full of snakes and things She came as near as the gate reading the grim sign of warning on the gate.

"Keep out. This place and the grounds are dangerous. It means your death if you come in."

The words were

in red letters

"Gee" she said to herself. It sure is gloomy and cold and creepy around here But I havent seen any ghosts I guess Pernod and his sisters were just trying to kid me because some perv degenerate murdered little Pauline"

Oh s-s-s h-h-h There is the house I'm going to get out of here Of course that ghost stuff is silly but just the same that house sorta gives me the willies anything could be there watching you and you'd never know "b-r-r-r"

And she made for

house She told her father who said:
"Well well, So you went over to see the "Haunted house" after the Winans warning you eh? I reckoned you would. Kids are all alike. No harm in it I guess no body is ever hang ing around that place
"Dont any body ever live in it pa"
Sure in it? Bless your heart, sure they did but its the devil worship pers who caused the trouble who made it spooky they say They're demons or any how and when folks are murdered violent

like especially like little Sally was it behooves to stay away. Anyone going there is not likely to come back. Let me give you a word of warning no matter you want to steer clear of that place, you can almost see it from here. Nobody ever goes near there now full of demons and other hellish spirits they say any way my dear I'd advise you to keep away from even the gate no matter one. Seven weeks ago a whole family with seven children that was

living there just plumb
vanished one stormy
night and they've
never been seen or
heard of to this day.
Some said one thing
and some another
but nobody fooled
around there much
since, let alone live
in the place.
wouldnt say it was
ghosts or demons
done it but some-
thing did"
"Huh" she thought to
herself "Haunted
house eh? I dont be-
lieve in ghosts but
you never can tell
I've no reason
to go over there
any way - its way
off my line - But
there couldnt be
any harm in going

again as near the
place as across the
street and just look-
ing at that house."
Later on that same
day going to see
her uncle and
eating supper with
him she asked:
"Say uncle, could
there be any such
things as ghosts in
the Peterman aban-
doned house? They
say it is haunted,
a "crazy" house
they call it."
"Ghosts? Of course
not. Many one's is

foolish talk. But there is something strange about the house that cant be explained. That house is empty and Mr Reserman cant get no one to rent the place. Some unexplained tragedies have happened there. But as to ghosts this merely the idle gossip of a few ignorant ones my last - think no more of it"

"They all stick to the same story" she reflected on her way home "They all say there arent any ghosts but nobody been able to tell whats happened to a lot of folks there from fine sweeping upon them as they tried to burn the house down: Well if any one would ask me Mr Reserman house is a great place for me to leave alone"

As she nodded on she met an boy

"Listen Stang she said: "I my telling you Mr Reserman house

is haunted. Old Sam and most everybody says it is"

"Are what are yuh givin me? Wontcha know there's no such things as ghosts" he answered.

"I've been out there I have" she said "I dere comes Wolf and Jimmie Mc Bride you just ask those boys about it and see what they say"

They came up and Stacy started laughing.

"Whats the matter?" they asked.

"Aw Marjorie believes in ghosts. She says This here house is haunted"

"Aw that's a lotta

bunk" cried Wolf "They're just trying to fool you"

"Yeah kids all fall for that stuff" said Mc Bride.

"Yeah is that so?" cried Marjorie hotly. "Well if I'm so brave I dare you to go out there and bring just touch that house. You'd find out in a hurry - I betcha"

"Whatcha try interdo it and we thought you a Catholic Marjorie"

"Well if all you boys are so cock sure bout it I just dare you to go out there with me see" she cried.

"Trying to scare us are you" said Stang with a derided grunt. "all right I'll get Joe and Jimmie and the rest of the gang and we'll go out there and with, and listen. My time is no time to see ghosts. They only come out at night. Now if you're so sure there's ghosts out there we'll all go to morrow night, are you game Mary one?"

"At night Geeeen-en-en sure I'll go."

Leaping Lizards" she said to herself as she continued on her way home "daytimes bad enough,

and I think he's as scared to go as I am, but I cant back out now, Whew, I almost wish I hadnt talked about it so much now, but most likely we wont see anything anyway gee."

That might though it took all her courage to do so she went with the gang to the dangerous locality.

"Sh-h-h-h-h" Here we are" she said though she felt the jitters "lets get up real close to the fence and listen and keep our eyes open I know a swell place where we can hide and watch."

another spoke "sh-h-"
and so on.
After waiting in qu
quite a time for some
time and nothing
happened one of the
boys said,
"Aw I dont see any-
thing"
"Yeah" said Stanley
wheres all yer ghosts
o mary ane"
"Huh" said Mr Bride
"I'm getting tired of
this. Lets go in the
house and chase
em out"
"But the sign on
the gate" warned
mary ane"
"Foey on the sign.
Whon afraids of
ghosts or demons
any way"
Are ghosts are the
bunk" and"

"W-h-o-o-o-o-e-e-e-e-
BOW YEOW"
It was a loud and
dreadful noise that
caused the hair of the
boys to raise on end.
They fled in the
utmost panic the
smallest boy ic
not fast enough
crying out in this
Leeron.
They leaping lizards
wait for me a
second cantcha hey
wait."
Mary ane herself
did not turn
though for a second
the awful sound
caused a freezy
feeling to come
over her. The
awful noise did
not come from

the house but from the nearest tree and being perfectly familiar with the cries of different kinds of owls, and other kinds of shrieking birds she knew the sound didnt come from them.

Yet she had bravely stayed there while the boy had fled for dear life.

Does'nt that prove the girl is braver than the boy.

Even with her flashlight directed at the tree she tried to solve the mystery of the cold eerie scream and howl that was like the cry of the

damned to hell.

But there was nothing to be seen, so she went home but didnt say anything about it to no one.

The boys were astonished that she did not run when they did.

That same night but later someone pulled the fire alarm box and two minutes the noise of people shouting were heard then the bright red truck rolled up to the signal box on Van Buren west from which the alarm had been turned in Across the yards the "Haunted"

house stood silhouetted against a background of snowstorm clouds. From its second story windows tongues of flames half hidden in billowing black and white smoke shot upwards.

"Is that darn "haunted" house" some one shouted above the roar of the fire trucks exhaust. "Some one set it afire after all"

Fire officials shouted orders, firemen arranged equipment and began pouring a stream of chemicals and water through the second story windows of the three story dwelling. Within only thirty seconds only black smudges

billowed from the structure and presently the firemen had come around to find the main enthance unde open and through this they entered and went down the long corridor to mount the steps to the second floor.

To their surprise there was not the slightest sign of burning been smoke there.

"Where those little Vivians and their brother. Any one seen them?"

The firemens query was taken up outside. But none had seen Bernad and his

sisters since the day. Then as the volunteers broke window for ventilation and entered the first floor of the structure the excitement grew numbers spread that the little Wrians and little Sally Fielders could not be located.

The growing crowd was apprehensive modedly expectant, "Did they die in the fire?"

Inside the building two helmetted and rubber coated fire men pushed their way to a very handsome stair way disclosed in the gloom by the piercing rays of their flashlights

surprised intensely that by the unusual fact that there was no smoke in the house, they made their way up to the second floor.

On the right was a large room. They could not believe their eyes at what they saw on the second floor.

"Say wasn't this house on fire or what the?" growled one of the fire men.

They opened the door of the room, but mysteriously it slammed shut in their very faces. One of the fire men kicked

It open with a mutter
ed curse thinking
somebody hiding
in there slammed
it shut.
It slammed shut
again with a shivering
crash.
"Getting funny are you?"
growled the fireman
angrily and both
firemen forced their
way into the room.
Quickly they saw
it was unoccupied
and windowless.
"What in hell slam
med the door shut?"
growled one of the
firemen nervous
ly as they came
out leaving the
room open.
"Good gosh look at
that cockroaches
door" gasped the

"They saw it was
swinging back and
forth as if worked
by invisible hands.
"As some breeze is
doing that" the other
said, but showing
signs of nervous
ness, and know-
ing in his heart
there was no breeze.
They turned now
to the left and
were confronted with
another closed door.
This one was lock-
ed One of them
kicked it open.
Immediately there
sunged out upon them
a wave of intense
heat but no smoke
and a horrible
nauseating odor that
both he cognized
as that of burning

human flesh and smelling feet also burning. Momentarily they hesitated then pushed on into the room.

The dancing rays of the electric torches played tag with each other finally coming to rest on the floor.

The men were prepared in a manner for a sight of horror to meet their eyes. But were their flashlights as they lived, there was no charred blackened bodies of any persons, not even a sign of fire even having been in the room or any where

on that floor. There was no furniture no even a window. The room was vacant. One of the firemen cursed and turned away feeling mighty queer indeed.

"This house is crazy" he gasped. "Lets get the heck out of here" cried his companion. "We fight a fire that didnt burn the house. Whats this any way? Lets get out of here".

Unknown to them in a bedroom across from the dining room the Williams and Sally lay soundly

sleeping unconscious of what was going on. Retreating the firemen made their way back to the stairway descended and grouped their way from the corridor out into the cold wintry air.

The word that the fire was only a peculiar phenomenon and that no part of the house was even slightly scorched spread by newspapers throughout the city. Many people decided to come and see the "crazy" House; at first on awakening the next morning the little Virgins believed

believed the damage done to some of the windows by the firemen was caused by the demons.

By the time the arson squad arrived it seemed that every one in the crowd that cold morning were jamming into the immense yards of Rose mans "haunted" house But none who had taches that one dreadful night were there By dawn the heavy fall of soft January snow had blackened with a strong cold north western wind rising but a blinding squall of fine snow

continued. It was typical early-January weather but despite the storm and severe sub-zero weather and bitter raw wind the crowd grew, rather than diminished The crowd also in amazement saw no indication of the house having been burned. An examination of the house had been made by the arson squad that felt chills that was not caused by cold.

Even to their own amazement Penrod and his sisters were found in the dining room eating their breakfast as if nothing happened

The men couldnt

understand those they had nerve enough to remain in such a "nutty" house.

Police and firemen at first wondered why the strange fire phenomenon had occured and who was it that had pulled the fire alarm box?

The room in which the 2 mans slept had walls and ceiling and floor constructed of heavy fire proof plaster board and also the floor was covered with a thick heavy fire resisting linoleum all parts of the interior of the building was examined but nothing

was burned
Again residents had recalled had recalled Reremans whimsical observations at the time the first terrified ten ants made over the bedroom that ever a phenomenon of this kind would set the place on fire they could put it out before it destroyed the whole house
So as a result of their investigation it was the belief of the local authorities that it was the craziest fire Phenomenon on record, yet proved little that was already known. No wonder the place is called the "crazy" house,
An examination of the room from

which the heat and the double foul smell had come revealed nothing that would indicate every thing had not been in order when the little Winians retired for the night,
Dawn was breaking now the case seemed to be cleared up with nothing to do except announce the offical cause of the appearance of the "fake fire and to place guards to to order the crowds away from the interior grounds when something very unusual happened
The nearest tree started swaying

violently to the north. At that moment a mighty roar went up from the crowd for at that first motion of the tree every body had been jerked fifty feet into the air and there they hung suspended over the ground kicking and squealing for dear life.

The arson squad inside the "crazy" house saw this from the front window and were as surprised as they.

"Another phenomena, and what a one" exclaimed the lieutenant. They looked out of the window to see what would happen next.

The tree continued

to move and at each wave of the tree the crowds of people flew higher.

"What tree the strange phenomenon is coming from the tree." gasped one of the members of the arson squad.

"Why what do you mean?" asked another.

His companions answer was drowned in a confusion of sound as soon as the tree stopped swaying down whirled the crowd into the deep snow with such force that many were injured.

As officials discussed this strange and startling inci-

dent in low tones
Chief of Detectives Burn
Burns exclaimed.
"Everybody in town
knew that women or
later the evil spirits
were going to do
something like this
that is if evil spirits
are doing it."
"What do you mean?"
Detective Sherman
asked.
"Why the little woman
had reported of these
fine phenomenons,
and remember,
the one that dispersed and singed
the crowd who tried
to burn this
"crazy" house down
with torches?"
Sherman looked
surprised.
The whole building

is an inveterate ph
enomenon" Burns
continued and Pernod
had told me that
thirteen times in
the morning once
noises occured bad
and unearthly enough
to scare out a ghost.
One morning
Pernod told me that
he had woke up
and found him-
self with bed and
all out on the
side walk near
Bridget Flannigans
house"
The chiefs opinion
was shared by others
who knew the
little woman per-
sonally.
Now that a strange
fire phenomenon
had brought the

the fire department
out on the run they
remembered the one
fateful fire phenomena
that singed and routed
the crowd.

A day after the fire-
men fought the "house
that didnt burn" the
negro and his friends
hearing of it came
again.

But the little Vivians
were at school so
they waited outside
as the police guards
would not permit
them to enter even
the grounds untill
the Vivians returned.

As it was cold
very cold out side
the negroes waited
in an inn untill
they observed the
Vivians coming down

the street. This time
the negroes had a
short stout half breed
with them, and he
was quite an old
man. They now
were all right had
been converted to
the Catholic Faith
and were converted
to the Catholic faith
and were willing
to help.

"This is the man
who may discover
something little
girls" said the
tall old man
We will begin
to work to mor-
row but you
must stay home
from school We
god to have
you here with
us"

"We will" said Violet. "for we must clear this mystery if possible. That night decided them to prepare the negroes bedding Sally Fielders though in the same room with them slept in a bed by herself.

The next morning the Virians missed her including the bed.

Then bedroom door was wide open. They had closed it before going to bed.

They found the bed in the hall in front of the wide open door with Sally in it. Fortunately she was under heavy coverings.

"Well if this isnt"

began Violet, but Penrod broke in with "Yes but remember the spirits put me bed and all out in the street. and it eighteen below zero"

They had to awaken Sally. The bed was left there for the negroes to see"

As they were awaiting the coming of the negroes they saw two children young ones, one probably five and the other six come into the forbidden grounds by climbing over the fence. They had come in another way unseen by the guard.

Violet threw open the window.

"Get out. Get out" she shouted Get out. You'll get killed".
The children frightened more of her than of her warning retreated towards the gate, then something unseen by Violet scared them and they foolishly ran another way towards the house. They got within easy sight of the window when the little boy and girl suddenly rose through the (open) air flew through the open window and lay struggling and gasping for air on the floor.
Both were struggling but the boy strange to say only had his mouth

open while the little girl awked, gurgled and protruded her tongue. Violet pulled them to their feet and the phenomena stopped. They were released outside the gate, and never came back. On account of this Penrod asked Burns to place a sign with red letters at different portions of the fence to warn grown ups and children never to enter the grounds.
Charles Brown the shorten negro deep in meditation sat in the rose man Sunday at 10. a. m. that morning and

studied a crude sketch that lay in front of him on the table. The Vivians as is their habit when inside an unusually warm room were in sun suits standing by the negro who feet conscious of little bared armed angels instead of children. To the little girls it seemed merely a piece of paper on which he had made undecipherable marks. But to him it appeared to hold great interest.

"Look here half nude angels all of you" he began glancing at those who stood about him "I've been

thinking about this Phenomenon business and there are things about it that seems mighty odd." He pointed to the sketch "Here's your bedroom" he indicated a square he had drawn on the paper and they looked closer while Penrod nodded. "Now here's the library and dining room" the pencil the negro held traced out again the mark he had made previously. "Notice how the rooms are arranged in this house?"

He waited for a moment for the children to follow him "Now when the

police found the body of Pauline, the Phenomena that killed her originated in this Library. (Remember? Remember the the big talking chair she was found lying in belonged to the Library"?

Penrod nodded again as he and his sisters and Sally followed the negro's pencil point over the sketch.

"nothing unusually strange about that" is there Mr Brown?" he asked.

Brown glanced at him and resumed speaking

"Perhaps that then again may be yes. When I first looked at the library and the

dining room there was something about them that didn't seem right to me but I didn't give it serious thought at the time. (later) got to thinking it over. maybe I'm being overly excited but see here how it strikes me"

He paused to light a fresh cigar.

"now it seems to me according to the testimony of the firemen that such a thing as the extraordinary fire Phenomena which brought the fire and police departments out on such a run might have originated in this

Library but it is very strange that the fire Phenomenon which Burns said you little girls described should occur within the house and not burn the house down ? of all these phenomenons occured so rapidly and most of the noisy ones coming from the Library it seems to me that the Library is the most possessed room of all. I've went to see the tenants who fled from here and quite a number of them swear they have not experienced the ones that bother you. If again the

second and the worst fire phenomenon that drove you girls out of this house had occured at night and enveloped every room in this house as you said: such a thing might have (occured) scorched you little girls to death, while lying in your beds, but it is very strange when the Phenomenon occured that brought the fire department that none of you awoke enough to come out of bed on that the fire Phenomenon did not rage in your

bedroom also and you were not burned. just plain instinct should have at least awakened one of you or brought about such a reaction even if conscious mess didnt come right away. On the other hand you told me little Sally was attacked in the bath room first. I believe that bathroom is possessed by immodest demons who only attack of a little girl or a young woman is in there naked. Sally filed the immodest demons only to run into the killing one,
May be I am wrong

If saying the bathroom and the library are the most dangerous rooms but-(Pernod interrupted the mega with an exclamination of astonishment.
By George Jim Brown I believe you're right you've got something there I knew one of those rooms was the worst possessed - that way but not both the library and the bathroom the same way. you think"-
"I think you have a most difficult task on your hands."
Then you think

its impossible for me
or my sisters to rout
out the spirits ourselves
without help"
You follow me most
perfectly the negro said
dryly "Well there are
strange coincidences
happening all the
time but this does
not appear to be a
coincidence I may be
wrong of course There
is little in the way
of evidence to substant
iate any such theory
except the Phenomenons. Everything
except the fire
manifestations are
invisible and no
one can cover a
worth while or workable
clue as the murder
of the Pauline kid.
But candidly I think

you little girls can
never drive out the
demons. You may be
able to reduce the
fire Phenomenons
by burning blessed
candles or night lights
burning night and
day but for you
little girls to drive
out the Evil spirits
without help is
impossible, Only God
can do that"
The other negro
sitting there nodded
in agreement
"You made a hasty
rash promise to
me Sese man when
you agreed to help
them. These demons
are different from
the ones you
raised You ousted
from that Calverian

house and are terribly stubborn."

"Youre right" said one of the other negroes "you kids would have to have an Archbishop to keep you"

"Shall we start questioning?" —

"not too fast no youngsters" Charles Brown interrupted them. Dont mention this to any one for the time being. Set everything go as it is for a while and let everyone think what they like. now if the phenomenon does prove to be caused by the demons we dont want to scare any of them away yet and also

we want to make a thorough examination of the house before clews to these phenomenons if there are any around. Because before I'm fully convinced there are demons here I'm positive this place has one secret room upstairs and a clever maniac have devices to make the phenomenon in hiding there."

Howeven Penrod was no impressed with the deduction the negro had made that he at once communicated with detective Burns advising him that it seemed desirable

to have Religious Catholic persons to make their own investigations of the house and its grounds and later perhaps an inquest to fix the exact cause of Phenomenons and lay the ground work for a murder indictment against the evil spirits and supply meanns to clear the house of them.

"If this is a murder Phenomena" Charles Brown told Pernod and his sisters "and aint done by real human beings its a surprise to me you youngsters were not killed while you slept on that a fire Phenomena didnt envelope you in your bedroom.

How do we even know that the demons didnt even fire the barn to coven up something we know nothing about.

Pernod rose from his chair it flew from under him and rose up with him.

"See theres a phenomenon" cried Sally. "Look at that chair"

Pernod grabbed hold of the chair. The sensation was as if some one held it and the chair flew queer to Pernod.

"For Gods sake you naughty spirit let go of it" cried Violet and Pernod was able to put the chair

in place.
"The demon nearly got away with it too" she added, after a moments reflection Pernod said.
"There a chance that if the Library is the most dangerous room Pauline was killed there, that is in there. Who ever were the last tenants here, fled leaving all these house hold goods and the Library cases full of books which we never touched.
The only belonging we brought here is our toilet articles and clothing The furniture includ ing the victor Phono grape do not belong

to us. We sent for the tenants three times but they'd rather stick their heads into a lions mouth than come near this place. Yet we cant tell for sure of either room whether she was attacked or not though the Germans with her stated he saw a horrible like shape half man, half bird a something on the mantle the same kind, little Sally said she saw.
These rooms look safe enough to any stranger but the pictures on the walls of

hall and library show there something queer here. If you think above us there is a secret room somewhere I'll have expert detectives try to have it located. Burns said a chemical analysis may show evidence against the phenomenon, though I don't see how it can be done."

Violet and her sisters agreed that this was the first step to take and one of the negroes left hurriedly to make arrangements with the laboratory in Chicago, while Burns bidding the negroes good day returned to his

headquarters to confer with the Chief of Police to conduct a more thorough inquiry at the Severman house. Nevertheless Penrod discovered that the negroes they had become known. The people of that district were wildly excited on rumors of the conclusion of the house became known. Mr and Mrs Severman had been old and respected citizens for many years. He had retired from business several years before but at times bought and sold old automobile parts more to occupy time in his de-

clinging years than for any large profit he might make. He was financially well to do and it was not long before the authorities learned definitely that he often kept large sums of money on his home or carried it on his person to use in making purchases on cash parts.

This made other police not operating with Burns men that maybe thieves were hidden in some unknown secret room of the haunted house.

They believed that after all some secret room unknown to any body had been constructed

and powerful electrical devices with which to work the fearful phenomenas and that one of the thieves for fear Faulure might give them away murdered her and fooled Burns and his men into believing she was killed by demons.

These police came with construction experts and the most experienced electricians. A thorough search and close examination of the house was made but failed to disclose any such rooms, that there were no strange electrical devices in the

place, that all the walls were perfectly solid with no hidden doors with press buttons to secret springs and they went off with favorable reports. When these men were here there were no phenomenons of any kind, by by and when several men who said they had been tenants on the house told the Chief of Police that mysterious knocking and hammering noises came from the walls, floor and ceiling, and that at times the chandeliers acted queer, and it appeared

so that if the Phenomenon theory was tenable the motive would not be difficult to establish.

As the hours passed citizens who at first only shuddered at the horror of the condition of the house and sincerely mourned little Pauline's death turned detectives and investigators and sought to aid police and the Viviens in every way possible. Stories spread rapidly of city bums who had been scared by spirits and spiritual phenomenon when lothering near the place.

Little details and-

manly unnoticed or quickly forgotting in the the every day life of the community were recalled and communicated to Burns.

It was midafternoon two days after Paulines death or rather the day after the burning of the barns that one of the Police Chief Sullivans men came breatheessly in the Police Headquarters and sought out Detective Burns In one hand the patrol man held an envelope in the other a large pinion gear. So awkard it any longer he set it down

on the floor as it was heavy.

I was just talking to Osmond and his sister who are in that "crazy house" he reported. Violet said that one of her dogs, Nell, was barking out in the grounds. She called to him and when she wouldnt come out to see what the dog was so interested in she said the dog uprooted an underground wire leading to the house and wouldnt leave it until she finally had to drag him away to stop his barking.

She didnt think much of it at the time but she recalled the examination of the house for secret electrical devices and the strange action of the dog, and wondered if that underground wire could have any connection.

She stopped me as I was making the rounds up that way and told me about it. She gave me the note which explains it She wishes electricians to come and investigate that wire may be it does lead to electrical devices after all Maybe the wire is the cause of this queer trouble after all"

Detective Burns

and the Chief of Police read the note as the Patrolman continued "I was not much impressed with the story until I notice the wire was sunathen truck one and that it had not been there long."

Burns at this point interrupted him. "How do you know that?" he asked most skeptically

"Well" the patrolman replied "in the first place it isnt rusted as it should have have beeen as it is an insulated wire. And its not old But I dont say it causes any of the Phenomenons But I dare any one to

try and pick up the wire even with rubber gloves" Burns nodded appreciatively.

"Observant cops you have in your Command Chief Sullivan"

"But that isn't all" the patrolman resumed. "When I unearthed the fire something from an unseen source was flung at me. If it had hit me you might have been attending my funeral. I picked it up It must weigh 50 pounds. It is this pinion gear. When I picked it up I saw that the snow any where on that side of the street had not been tracked by any bodey but myself

and yet the bark of the nearest tree had been skinned off where it looked like to me as though the bar after missing me had hit it. I looked in all good all directions to see who had thrown it and also saw the distance was just about as far as a man could throw the thing But no one was in sight and its eight below zero out"

He pointed to the gear, then at one end of the bar. "But what interests me most was these spots" indicating some brownish stains on the metal "and these

hairs"

matted in a sticky substance partly washed away by recent melting snows, the officers saw a few strands of hair the color of corn silk that appeared to be a girls.

Chief Sullivan took the barr handling it carefully to avoid removing any of the hairs.

"Good work" was all he said.

A few seconds later after the pinion gear had been put carefully away in a locker Sullivan and Burns returned to the "H-H aunted" or "crazy" house.

"There's no one at home now" Sullivan told Burns as

he recieved no response from the bell "and it would be risky for us to go on alone and go have no Rosary or Crucifix with me"

"I have" said Burns "I'll take the chance." remember Violet telling me she left the little murdered girls hat hanging in the kitchen. "Maybe I can find a few strands of the childs hair in that to compare with those on the pinion gear. I'll go in and try you wait in that store yourself if you are afraid to come in"

In the kitchen kitchen he quickly discovered the hat Violet mention

mentioned. Despite the condition of the house he wasnt interfered with and had no difficulty locating several corn sick like hairs.

These Burns put in an envelope and then he returned to Sullivan and they both returned to police headquarters.

Burns was surprised that he saw no Pheno meno. There they carefully wrapped and marked the hair from the hat removed the matted hair from the pinion gear and marked them.

a half hour later a City deputy was on his way to a laboratory with the pinion gear and the two other exhibits.

He heard invisible footsteps behind him as he walked to the corner to get a street car but thinking it was a way farer didnt pay any attention a look behind.

"Nice good little Pinion Gear"

There the officer hoped would prove whether demons murdered Pauline or not and there officers hoped that what the City Sheruff brungs to the laboratory would prove the murder theory that had grown on them hornby and now while they waited for the Chemical laboratory they

took up with renewed
vigor the questioning of
neighbors and friends
of Sexsmans concern-
ing the devil worshippers
who had lived in the
"crazy" house. One of
the neighbors said
she was the first
tenant of the house
and remembered that
on the first day she
lived there she had
heard some one walk-
ing through the kitchen
into the dining room.
She thought then
that it was her hus-
band and was head-
ing in the direction
of the parlor but
when she looked
from the pantry into
the rooms she
could see no one
And it gave her

a very creepy feeling.
From other neighbors
the officers established
definately that they
believed some expert
electrician had put
up peculiar electrical
devices of a danger-
ous nature in the
house and that some
lunatic may be hid-
ing in some secret
recess of the house and
he might have put
on some hideous
disguise to look like
a friend.
They also learned
that once some
strange looking man
had been seen
leaving the house
telling several people
he was tired and
had to be up early
the following morn-

ing as he had a deal on file was never seen again.

Again Burns returned with the best electricians he could find to the house to search for secret rooms, and electrical devices. But without success.

The place that looked more to have any secret room beyond its walls was the dining room itself.

They tested the walls with sounding instruments but there was no indication of any secret room.

They poked into the clothes closet where they found only the clothing old clothing with half moon cut

into them belonging to the little Urbans, some keys a partially burned wallet in which there were some unimportant papers not at all burned.

The wallet had been scorched by a fire phenomena and must have been lost by the devil worshippers.

But no evidence of secret panels or doors leading to hidden rooms.

They knew that if the building had concealed rooms there could then be some evidence for the cause of the manifestations some-

somewhere in the house they did not could not believe the devil worshippers could have so completely concealed any such room.

Neither was there endence of any kind of electrical dence The wire found underground was of no account at all and completely disconnected from any power line.

Every possible hiding place in the house was searched.

But the house might as well be without rooms altogether for all the good it did the officers and electricians.

On the other hand there was no endence of any crazy man

hiding there. And despite the condition of the "crazy" house every room was in perfect order and if some secret room did a crazy man that place must have been so cleverly devised that no one but the crazy man could even find it. Who ever made it had done a good job.

"Of course" said Chief Sullivan "we probably are hunting up a blind alley. This may be a possessed house- just as the little Durhams say but I still think its a mighty queer business for no phenomenon occur while we are.

in the place."
And they left the place.
"Funny business" said Burns "We recieve so many alibis on these phenomenons but five times we were in that confounded place and saw nothing whatever."
"Demons can fool people easily" declared Sullivan "They may have refused to do any thing to amuse us But theres one thing I'll say the place does certainly smell queer It has a sort of brimstone odor that I cannot account for, I've noticed (when) I was in there that the Vinians have burned sweet smelling

incense generously."
"I noticed that too" said Burns, "maybe there were no phenomenons because the little Vinians may have the place somewhat under control."
"No they have not" said Sullivan. "They told me conditions is growing worse. They also told me that they themselves dont believe they can do anything without Gods help and the Lud of the city Archbishops. They even say that the demons are of a superior kind and that the one who appears in such a strange hood

shape must be Satan himself."

They reached Headquarters and pondered the matter over what the devil worshippers were doing to aid the Virians as yet did not say.

The following morning ending any doubt that may have existed in the minds of the Head Officers was dispelled in a startling manner.

A telephone call from one of the chief officals of the city chemical laboratory gave in a strange awe inspiring report.

"Say where did you get that "crazy" Pinion Gear"?

Burns informed him it was found by a patrol man at whom it had been thrown.

"Did it come from the "Haunted" House?"

"I do not know" said it was thrown at one of my patrol men. In this the Laboratory"

No I'm telephoning from a drug-store I'm one of its officals"

"This is Burns now speaking said the Chief of Detectives now taking the phone at Sullivans request.

"Have you received the pinion Gear and the Samples of Ham?"

"Yes we recieved

the "beautiful" pinion gear. The "beautiful" thing almost killed us. One of my helpers nearly had his head knocked off by the crazy thing. I couldnt hold it after it was put into my hands. It leaped & acted as if it was thrown back and forth knocking large patches of plaster from the wall. The plaster hit me in the head. It fairly drove us out of the laboratory. Do you know we believe that pinion gear is possessed."?

"What?" bellowed Burns.

The laboratory man

repeated his statement adding "and to day the thing creeps up and down the wall and wont obey no one"

"What?" bellowed Burns again, "are you telling me a "fish" story?"

"no Mr Burns, you are not misinformed. That thing is possessed and dangerous beyond measure."

"Mr Sexton listen. There's something wrong" cried Burns "and I'll go right down to the laboratory and see what is the matter with that thing. But let us get our facts in good shape first. To begin with are you sure

the right pinion gear was delivered?"

I take it for granted. The deputy sheriff brought it."

"Well suppose I call up the deputy Sheriff and find out?"

Accordingly Burns called up the deputy sheriff by telephone. To his question Mr Quigley thus replied:

"They centainly were delivered. I gave the pinion gear to the chief man in person. Didnt he recieve it?"

"He centainly did and what a pinion gear It became alive?" ejacul ated Burns.

It was the Deputy Sheriffs turn to bellow "what."

Thats what I said" exclaimed Burns" It became alive"

"Who said it became alive?" continued the Deputy Sheriff.

"I recieved the report from the Chief member of the Chemical Sabotory. He and his members were driven out of the place"

"Why Detective Burns you must have been mis informed. I cant understand it of a pinion gear becoming alive and-"

"Thath the report I got" said Burns "Several of the men are injured by the plaster which struck them when the walls were struck by that crazy thing"

Then Burns and Detective Wentworth and the Chief of Police went to the Laboratory to see for themselves.

When they arrived there they met the excited officials of the Laboratory. "I'll bet I'll see a Phenomenon this time if that pinion gear is still there" thought Burns.

When he got there he heard of the startling action of the "Crazy" pinion gear. They explained that it had been apparently grabbed by unseen hands from the one who was examining it, and that it was for several minutes continually thrown back and forth, strik

some of the men and acting so wildly that it drove every one out of that one ing room. They warned the three detectives to be careful when going in there. One of the men brought Burns and his two companions towards the window of the room where the pinion gear committed the crazy actions.

They looked in. The Pinion gear was without any support standing up against the wall but not moving.

Cautiously they entered. Burns was prepared. In an automatic squirt gun of good size

he had Holy water in the doorway of the room they stood still. Burns had secured a long rod and he cautiously reached for the pinion gear. He put it and knocked it down, but to his surprise it righted itself and started to roll away from him.

Burns drew the gun for he had heard unseen foot steps The gear rose up for the window it opened as of itself and the pinion gear shot out and disappeared The window reshut itself marvelously.

"Well I'll be" ejaculated Burns scratching his head.

"This decides it altogether That house is really hoodooed and one of the spirits followed that sheriff to get that pinion gear back."

They returned to headquarters.

Still at the house as always the same thing occured as of the front door always being left open This part was the most disgusting to Violet and her sisters Every time they got up in the morning the place was freezing cold and I who lived in Chicago all my life so far remember January 1912 and it was the coldest winter

I ever experienced Putting a sign "please close this door when you come in or go out" or hanging a crucifix over the doorknob did not stop this incessant phenomena.

Said Pernod.-

"I believe girls these evil spirits go in and out that front door day or night and either dont bother about it or aint got sense enough to shut that gosh darn door after them."

"Or they're attempting to freeze us out" put in Violet

"Not likely" snapped Pernod. "But they wont succeed I'll bet. But where is Sally now?"

Sally was sitting

alone in the bedroom bare armed and bare legged changing her clothes. There was no sound in the room except for the monotonous ticking of the small clock on the dresser a few feet away from her.

She started to remove the one piece night clothes preparatory to dressing her self.

Half undressed she suddenly stiffened in her chair. A peculiar morphia an intuitive sense of some one elses presence seeped through her like opium. She affrighted looked up and

and glanced around.
Some one was coming closer and closer to her. Her eyes somehow fell to the thick Turkish rug which covered the floor of the bedroom. It had a map of about an inch and a half which usually stood stiffly erect.
She gasped in terror. Her breath whistled shrilly as she caught it in. The map of the rug was being pushed down like foot prints the surface of the rug bore symmetrical depressions.
Some one was walking very quietly into the room slipping a stepping down regularly

on the Turkish Carpet. But no one could be seen who was there. She was just then too scared to scream a more an offensive gutt like smell (rm) mixed with something like the odor of burned flesh pervaded the room.
Sally fright increased at the eerie paradox Her breath was coming fast
She could feel the blood surging turbulently through her veins and filling her head. In the silence of the room her little pulsing heart seemed to pound and roar.

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like the infinitesimal reaches of intergalactic space. The depressions advanced across the room and halted without sound immediately in front of her bed.

She tried to crawl under it but something grabbed her arm, pressed around it tightly and dragged her forth.

She could not speak or scream. She was choking with terror. Her mouth hung open. She was pulled up. The hand felt hot almost to burning. She rose in the air struggling. Her head whipped

up as if her neck was caught by an invisible talon. She had been swept off her feet. She had been lifted up as though by helium.

Slowly, slowly, she arose. For several seconds she hung in space above the bed, eyes popping out, tongue protruding as far out as Paul Innes had done. She struggled feebly,

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because of the awful sensation. And this happened because she forgot and didnt have the crucifix around her throat.

She tried desperately to pull away the unseen grip, and tried to scream, but to no avail. The spirit hung on tighter. Her lungs seemed bursting for air and she hung limp as blackness came before her.

But again she was saved. At the coming of two Vivians Sally was